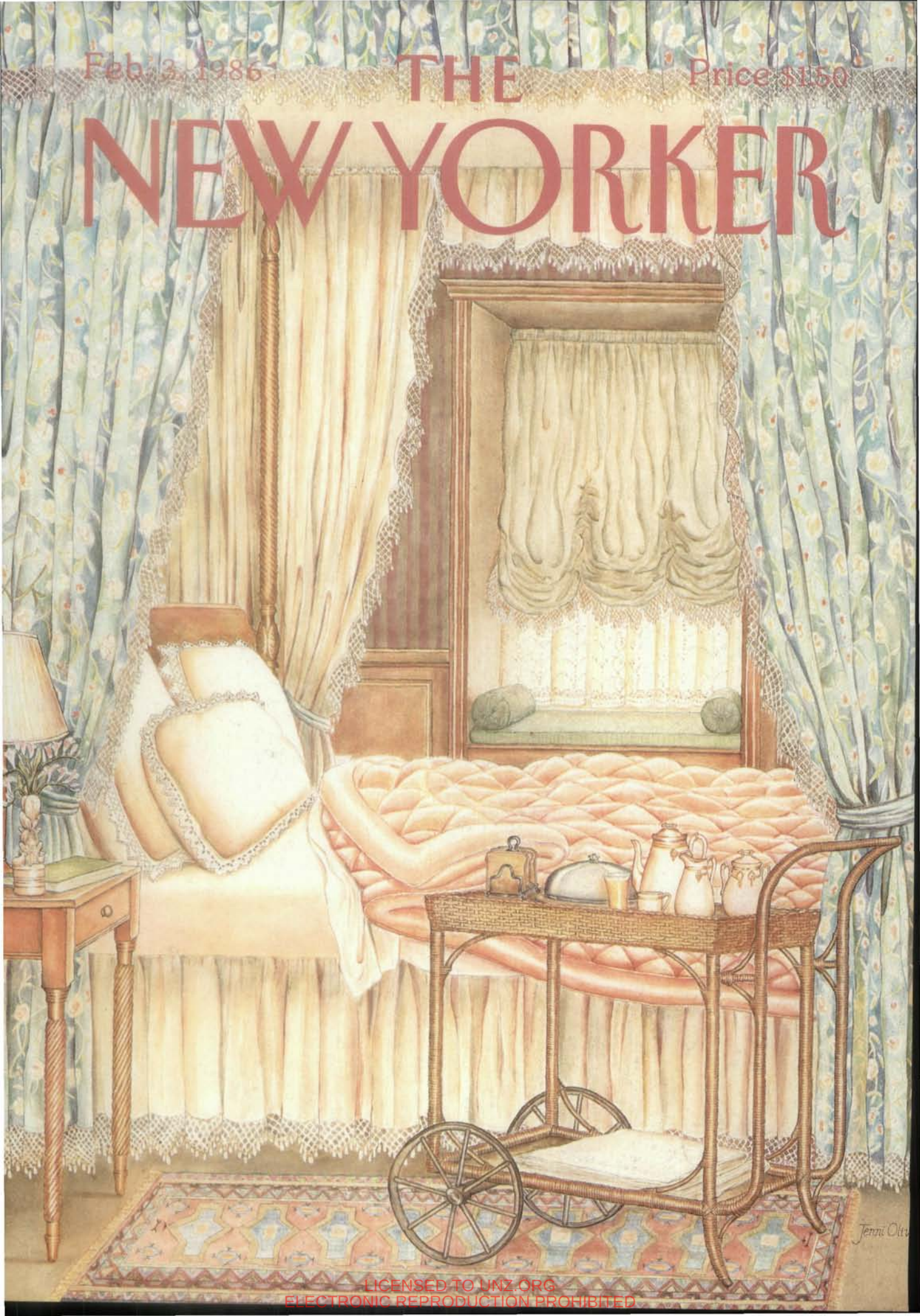


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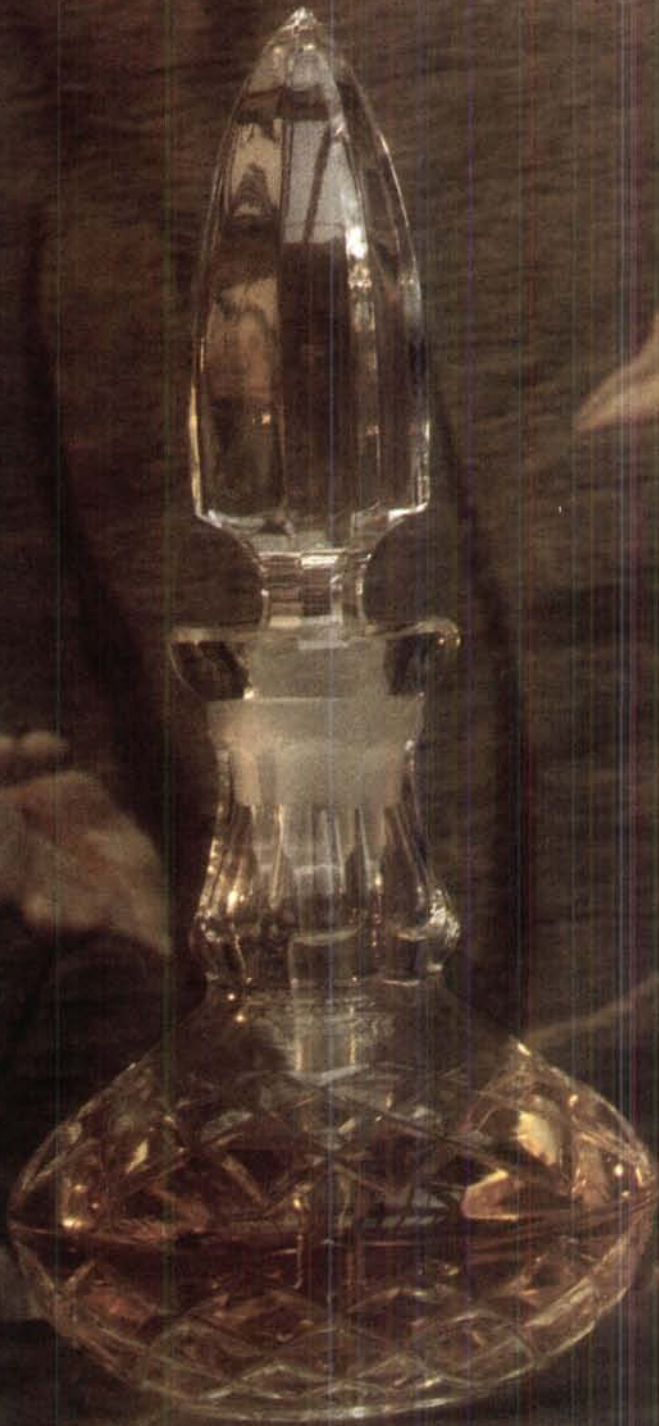
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AFRICANIS INSTRUCTUS—A musical with a score by Stanley Silverman and a book by Richard Foreman, who is also the director. Presented by the Music-Theatre Group of the Lenox Arts Center. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.)

BENEFACTORS—A well-written, well-plotted comedy, often humorous and no less often sad. The irresistibly attractive cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/6/86.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BIG RIVER—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BLOOD KNOT—Two brothers, one black and one who could pass for white, struggle in vain to emerge from the cultural hell to which they are condemned in South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, plays one brother, Zakes Mokae plays the other. Their performances are very fine and not to be missed. (12/23/85) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE CARETAKER—The Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago's production of the Harold Pinter play, with Jeff Perry, Gary Sinise, and Alan Wilder. Directed by John Malkovich. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 30. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Nancy Donohue's romantic comedy **THE BEACH HOUSE**, which is sometimes amusing, sometimes just silly, seems to belong more to the late thirties than to the present. Its flaws are more than redeemed by the beguiling performance of Swoosie Kurtz as Her, by the splendid performance of George Grizzard as Him, and by the touching performance of Robert Lennard as his fifteen-year-old son. Melvin Bernhardt was the deft director. (12/30/85) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinéés Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 2.) The opening performances of a twelve-week (through Sunday, April 20) engagement of three plays in rotating repertory. The first play is a revival of Lanford Wilson's 1975 drama **THE MOUND BUILDERS**. Opens Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8. A modern-dress version of Albert Camus's **CALIGULA**, adapted from a translation by Stuart Gilbert, is the second production. Opens Sunday, Feb. 2, at 7:30. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about further play scheduling, call 618-1980.)

CORPSE!—Being a notably law-abiding people, the British relish murder mysteries, especially those with a prevalence of corpses. Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea are the stars of this classic example of the genre. (1/20/86) (Helen

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Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CURSE OF THE STARVING CLASS—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

DAMES AT SEA—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DECEMBER SEVENTH—A play by George Rattner, presented by Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre. (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 679-9071. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinéés Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 2.)

DRINKING IN AMERICA—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place,

111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the 1979 musical **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG** (book by Neil Simon, music by Marvin Hamlisch, and lyrics by Carole Bayer Sager) is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinéés Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 2. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

GERTRUDE STEIN AND A COMPANION—A play by Win Wells, about Miss Stein and Alice B. Toklas, with Jan Miner and Marian Seldes. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE GOLDEN LAND—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA—A revival of the 1973 musical revue, with the original cast—Ron House, Diz White, and Alan Shearman—who are the authors, along with John Neville—An-

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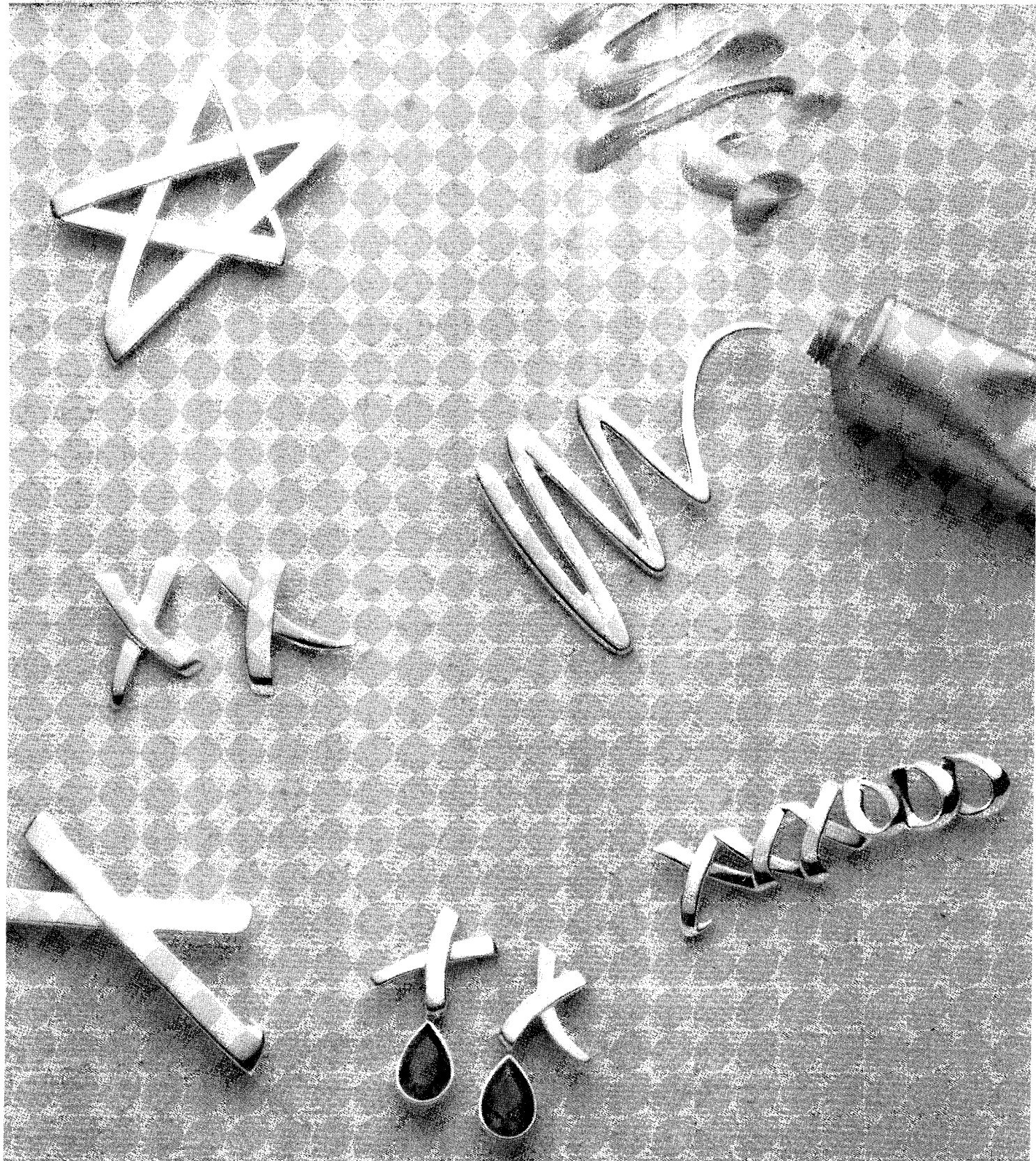
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HALALA!—A musical written and directed by Welcome Msoni, performed by a company of eight people who also play traditional South African instruments. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 29. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HAY FEVER—Nobody knows how many angels can dance on the head of a pin, but Noël Coward has eight fascinating non-angels dancing on the equivalent space, in one of the earliest and funniest of his comedies. The perfect cast is headed by Rosemary Harris. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I'M NOT RAPPAPORT—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

IN THE BOOM BOOM ROOM—A newly rewritten version of David Rabe's 1973 play, with Liz McDonald. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JEROME KERN GOES TO HOLLYWOOD—A tiresome exercise in non-theatre, consisting of four singers running through some forty songs by Jerome Kern. Hollywood has practically nothing to do with it, which is just as well. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JERRY'S GIRLS—Not a play, not a musical, but a recital of Jerry Herman's songs which might better have been entitled "With Love to Jerry from Jerry." The all-woman cast stars Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

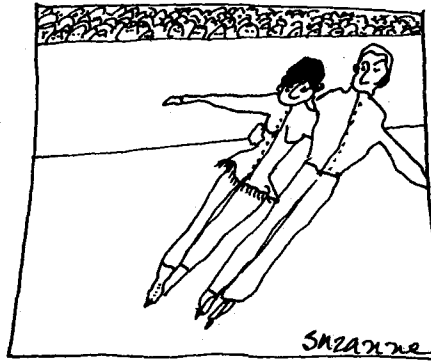
A LIE OF THE MIND—Sam Shepard has devised a masterful comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. The performances, under Mr. Shepard's direction, are extremely good, especially those by Amanda Plummer, Harvey Keitel, and Ann Wedgeworth. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Sundays at 2:30.)

LILLIAN—Alone on a bleak stage, Zoe Caldwell has no trouble whatever holding us spell-bound with her impersonation of the late playwright and scold, Lillian Hellman. (1/27/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION—Uta Hagen gives a stunning performance, in Shaw's brilliant play, as a woman of lowly origins who has made a fortune from a string of brothels. There is distinguished acting, as well, by Pamela Reed, as her daughter, and Harris Yulin, as her business partner. (12/30/85) (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays and Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9. For tickets, call 420-1883.)

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—The second produc-



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tion of the season is **HOUSE OF SHADOWS**, a drama by Steve Carter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 16.)

NONSENSE—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE ODD COUPLE—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a successful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PENN & TELLER—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except Feb. 8, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays, except Feb. 8, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8, and Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 2.)

PERSONALS—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN AND THE SHAWL—Two brief, eerie plays by David Mamet. "The Shawl," a wonder, is about a clairvoyant who may be a charlatan (but perhaps not), his sly apprentice-lover, and a wary woman client. "Prairie du Chien," also good, is set aboard a train on which a man tells a horror story while a gin game erupts into violence. Both plays are performed to perfection under Gregory Mosher's direction, with Mike Nussbaum, Lindsay Crouse, and W. H. Macy, among other fine actors. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 2.)

RUM AND COKE—A comedy by Keith Reddin. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN—What can only be called a

watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

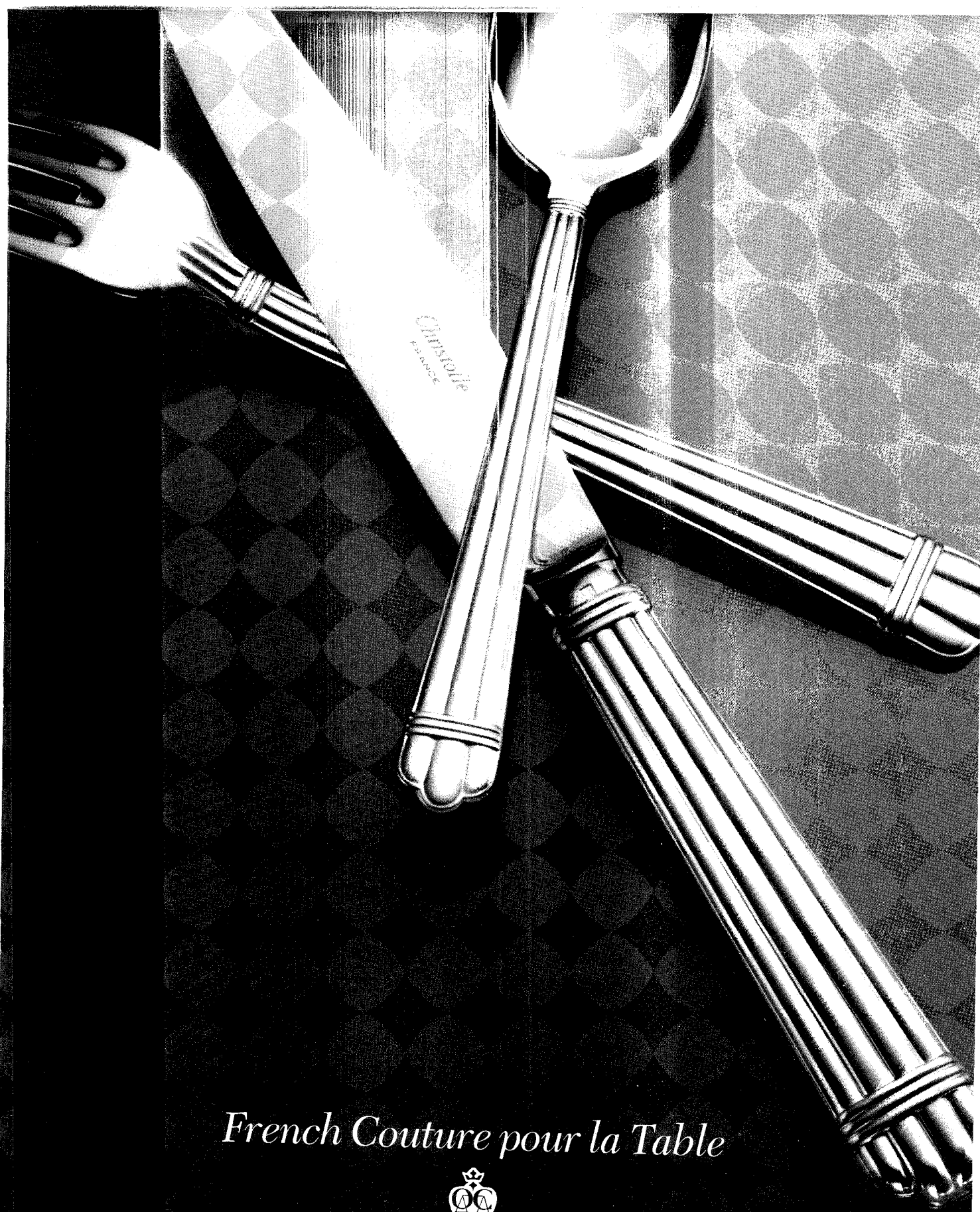
SONG AND DANCE—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Victor Barbee dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TODAY I AM A FOUNTAIN PEN—A play by Israel Horowitz, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 831-8603. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

UPTOWN...IT'S HOT!—A musical production highlighting the music associated with notable black performers of the past fifty years. Conceived and directed by its star, Maurice Hines, with a narration written by Jeffrey V. Thompson and Marion Ramsey. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU...DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gorman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

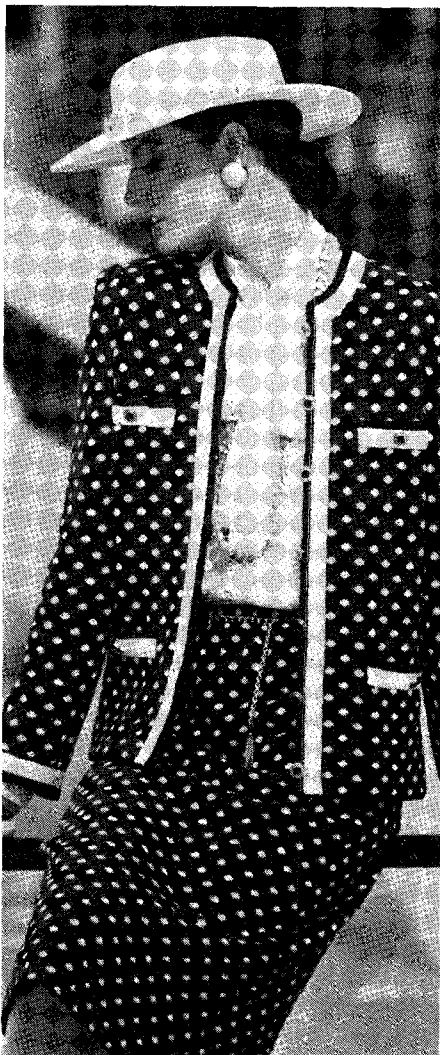
LONG RUNS—BILOXI BLUES: The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,720 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with Robin Cousins. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 7:30; Thursday, Jan. 30, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Jan. 31, at 7:30; Saturdays, Feb. 1 and 8, at 11, 3, and 7:30; Sundays, Feb. 2 and 9, at 1:30 and 5:30; Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 6, at 7:30; and Friday, Feb. 7, at 2 and 7:30.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsen's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "In Memory of..." and "Gounod Symphony." ... Thursday and Friday, Jan. 30-31, at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." ... Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "In Memory of..." and "Gershwin Concerto." ... Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Rossini Quartets," "Valse Triste," "Eight More," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." ... Sunday, Feb. 2, at 1: "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," "Rossini Quartets," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Eight More," and "Eight Miniatures." ... Sunday, Feb. 2, at 7: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." ... Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," "Eight Lines," "Eight More," and "La Valse." ... Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." ... Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Chants d'Auvergne" (première), and "Gershwin Concerto." ... Friday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Eight Lines," "Pas de Deux," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Who Cares?" ... Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." ... Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Rossini Quartets," "Gershwin Concerto," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 23.)

TANGO ARGENTINO—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY—"Classic Kite Tales," "Death Is a Hunter," "Dawn Dazzled Door," and "Today, with Dragon." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 5-6, at 8.)

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET—A one-week engagement—Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 4-5, at 7; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2: "The Sleeping Beauty." ... Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6-7, at 8: "Flowers of the Forest," "Petrushka," and "Choros." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 16. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 7:30—a benefit performance; for tickets, call 247-7575; Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 5-7, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 8.)

LUCINDA CHILDS DANCE COMPANY—A two-week en-

gagement—Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 29-31, at 8; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 7:30: "Portraits in Reflection." ... Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 4-5, at 8: Dance No. 1 from "Dance" and Field Dances from "Einstein on the Beach." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

STEPHANIE SKURA—Presenting "Travelog," a new full-length work incorporating video by Terry Moyemont. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 8; Sundays, Feb. 2 and 9, at 3; and Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 5-8, at 8.)

CHANG MU DANCE COMPANY—Programs of classical and modern Korean dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Feb. 5, and Friday, Feb. 7, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 8-9, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein sings in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 29, singer Judy Niemack and a trio; Thursday, Jan. 30, the Jerry Sokoloff quintet; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS**; Sunday, Feb. 2, Lauren Hooker; Monday, Feb. 3, Cecil Gregory; Tuesday, Feb. 4, Marie McCauliffe; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, bassist **MICKEY BASS**'s quartet. Thursdays belong to the Charles Blenzig duo. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. Mouth-organ virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** is here at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This dark, serene club offers up music for which there are no videos: **JEAN CARNE** sings with a backing crew that features drummer **NORMAN CONNORS** through Sunday, Feb. 2; on Monday, Feb. 3, drummer **ROY HAYNES** will head a combo; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 4-5, the **TOSHIO AKIYOSHI-LEW TABACKIN** big band will drop by; and on Thursday, Feb. 6, **TITO PUENTE** and **DANIEL PONCE** will arrive with their respective Latin-flavored bands. Sets from about nine. Sundays through Thursdays, **TED CURSON** heads a jam session after the last set until about four in the morning. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The partial schedule: Friday, Jan. 31, Gary U.S. Bonds, La Bamba & the Hubcaps, and Ellen Foley, and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 5-6, Darlene Love. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of stondees, which is usually the case) of first-rate piano-bass duos. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **SANTI DEBRANIO** perform through Saturday, Feb. 1; Sunday, Feb. 2, will be claimed by Ken Werner and **RAY DRUMMOND**; and on Monday, Feb. 3, **JOHN HICKS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** will take over. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is an elegant little room. **GEORGE SHEARING**, a stylized, breathy vocalist and a generously melodic pianist, can be found in it with bassist **DON THOMPSON** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and mid-

night. . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing, from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. **LARRY CORYELL** and **EMILY REMLER**, two snazzy guitarists, work together through Sunday, Feb. 2, and starting Tuesday, Feb. 4, two more guitarists, **CHARLIE BYRD** and **LAURINDO ALMEIDA**, will be on the bandstand. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, Jan. 29, the Turbines and the Smithereens; Saturday, Feb. 1, **MELANIE**; Monday, Feb. 3, **Pat DiNizio**; Wednesday, Feb. 5, the Flies, the Primatons, and Lianne Smith; Friday, Feb. 7, John Stewart; and Saturday, Feb. 8, Jane Brucker. Sundays are comedy nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** is here with bassist **FRANK TATE** Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler Wednesdays through Saturdays; Sundays and Mondays belong to singer and pianist **BOB DOROUGH** and bassist **BILL TAKAS**; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **KENNY BARRON** and **CECIL MC BEE** collaborate through Saturday, Feb. 1; starting Tuesday, Feb. 4, **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will get to work with **CECIL MC BEE**. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, Jan. 29, Black Tie, with Randy Meisner, Bernie Leadon, Jimmy Griffin, and Billy Swan; Thursday, Jan. 30, **RICK DANKO** and **RICHARD MANUEL**; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, **JOHNNY COPELAND**; Monday, Feb. 3, **JOE ELY** and Ned Sublette; Tuesday, Feb. 4, **JUNIOR WALKER**; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, **THE BAND** (or at least four-fifths of the original The Band, with **RICK DANKO**, **LEVON HELM**, **RICHARD MANUEL**, and **GARTH HUDSON**). Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BARBARA COOK**, who sings in a satisfyingly clear, ringing soprano, is on the podium at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. The music: Wednesday, Jan. 29, the BMF sextet; Thursday, Jan. 30, the Bobby Thomas quintet; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, Mirage, with guitarist **DOC POWELL**; Sunday, Feb. 2, Frank Canino's quintet; Monday, Feb. 3, **JUMP STREET**; Tuesday, Feb. 4, Cary De Nigris; Wednesday, Feb. 5, Jeff Franzel; and Thursday, Feb. 6, Roland Vazquez. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers

rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Friday, Jan. 31, **BLANCMANGE**; Saturday, Feb. 1, the **REPLACEMENTS** and **RICHARD LLOYD**; and Friday, Feb. 7, Phantom, Rocker & Slick. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, and American music. Wednesday, Jan. 29, Suso; Thursday, Jan. 30, **KIMATI DINIZULU & THE KOTOKO SOCIETY**; Friday, Jan. 31, **AFRICAN CONNECTION**; Saturday, Feb. 1, **MIKATA**; Tuesday, Feb. 4, Axizan; Wednesday, Feb. 5, Seky; Thursday, Feb. 6, the Last Poets; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, **LOREMIL MACHADO**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A crowded, convivial mini-music festival right now: pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** through Sunday, Feb. 2; Monday, Feb. 3, **DAKOTA STATON**; Tuesday, Feb. 4, the **BEAVER HARRIS-DAVE BURRELL 360° MUSIC EXPERIENCE**; Wednesday, Feb. 5, the Ordinaires; Thursday, Feb. 6, the **FRANK LOWE** quintet; Friday, Feb. 7, **PAUL BLEY**; and Saturday, Feb. 8, **CECIL TAYLOR**, at ten and midnight, and the **RAY ANDERSON** trio at one-thirty. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple basic (in the age of extravagance) blues and rock club. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 29, the Bureaucrats; Thursday, Jan. 30, Loup Gurou Zydeco; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, Midnight Creepers; and Friday, Feb. 7, **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On the Terrace, **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** play bluesy duets at nine-thirty nightly, except Mondays; Mondays, after ten, are now claimed by pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY**, bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**, and guitarist **TED DUNBAR**. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present with a trio on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Six of the best players in the world—**RICHARD DAVIS**, **ROLAND HANNA**, **FREDDIE WAITS**, **RICKY FORD**, **GEORGE ADAMS**, and **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON**—play together until Sunday, Feb. 2, and starting Tuesday, Feb. 4, three more great players of the world—**TOMMY FLANAGAN**, **GEORGE MRAZ**, and **AL FOSTER**—make a tight trio. Monday nights are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND Blast-Off Nights**. Music from nine-thirty.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek piano-bass (and sometimes guitar-bass) and pasta hangout. **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** are on hand through Saturday, Feb. 1, and on Monday, Feb. 3, Jean Matisse will come in with **MARTY RIVERA**. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** continue their longtime collaboration, which produces their own brand of lively chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PIA ZADORA—With Johnny Yune. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

C-SHARPE QUARTET—With Bucky Thorpe. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday, Jan. 31, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

BILL COSBY—Radio City Music Hall. Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3 and 8; Friday, Feb. 7, at 8; Saturday,



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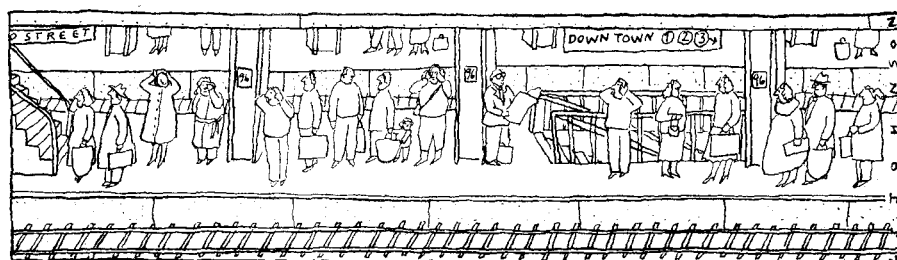
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 8, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3 and 8.

STEVEN WRIGHT—With Leon Redbone. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8 and 11.)

HILDEGARDE—With Charles Pierce and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

GOSPEL TRADITION—With the Fairfield Four, the Faithful Harmonizers, and the Mt. Zion Pentecostal Young People's Choir. (Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

OSCAR BRAND—Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 1; Sunday, Feb. 2, at 12:30; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1; and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 12:30. For tickets, call 595-7500.

JOSÉ FELICIANO—Beacon Theatre. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3.

CABARET CONCERT FOR JAN WALLMAN—With Kaye Ballard, Bert Convy, Joan Rivers, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

PETER YARROW—In a benefit concert for the Cathedral School. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Feb. 7, at 7. For information about tickets, call 865-8400, Mondays through Fridays between 8 and 4.)

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS AND CÉCIL MCBEE—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.

PAUL WINTER CONSORT AND PÉ-DE-BOI—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 8.

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, Jan. 31: The Tailgators, Barrence Whitfield & the Savages, and the Blue Jays. . . . Saturday, Feb. 1: Dr. John and Joey Miserable & the Worms. . . . Friday, Feb. 7: Hüsker Dü, Soul Asylum, and Persian Gulf. (17 Irving Pl. at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows begin after 10.)

BENEFIT PROGRAMS—Two concerts in tribute to Jimmy Lyons. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8: George Adams—Don Pullen quartet, Anthony Davis, Sun Ra & John Gilmour, and the World Saxophone Quartet. . . . Saturday, Feb. 1, at 10:30: Joseph Jarman, Don Moye, Archie Shepp, Walt Dickerson, and others. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HORST ANTES—A retrospective of paintings. Through Feb. 22. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

PETER BOOTH—Earthy paintings in earthy colors, by an Australian artist, of creatures that seem half human and half animal, or of rocks on barren ground. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Recent acrylics by a color-field painter. Through Thursday, Feb. 6. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

LEON KELLY (1901-82)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by a Surrealist. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

BARRY LEDOUX—Large sculptural works bedecked with such ornamentation as mirrors, glass beads, a preserved locust, flounces of cheese-cloth, stained glass, fluorescent paint, and fresh flowers. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

NANCY MITCHNICK—Landscapes, large and small, some of them in a series depicting the passing seasons; also, a few works devoted to human figures and dogs. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Maquettes and drawings. Through March 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GEORGES ROUAULT (1871-1958) AND GEORG BASELITZ/WLADIMIR ZABOTIN (1884-1967)—Prints by these two artists which are being shown together. Abstract drawings, most done in pencil. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St.)

MORTON LIVINGSTON SCHAMBERG (1881-1918) / GERALD MURPHY (1888-1964)—Pastel abstractions based on Precisionist studies of ma-

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chines, plus a few oils. Through March 1. / Three of the rare paintings by this artist, including a sort of signpost for his Villa America in Antibes. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

JON SCHUELER—Three very large cloud studies of the Isle of Skye as seen from the painter's home there. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

DAVID SHAPIRO—Large paintings consisting of complex abstract patterns done in rich, dark colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

LEONARD STOKES—Paper collages, several of which suggest figures. Through Feb. 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

HELEN MIRANDA WILSON—Small landscapes. Through March 1. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Drawings by a dozen or so artists, including four by the late Eva Hesse and an engaging series of abstract watercolors-cum-pastels by Joan Mitchell. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Among new acquisitions here are a Matisse (still-life), a Modigliani (head of a young woman), a Picasso (his studio), and a small Archipenko bronze of a nude figure. Through March 15.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JOSEPH BEUYS (1921-86)—A display of the materials the artist, who died last week, used in a performance work called "Is It About a Bicycle?": texts written on blackboards, which also have treadmarks from the bicycle (itself on hand). Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

DEBORAH BUTTERFIELD—Tabletop-size horses cast in bronze. Through Feb. 28. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH DIGIORGIO—Seventeen large paintings of the Grand Canyon taken from a series done by the artist in which the complete set of twenty-four paintings provides a panoramic view. Through Feb. 15. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

JIM DINE—New paintings and sculptures; the largest piece is a wood-and-steel gate strung with bronze castings of the tools (axes, pitchforks, saws, and so on) the artist draws with such distinction. Through Feb. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

BRUCE DORFMAN—Color-field paintings. Through Feb. 14. (Arras, 24 W. 57th St., and 725 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; the latter is open Mondays.)

LES FRÈRES DUCHAMP—Approximately thirty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by the brothers Marcel, Raymond, and Jacques. Through March 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

DIETER HACKER—Oils, works on paper, and bronzes. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Marlbrough, 40 W. 57th St.)

STEPHANIE KIRSCHEN-COLE—Mixed-medium collages using handmade paper. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945) AND PAULA MODER-



SOHN-BECKER (1876-1907)—Drawings, paintings, and prints. Through March 15. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL LOEW (1907-85)—A memorial exhibition of abstract paintings and figurative collages. Through Wednesday, Feb. 5. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

ANDREW LORD—Primarily black earthenware pitchers and other vessels. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

JULES OLITSKI / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—New paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. / Crayon-and-ink works from the early forties. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

HARVEY QUAYTMAN—A cross occurs in all but one of these new geometrical abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT RYMAN—New paintings, including two large works on sheets of fibre glass and a triptych of the same material. Through Feb. 15. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

DONALD SHAMBROOM—Paintings of steam shovels and backhoes digging away in the bowels of the city while new construction is going up. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

LINDA SOKOLOWSKI—Paintings, drawings, and monotypes. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

WILLIAM WEGMAN / ARCH CONNELLY—A first show of paintings by this well-known photographer. / Paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . Daniel Wolf, 30 W. 57th St., has mounted vintage black-and-white photographs by Mr. Wegman, which the artist has recently furnished with paint, text, and collage. Through Saturday, Feb. 1.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRENCH**, 41 W. 57th St.: Still-life is given the broadest possible definition in this exhibit, which has paintings by contemporary artists Komar & Melamid, Richard Piccolo, Jeanne Duval, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **MARIAN GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by seven influential European artists, among them Broodthaers and Kiefer. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **TILTON**, 24 W. 57th St.: "The Inspiration Comes from Nature": paintings, drawings, and a single sculpture. The artists include Jasper Johns, Joan Mitchell, Mario Merz, and Paolo Icaro. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **WUNDERLICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Realist artists unfamiliar on the local scene whose works include a first-rate pencil drawing of lobster-pot floats by Richard Davis; watercolors of rocks and fruits by Alan Magee; and a painting of the view from his own porch in a Boston suburb by David Campbell, a retired carpenter. Through Feb. 15.

GALLERIES—SoHo

IDA APPLEBROOG—New paintings expressing the artist's concerns about terrorism, sexism, racism, romance, and art. Through Feb. 15. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

PETER BÖMMELS—Humanoids and mutations occupy the bizarre canvases of this German painter, and there are sculptures in the same vein, plus a prickly installation of nine-foot tree branches projecting like spears from a wall. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

HANNE DARBOVEN—A new work by this Conceptualist which is made up of fifty-four identically framed collages, each one containing a photograph of Hamburg, a postcard of New York, and some handwritten notes about connections between the new world and the old. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

HERMINE FORD—Abstract oil paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

EDGAR FRANCESCHI—When the painter's subject is painting and the painter portrays himself as a paint can with crude eyes and mouth, then you know he's either very funny or needs to open the window. Through March 2. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

LEON GOLUB—Paintings documenting police brutality. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

DAVID HACKER—Painted-metal sculptures.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

J. M. HAESSE—Colorful, energetic abstractions. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

DOUGLAS HUEBLER—Paintings by a well-known conceptual artist, including one of Manet's paintings of the Rouen cathedral. Texts accompany the works. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

EVE INGALLS—Large paintings of Western wilderness terrain under snow. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

REUBEN KADISH—A retrospective of sculptures and works on paper. Through Feb. 22. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

JACK LEMBECK—A retrospective of paintings, some on view for the first time. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

ALLAN MCCOLLUM—Fuzzy black-and-white images enlarged from snapshots of art works seen in the backgrounds of TV settings. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

HELMUT MIDDENDORF—Recent figurative paintings. Through Thursday, Feb. 6. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

RICHARD MOCK / ANDREW MENARD—New abstract paintings. / Styrofoam sculptures of monochromatic figures in unlikely positions, some parallel to the floor. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.) ... **Mr. Mock** has a second show of paintings at Exit Art, 578 Broadway. (Opens at noon.)

GERALD NICHOLS—Large relief constructions based on other art works—Winslow Homer's painting, "Right and Left," of two ducks being shot down, for instance. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

ED PASCHKE—Huge faces painted head on in what appear to be the negatives of their actual colors, suggesting X-ray penetration. The works take off from likenesses of Fred Astaire, Jackie Onassis, and Laurence Olivier. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

MIKLOS POGANY—Collages and monotypes. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAYNAUD—An installation of paintings and sculptures. Through Feb. 22. (Carpenter+Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

ARSEN ROJE / THOMAS BACHER—Paintings of memorable movie scenes—Bogey and Bergman in "Casablanca," and Gable and M.M. in "The Misfits," for instance. / Paintings of Times Square which glow in the dark. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

ALAN SHIELDS—A skeletal sphere, nearly eleven feet in diameter and made of aluminum tubing, canvas, and acrylic, hangs from the ceiling over colorful sewn-canvas works. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

LEON POLK SMITH—Recent abstract paintings on shaped canvases, among other works. Through March 1. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

JOE STEFANELLI—Recent paintings and drawings by a veteran abstractionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

KRZYSZTOF WODICZKO AND JANA STERBAK—Two installations. Mr. Wodiczko has moved his slide projections indoors to the walls of the 49th Parallel gallery—images of homeless people are projected over images of monuments in Union Square. Miss Sterbak projects text above an illuminated wire sculpture of a headless figure. Through Feb. 15. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

PHILIP WOFFORD—Thickly painted abstractions by an artist who has recently shifted from acrylics to oil, which he mixes with a fibrous substance that gives it a malleable texture, like papier-mâché. Through Wednesday, Feb. 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **PAM ADLER**, 578 Broadway: Abstractions by three painters, Sharon Gold, Judith Murray, and Lynn Umlauf. Through Feb. 22. ... **CUTLER**, 164 Mercer St.: Paintings by Steven Norton and Adam Cijanovic; wall pieces of beeswax, lead, tar, and oil paint by

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Joseph Amar; and other works. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. ... **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by eleven newcomers, including a graphic black-and-white interpretation of a writer's block by Janet Snell, and a long, narrow shape, by Susan Barnes, which suggests a speeding train and stretches across five paper panels. Through Feb. 15. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) ... **WEBER**, 142 Greene St.: Works by a dozen artists from other galleries, Lauren Ewing, Joel Fisher, and Barbara Kruger among them. Through Saturday, Feb. 8.

SCULPTURE—Bryan Hunt, Joel Shapiro, and Tom Otterness are among the seven artists exhibiting new pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

DIKE BLAIR—Gouache paintings. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Christminster, 336 E. 5th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

LORENZO BONECHI—Three large paintings, including a Crucifix, by a young Italian. The figures are quite attenuated. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

COLETTE—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs, new work and old. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Newburg, 44 White St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

DALE FRANK—Abstract paintings evoking waterfalls and marshlands by an Australian artist whose studio in Milan was recently flooded in a plumbing mishap. Through Feb. 9. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

DENISE GREEN—A two-gallery exhibit of paintings. New works. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) ... **Paintings** dating from 1976 to 1985, and drawings. Through Feb. 12. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

BETSY KAUFMAN—Large-scale acrylic paintings. Through Feb. 9. (Wolf, 513 E. 6th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

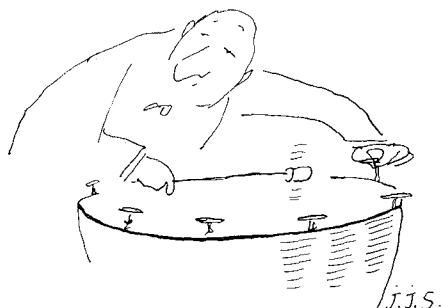
MEREDITH LUND—New paintings crowded with images and incidents. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHILIP TAAFFA—Large paintings. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROMM**, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St.: Rosemarie Castoro, Jody Pinto, and Krzysztof Wodiczko are three of the ten artists included. Through Feb. 9. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) ... **SEMAPHORE EAST**, 157 Avenue B, at 10th St.: John Bowman, Martin Wong, and Ellen Berkenblit are among the artists represented. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

CHUCK CLOSE / EMMET GOWIN—Photographic studies for some of his large-scale paintings. /



New photographs of Mt. St. Helens and the ancient city of Petra, in Jordan. Through Feb. 15. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ (1894-1985)—Approximately a hundred and sixty prints of Paris and New York are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GRACE KNOWLTON / BEATRICE HELG—Platinum prints of architectural details by a photographer-sculptor. / Surreal still-life sets built by the artist and photographed with a 20 x 24 Polaroid. Through March 1. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

FRANK MAJORE—A two-gallery exhibit of prints. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Through Feb. 16. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) ... **303 Gallery**, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. Opens at 1.)

JOHN REUTER AND STEPHEN JOHN PHILLIPS—Photographs of nudes. Through Friday, Feb. 7. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

AUGUST SANDER (1876-1964) / **PETER ARCHER**—Photographs, chiefly landscapes and architecture. / Landscape drawings in charcoal. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

KENNETH SNELSON—Panoramic photographs of Paris. Through Feb. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WEEGEE (1899-1968)—Vintage prints of, among others, a bagel vender, children enjoying a spraying fire hydrant, singers at a night club. Also, prints from infrared film. Through Feb. 22. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

TRENDS IN SPANISH PHOTOGRAPHY—About a hundred and fifty prints by nearly two dozen artists in a show that comprehends avant-garde experiments, photojournalism, and advertising—the varied complexion of photography in Spain during the period from 1920 to 1945. Through Feb. 16. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) ... **Forty prints** by nine Spanish Pictorialists who worked in the first four decades of this century. Through Feb. 28. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOW—A small offering of photographs, photomontages, and manipulated prints from the twenties and thirties by Moholy-Nagy, Uelsmann, Florence Henri, and others. Through March 8. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. ... **"Costumes of Royal India,"** an extravaganza evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when the garments on view were worn by rajas, maharajas, ranis, maharanis, nizams, and nawabs. Also, accessories, furnishings, and portraits. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by André Kertész. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Variants," a selection of black-and-white photographs by Americans and Europeans. Through March 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of about a hundred and twenty sculptures representing the different styles used by American and European artists since the forties, and singling out the contributions of Giacometti, David Smith, and Cornell. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mon-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining-room set to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Feb. 16. . . . ☐ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective of paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Festival of India has brought a comprehensive survey of terra-cotta objects, one of whose characteristics is that they bear a striking family resemblance to one another, whether they were produced in 2500 B.C. or in the twentieth century. The more than a hundred and thirty pieces include cult figurines, animals, and toys. Through April 14. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Seventy-six paintings by American artists who have recorded the American West, to celebrate either its history or its natural beauty. George Catlin, Charles Russell, Georgia O'Keeffe, Chuck Forsman, and others. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Festival of India has transformed the museum into a bazaarlike exhibition space filled with goods made by Indian artisans to the specifications of American and European designers—Mario Bellini's marble base for upholstery and Mary McFadden's adaptations of traditional Indian costumes and jewelry, for example. Through Feb. 23. . . . ☐ An exhibit of drawings for furniture, lamps, etc., by members of the Milan-based design group Memphis, along with such finished products as a Michele De Lucchi sofa that rests on metal poles attached to suction cups. Through April 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show concerning the Ingres portrait of Comtesse d'Haussonville painted between 1842 and 1845. With the work as its focal point, the exhibit examines and documents everything from the porcelains seen in the portrait to memorabilia of the Comtesse to the artist's preparatory studies. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the community of immigrant Jewish artists who moved to the Montparnasse section of Paris in the first half of this century. Chagall, Modigliani, Zadkine, and Sonia Delaunay are among them. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Golden Age of British Photography, 1839-1900," an exhibit of more than two hundred photographs from the Victoria & Albert Museum. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stuart Davis's New York," an exhibit of paintings (including a mural), drawings, and prints centered on Manhattan's landscape, which inspired so many of his works. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of thirty-seven Old Master

paintings on loan from London's Dulwich Picture Gallery. Rembrandt's "Girl Leaning on a Stone Pedestal" and Poussin's "The Triumph of David" are among them. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century depictions of Niagara Falls when it was a mecca for artists as well as tourists. Among the painters galvanized by the spectacle were Church, Hicks, Bierstadt, Cole, and Twachtman. Paintings, drawings, photographs, and memorabilia. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Music performance: Shelly Hirsch and Tazartes Ghedahlia, Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8; Hugo Largo and Wim Mertens, Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8; Harry De Wit and Wim Mertens, Friday, Jan. 31, at 8; Black Rock Coalition Big Band, Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8. . . . ☐ Jan Fabre's "The Power of Theatrical Madness," a four-and-a-half-hour theatre work, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 4-5, at 7.

PERFORMING GARAGE, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651—Yoshiko Chuma and the School of Hard Knocks presenting an evening-length work entitled "The Housing Project," Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 5-9, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Channel Z (dance), Friday through Sunday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, at 9. . . . ☐ Five shows of between nine and eleven acts each (a benefit for P.S. 122), including the following—Paul Zaloom and Philip Glass on Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8; Nina Wiener Dance Company and Pé-de-Boi on Friday, Feb. 7, at 8; Karen Finley and Eric Bogosian on Friday, Feb. 7, at 11; Kenneth King and Mark Morris on Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8; and the Wooster Group and Bob Telson on Saturday, Feb. 8, at 11.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Linda Zoghby, Carol Vaness, Frederica von Stade, William Lewis, and John Alexander; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. . . . ☐ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Priscilla Baskerville, Gwendolyn Bradley, Veronica Tyler, Charles Williams, and Michael Smart; James Levine. . . . ☐ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Catherine Malfitano, Hilda Harris, Neil Shicoff, and Vernon Hartman; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ☐ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 1:30: "Khovanshchina," with Natalia Rom, Helga Dernesch, Aage Haugland, and Martti Talvela; Neemi Järvi. . . . ☐ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Linda Zoghby, Carol Vaness, Frederica von Stade, David Rendall, and John Alexander; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ☐ Monday, Feb. 3, at 8: The Metropolitan's premiere of Handel's "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Carol Vaness, Sarah Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance.) . . . ☐ Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, David Rendall, and Dennis Bailey; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ☐ Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Gwendolyn Bradley, Veronica Tyler, Charles Williams, and Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . . ☐ Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Catherine Malfitano, Diane Kesling, Neil

Shicoff, and Vernon Hartman; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Carol Vaness, Sarah Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1:30: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Gwendolyn Bradley, Veronica Tyler, Charles Williams, and Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, David Rendall, and Dennis Bailey; Jeffrey Tate.

BEL CANTO OPERA—Johannes Somary conducting performances of a Massenet double bill: "Thérèse" and "Le Portrait de Manon." Staged by Cynthia Edwards. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturdays, Feb. 1 and 8, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall —Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Brahms-Martinu-Stravinsky-Berlioz program Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, and Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a Furtwängler-Bruckner program on Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8; Friday, Feb. 7, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30.

PHILHARMONIA HUNGARICA—André Bernard conducting and acting as trumpet soloist in a Haydn-Schubert-Bartók program. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

I SOLISTI DI ZAGREB—Tonko Ninić conducting, with Mira Zakai, contralto. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Michael Gielen conducting a Schoenberg-Brahms program, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Leon Fleisher conducting, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Friday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz directing a program of baroque music, with Michala Petri, recorder; Benjamin Hudson, Barbara Long, Erica Kiesewetter, and Richard Rood, all violin; and the Y Chorale. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—John Mauceri directing a Sibelius-Wagner program, with Gail Gilmore, soprano; Gary Bachlund, tenor; Eric Halvarson, bass; and three choruses. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson and John Green conducting the third in a series of five concerts. With Pamela Mia Paul, piano, and Jane Powell, narrator. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

NEW CALLIOPE SINGERS AND CHRISTINE SCHADEBERG—Peter Schubert directing the choral group and soprano in a program of new music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

AMOR ARTIS CHORALE—Johannes Somary directing a program of contemporary music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directing songs and psalms by Charles Ives. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 874-3104.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

RECITALS

FREDELL LACK—Violin, in a recital postponed from Nov. 9. (Merkin Concert Hall, Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

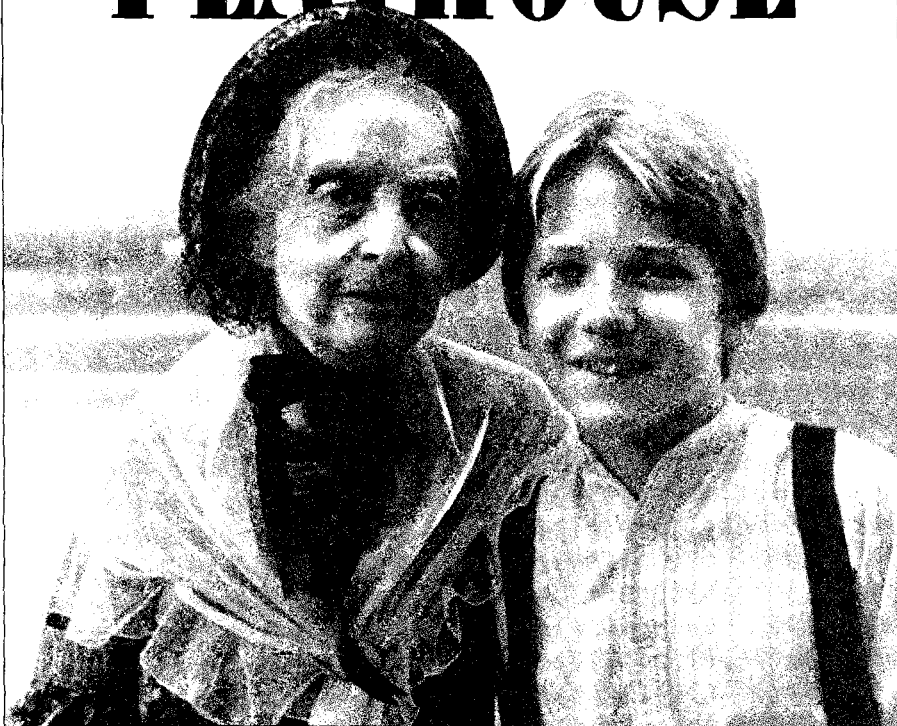
JEFFREY SOLOW AND DORIS STEVENSON—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—With Daniel Druckman, percussion. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Friday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

MANNES TRIO—A Haydn-Beethoven-Brahms program. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—A Schubert-Schoenberg-Mendelssohn program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

SCHUBERT BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION—A program of chamber music, lieder, and choral music by the composer, performed by, among others, Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Robert Merfeld, piano; and the women of the New Amsterdam Singers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

MARY ELIZABETH POORE—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

EMERSON STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of Haydn-Mozart-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM JAPAN—Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8: The Japan Chamber Ensemble. . . . Sunday, Feb. 2, at 5: A program of works for traditional Japanese instruments. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. For tickets, call 288-6400, Ext. 276.) . . . **THE JAPAN CHAMBER ENSEMBLE**; the Gregg Smith Singers; Sakitayo Toyotake, *foruri*; and Paul Zukofsky, conductor. (Alice Tully Hall, Monday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT BAM—Yefim Bronfman, piano; Joseph Swensen, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2.)

MIRIAM BRICKMAN—Piano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2.)

CLAUDE FRANK AND THE RIDGE STRING QUARTET—An all-Haydn program of solo piano music and quartets. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of vocal and instrumental music. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

KATHLEEN BATTLE—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

SI-YO MUSIC SOCIETY—The second in a series of three chamber-music concerts. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1715. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The sixth in a series of concerts, this one performed by Sequentia. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

GERALD RANCK—Harpsichord, in the first in a series of four concerts, this one an all-Bach program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

CHELSEA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—A program that includes the New York premiere of a work by Joseph Fennimore. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 4.)

JESSIE NORMAN AND JAMES LEVINE—Soprano and piano, in a recital of songs by Richard Strauss. (Metropolitan Opera House, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 5.)

MONTERRAT CABALLÉ AND MARILYN HORNE—Sopranos, with the New York City Opera Orchestra conducted by Nicholas Rescigno. (Avery Fisher Hall, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 7:30.)

SCOTT JACKSON WILEY—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

AESUN AHN—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Monday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

QUEENS COLLEGE CONTEMPORARY PLAYERS—Ralph Shapey conducting the first in a series of three concerts. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

JAMES TOCCO—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

MIKLOS PERENYI—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

ILTON WJUNISKI—Harpsichord. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

CHARLES LIBOVE AND NINA LUGOVOY—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

DAVID BILGER—Trumpet, with an ensemble and

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assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

NEW YORK NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE—A program that includes two American premières. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8. A pre-concert discussion at 7:15 will be led by composer Stanley Silverman and author Carl Schorske.)

ANDRÉ WATTS—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Avery Fisher Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

ROBERT MANN AND STEPHEN HOUGH—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

ISRAELA MARGALIT—Piano, in the third in a series of five concerts with guest artists, this one an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

DAVID JOHNSON—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—The first in a series of three chamber-music concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

ROBEYLYN SCHRADER AND DAVID JAMES—Duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 7:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

CARTER BREY—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

FESTIVAL OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY MUSIC—The first two in a series of five concerts—Monday, Feb. 3, at 8: The Manhattan Contemporary Ensemble, in an all-Boulez program. . . . **FRIDAY**, Feb. 7, at 8: Paul Dunkel conducting the Manhattan Philharmonia. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

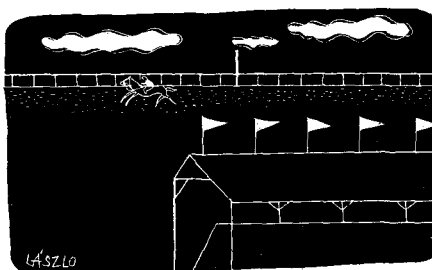
PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Byrne Meadowlands Arena (1-201 935-8888)—Thursday, Jan. 30, at 7:30: Nets vs. Seattle. . . . **Saturday**, Feb. 1, at 7:30: Nets vs. Atlanta.

HOCKEY—At the **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:05. . . . Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Feb. 1, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 7:35. . . . Devils vs. Islanders, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 5:05. . . . Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Thursday, Feb. 6, at 7:35.

RACING—At **Aqueduct**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

TRACK MEET—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 6.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Nightly at 8;



through Saturday, March 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

PROSE READINGS—Garrison Keillor reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 3, at 8.) . . . **Fritz Weaver**, Joanna Gleason, and Geraldine Fitzgerald reading from the short stories of Gabriel García Márquez, Lore Segal, and the Brothers Grimm. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 6:30.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—The thirty-second annual show, featuring American and European furniture, paintings, silver, porcelain, and the like, assembled by about seventy-five dealers. In addition, there is a loan exhibit of nineteenth-century American toys from the New-York Historical Society, the Shelburne Museum, and from private collections. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 29-Feb. 1, from 11 to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 2, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 31, at 2: Early-American silver, from the collection of Cornelius C. Moore. . . . Five sales of Americana. Thursday, Jan. 30, at 2, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 10:15 and 2.

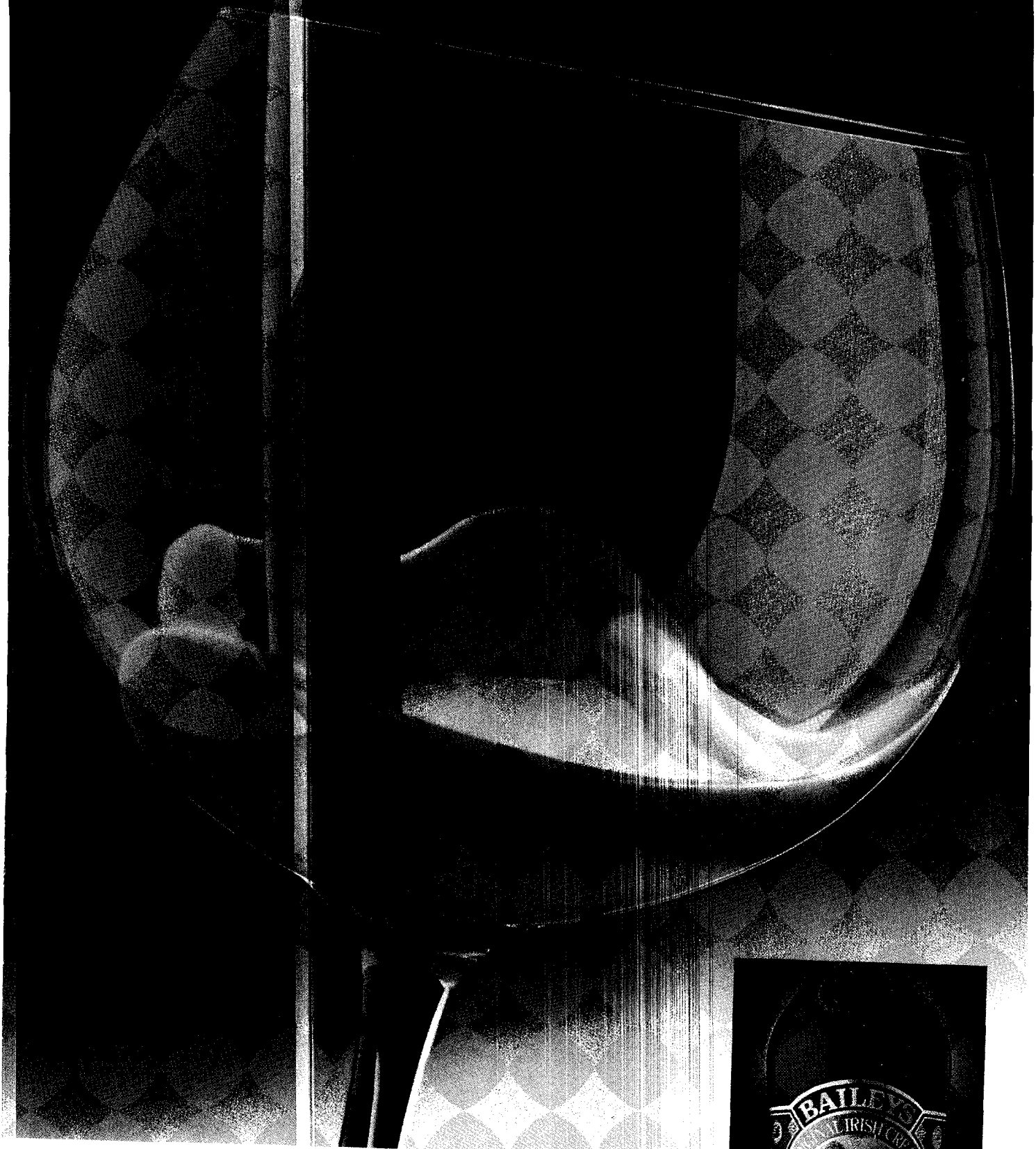
COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through May 3. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . **Brandenburg Ensemble**, Feb. 14. . . . **Prague Chamber Orchestra**, Feb. 16. . . . **Philadelphia Orchestra**, Feb. 19. . . . **Daniel Barenboim**, piano, Feb. 23. . . . **Gewandhaus Orchestra** of Leipzig, Feb. 23-24, 26, and 28. . . . **Academy of Ancient Music**, March 2. . . . **Vladimir Ashkenazy**, piano, March 5. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Juilliard String Quartet, Feb. 9 and March 9. . . . **Earl Wild**, piano, Feb. 12, 19, and 26. . . . **Zagreb Philharmonic**, Feb. 13. . . . **Jean-Pierre Rampal**, flute, Feb. 15. . . . **Ivo Pogorelich**, piano, Feb. 21. . . . **Orpheus Chamber Orchestra**, Feb. 22. . . . **Canadian Brass Quintet**, Feb. 23. . . . **Buffalo Philharmonic**, Feb. 23. . . . **Philadelphia Orchestra**, Feb. 25. . . . **Marilyn Horne**, soprano, Feb. 27. . . . **Daniel Barenboim**, piano, Feb. 28. . . . **New York Choral Society**, March 1. . . . **Vienna Chamber Orchestra**, March 5. . . . **Baltimore Symphony**, March 8. . . . **San Francisco Symphony**, March 9-10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Jan Opalach, bass-baritone, Feb. 13. . . . **Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**, Feb. 14, 16, and 23-25. . . . **Elmar Oliveira**, violin, and Lilian Kallir, piano, Feb. 22. . . . **Ensemble for Early Music's Grande Bande**, Feb. 22. . . . **Waverly Consort**, March 6 and 8. . . . **Florence Quivar**, mezzo-soprano, March 9. . . . **Jupiter Symphony**, March 10. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): David Starobin, classical guitarist, Feb. 9. . . . **Judith Blegen**, soprano, Feb. 12. . . . **Y Chamber Symphony**, Feb. 15-16 and March 1-2. . . . **Barry Tuckwell**, horn, Feb. 25. . . . **Robert Mann**, violin, and Stephen Hough, piano, Feb. 26. . . . **Victoria Mullova**, violin, March 8. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Frans Brueggen, recorder, and the Boston Museum Trio, Feb. 13. . . . **Michala Petri** trio, Feb. 20. . . . **Annie Fischer**, piano, Feb. 27. . . . **Lockenhaus Festival**, March 1. . . . **Guarnieri Quartet**, March 8. . . . **Paillard Chamber Orchestra**, March 10. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): **Philharmonia Virtuosi**, Feb. 25.

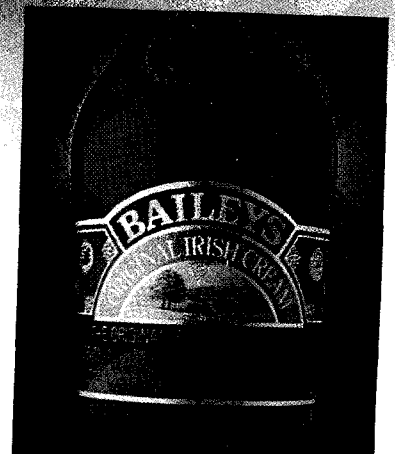
OTHER DATES—Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 10-11. . . . **Lincoln's Birthday** is Wednesday, Feb. 12. . . . **Ash Wednesday** falls on Feb. 12. . . . **Washington's Birthday** will be observed on Monday, Feb. 17. . . . **Sanford Smith's Armory Antiques Show**, at the 7th Regiment Armory, March 6-9.

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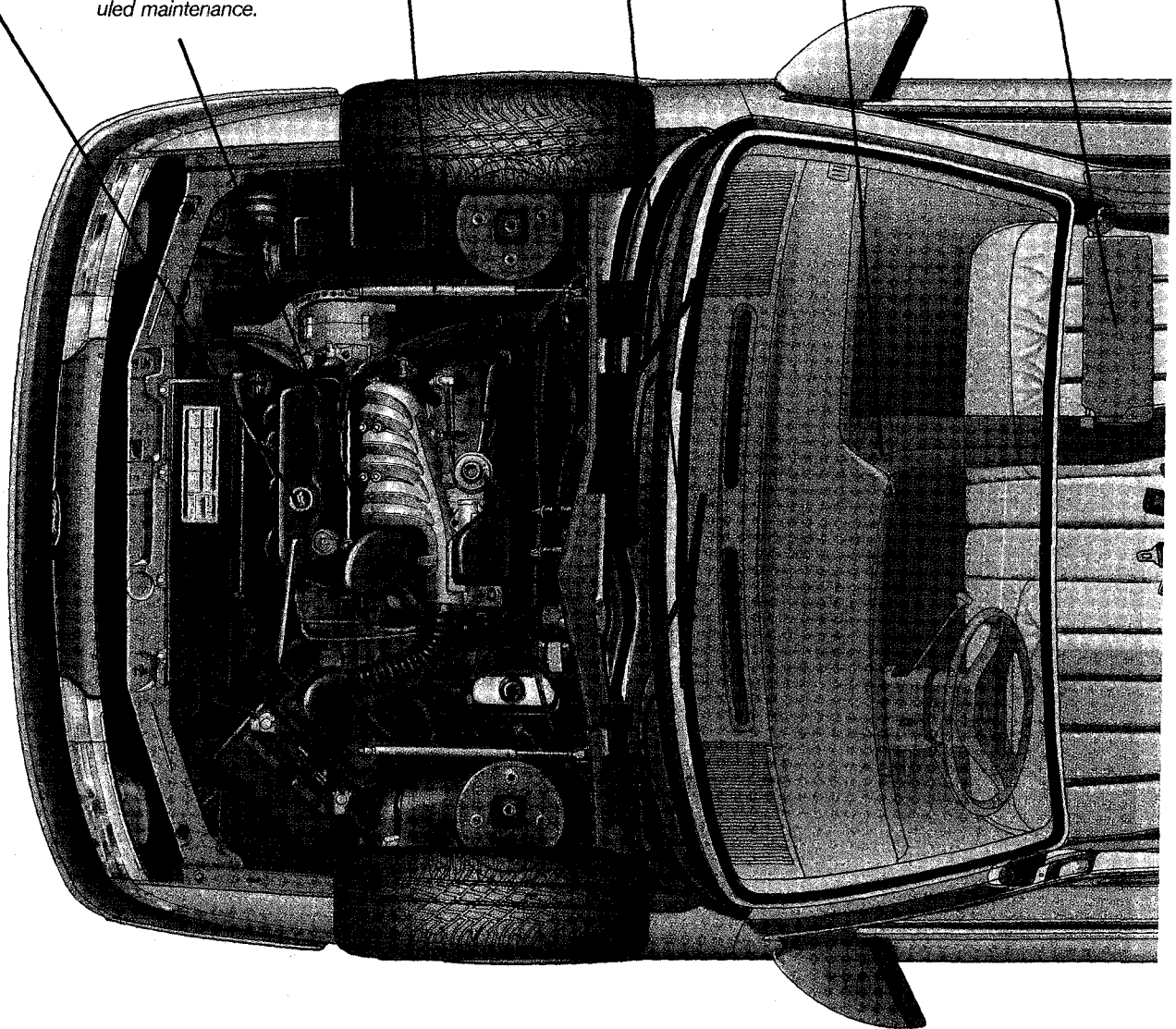
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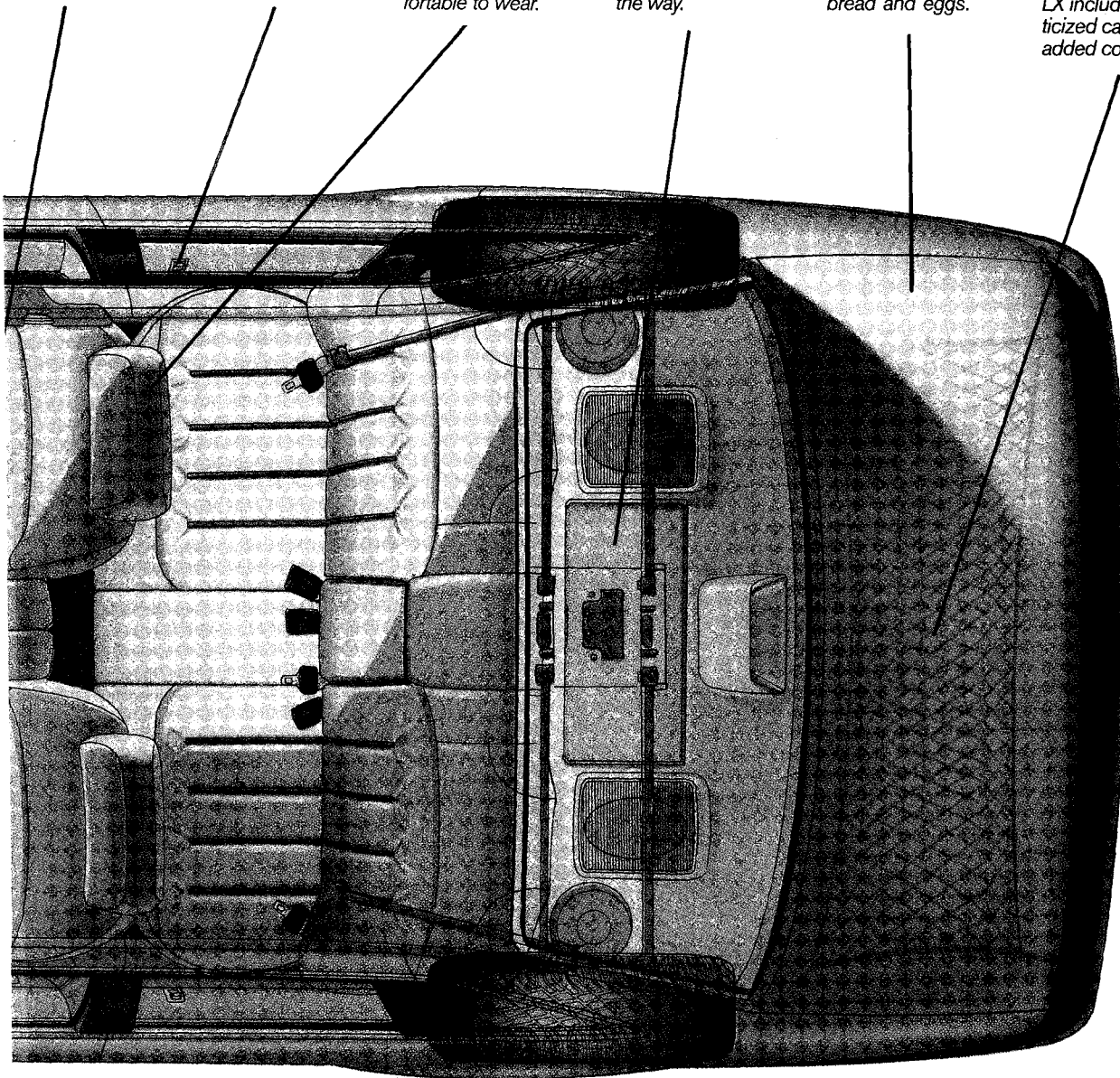
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Jan. 30: "Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; directed by Chantal Akerman; in French).
From Jan. 31: "Edith's Diary" (1984; Hans W. Geissendorfer; in German).

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Jan. 30: "My Chauffeur" (David Beird), with Deborah Foreman and Sam Jones.

Jan. 31-Feb. 6: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell.

From Feb. 7: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (Woody Allen).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Brazil" (Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough). From Jan. 31: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 30: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†). From Jan. 31: "The Clan of the Cave Bear" (Michael Chapman), with Daryl Hannah.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Jan. 30: "White Nights" (†).

From Jan. 31: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (Paul Mazursky), with Nick Nolte, Bette Midler, and Richard Dreyfuss.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Jan. 30: "My Chauffeur" (David Beird), with Deborah Foreman and Sam Jones.

From Jan. 31: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Feb. 6: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
From Feb. 7: "The Color Purple" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Jan. 30: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

From Jan. 31: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through Jan. 30: "Fool for Love" (†).

From Jan. 31: "Stripper" (Jerome Gary).

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 30: "Jagged Edge" (†). From Jan. 31: "White Nights" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "Black Moon Rising" (Harley Kozliss), with Tommy Lee Jones. From Jan. 31: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "White Nights" (†). From Jan. 31: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (Paul Mazursky), with Nick Nolte, Bette Midler, and Richard Dreyfuss.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 6: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†). From Feb. 7: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.

Theatre 2: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Feb. 6: "The Color Purple" (†).



M.I.A.N

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 26.

From Feb. 7: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (Woody Allen).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Brazil" (Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce.

Theatre 2: "The Clan of the Cave Bear" (Michael Chapman), with Daryl Hannah.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

Through Jan. 30: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

From Jan. 31: "The Goodbye People" (Herb Gardner), with Martin Balsam, Judd Hirsch, and Pamela Reed.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Out of Africa" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Jan. 30: "Troll" (John Buechler), with Noah Hathaway.

Jan. 31-Feb. 6: "My Chauffeur" (David Beird), with Deborah Foreman and Sam Jones.

From Feb. 7: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 30: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. From Jan. 31: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze.

Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†).

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Jan. 30: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

From Jan. 31: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 30: "Pray for Death" (Gordon Hessler), with Sho Kosugi.

Jan. 31-Feb. 6: "Eliminators" (Peter Ma-nogian), with Andrew Prine. From Feb. 7: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "A.K." (1985; directed by Chris Marker; in English and Japanese), a documentary about the making of Kurosawa's "Ran"; and "Ulysse" (1983; Agnès Varda; in French).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "Return" (Andrew Silver). From Jan. 31: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1 AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Ufuria" (1981; John Binder),

with Cindy Williams, Harry Dean Stanton, and Fred Ward.
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 6: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay. From Feb. 7: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary. From Jan. 31: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 30: The New York Gay Film Festival.

From Jan. 31: "Joey."

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Theatre 3: "Fool for Love" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 6: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian). From Feb. 7: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 30: "The Journey of Natty Gann" (Jeremy Kagan), with Meredith Salenger and John Cusack. From Jan. 31: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (Paul Mazursky), with Nick Nolte, Bette Midler, and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 30: "Back to the Future" (†). From Jan. 31: "White Nights" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Jan. 30: "White Nights" (†).

From Jan. 31: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (Paul Mazursky), with Nick Nolte, Bette Midler, and Richard Dreyfuss.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through Jan. 30: "Sweet Dreams" (†).

From Jan. 31: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Always" (Henry Jaglom).

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Color Purple" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through Jan. 30: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

From Jan. 31: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).

Theatre 2: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Theatre 3: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I will be shown daily.

Theatre 2: "Shoah" (†). Part II will be shown daily.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 30: "The Mystery of Alexina" (Rene Feret; in French). From Jan. 31: "White Nights" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Forever Young" (David Drury). From Feb. 5: "Arthur's Hallowed Ground" (Freddie Young).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie),

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick. Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†). From Jan. 31: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell.

Theatre 3: "Brazil" (Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce.

Theatre 4: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 5: "Out of Africa" (†).

Theatre 6: Through Jan. 30: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito. From Jan. 31: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 30: "My Chauffeur" (David Beaird), with Deborah Foreman and Sam Jones. From Jan. 31: "White Nights" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "Pray for Death" (Gordon Hessler), with Sho Kosugi. From Jan. 31: "Eliminators" (Peter Manoogian), with Andrew Prine.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 30: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay. From Jan. 31: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze.

Theatre 4: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "Black Moon Rising" (directed by Harley Cokliss), with Tommy Lee Jones. From Jan. 31: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 30: "Back to the Future" (†). From Jan. 31: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Theatre 4: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Jan. 30: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz). From Jan. 31: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

Theatre 6: Through Jan. 30: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder). From Jan. 31: "Black Moon Rising."

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Jan. 30: "The Journey of Natty Gann" (Jeremy Kagan), with Meredith Salenger and John Cusack. From Jan. 31: "White Nights" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay. From Jan. 31: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 30: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn; ending A). From Jan. 31: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 30: "Clue" (ending C). From Jan. 31: To be announced.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through Jan. 30: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†).

From Jan. 31: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 30: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. From Jan. 31: "The Clan of the Cave Bear" (Michael Chapman), with Daryl Hannah. Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Jan. 30: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

From Jan. 31: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"101 Dalmatians" (†). No performances on Tuesday, Feb. 4.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.

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Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd. From Jan. 31: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Pray for Death" (Gordon Hessler), with Sho Kosugi.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 30: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito. From Jan. 31: "Eliminators" (Peter Manoogian), with Andrew Prine.

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Troll" (John Buechler), with Noah Hathaway.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 6: "My Chauffeur" (David Beaird), with Deborah Foreman and Sam Jones. From Feb. 7: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 30: "Amarcord" (1974; directed by Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt.

Feb. 2: "Mondo Cane" (†); and "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage" (1983).

Feb. 3-4: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

Feb. 5-6: "Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch); and "The 4th Man" (1982; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch), with Jeroen Krabbé and Renée Soutendijk.

Feb. 7-8: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Jan. 29: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and "Fires on the Plain" (1959; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).

Jan. 30: "The Makioka Sisters" (1983; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese); and "Story of the Last Chrysanthemums" (1939; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Jan. 31: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "The Aviator's Wife" (1981; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière.

Feb. 1-2: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey) and "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Feb. 3-4: "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "The Spider's Stratagem" (†).

Feb. 5-6: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre"

(1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

From Feb. 7: "Barry Lyndon" (†); and "The Draughtman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman, and Anne Louise Lambert.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Feb. 1: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiré.

Feb. 2-3: "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmoucaux; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.

Feb. 4-5: "The Green Room" (1979; François Truffaut; in French), with Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (†).

Feb. 6-8: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "Love on the Run" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 29: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier; and "Falstaff" ("Chimes at Midnight," 1967; Orson Welles), with Welles, Keith Baxter, and John Gielgud.

Jan. 30: "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Jan. 31: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro.

Feb. 1: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini.

Feb. 2: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson; and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (†).

Feb. 3: "A Lady Without Passport" (1950; Joseph H. Lewis), with Hedy Lamarr and John Hodiak; and "Cry of the Hunted" (1953; Joseph H. Lewis), with Vittorio Gassman and Barry Sullivan.

Feb. 4: "The Boy Friend" (†) and "The Music Lovers" (†).

Feb. 5: "Cry, the Beloved Country" (1952; Zoltán Korda), with Canada Lee; and "Broken Strings" (1940).

Feb. 6: "Maniac" (1981; William Lustig), with Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro; "Child Bride" (1934); and "Reefer Madness" (1936).

Feb. 7: "Paris, Texas" (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "Tender Mercies" (†).

Feb. 8: "Manhattan" (†) and "Annie Hall" (†).

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Jan. 29: "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman; and "Groupies" (1970; Ron Dorfman and Peter Nevard), a documentary.

Jan. 30: "Viking Women and the Sea Serpent" (1958; Roger Corman), with Abby Dalton and Susan Cabot; and "Voodoo Woman" (1957; Edward L. Cahn), with Maria English.

Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "Playtime" (1968) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Feb. 2: "Sabotage" (†); and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

Feb. 3: "Dante's Inferno" (1967; Ken Russell; a BBC television film), with Oliver Reed; and "Isadora Duncan" (1966; Ken Russell; a BBC television film), with Vivian Pickles.

Feb. 4: "Forbidden Games" (1952, René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey





Non-Conformist.

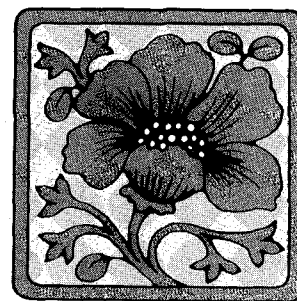
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and Georges Poujouly; and "Gervaise" (†).
 Feb. 5: "Immoral Tales" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in French); and "Stay As You Are" (†).
 Feb. 6: "Runaway Daughters" (1956; Edward L. Cahn); with Marla English; and "Reform School Girl" (1959; Edward Bernds); with Gloria Castillo.
 Feb. 7-8: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola); with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola); with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 29: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster); with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone); with Warner Oland as Chan.

Jan. 30: "Ball of Fire" (1942; Howard Hawks); with Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper; and "Lady of Burlesque" (1943; William Wellman); with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, J. Edward Bromberg, and Iris Adrian.

Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "The Paradine Case" (1947; Alfred Hitchcock); with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock); with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Feb. 2: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby); with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (†).

Feb. 3: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French); with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

Feb. 4: "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975; Dick Richards); with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling; and "Michael Shayne, Private Detective" (1940; Eugene Forde); with Lloyd Nolan.

Feb. 5: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†).

Feb. 6: "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang); with Dana Andrews and Ida Lupino; and "Clash by Night" (1952; Fritz Lang); with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, and Robert Ryan.

Feb. 7-8: "Walkabout" (†) and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 11: Jan. 30 at 2:30: "Doctor in the House" (1954; directed by Ralph Thomas); with Dirk Bogarde, Muriel Pavlow, Kenneth More, Kay Kendall, and James Robertson Justice. . . . Jan. 30 at 6: "Genevieve" (1953; Henry Cornelius); with John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kenneth More, and Kay Kendall. . . . Jan. 31 at 2:30: "Raising a Riot" (1955; Wendy Toye); with Kenneth More, Ronald Squire, and Mandy Miller. . . . Jan. 31 at 6 and Feb. 1 at 2: "Simon and Laura" (1955; Muriel Box); with Peter Finch, Kay Kendall, Muriel Pavlow, and Ian Carmichael. . . . Feb. 1 at 5: "Raising a Riot." . . . Feb. 2 at 2: "Genevieve." . . . Feb. 2 at 5: "Doctor in the House." . . . Feb. 3 at 2:30: "Carry on Nurse" (1959; Gerald

Thomas); with Kenneth Connor, Kenneth Williams, Charles Hawtrey, and Wilfred Hyde-White. . . . Feb. 3 at 6 and Feb. 4 at 2:30: "The Rebel" (1961; Anthony Day); with Tony Hancock, George Sanders, and Paul Massie. . . . Feb. 4 at 6: "Carry on Nurse." . . . Feb. 6 at 2:30 and 6: "The Love Parade" (1929; Ernst Lubitsch). . . . Feb. 7 at 2:30: "Private's Progress" (1956; John Boulting); with Richard Attenborough, Dennis Price, Terry-Thomas, and Ian Carmichael. . . . Feb. 7 at 6 and Feb. 8 at 2: "The Smallest Show on Earth" (1957; Basil Dearden); with Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers, Peter Sellers, and Margaret Rutherford. . . . Feb. 8 at 5: "Private's Progress."

THEATRE 2: Jan. 30 at 3 and 6:30: "Streetwise" (1984; Martin Bell), a documentary. . . . Jan. 31 at 3: "36 Chowringhee Lane" (1981; Aparna Sen; an Indian film, in English). . . . Jan. 31 at 6:30: "Thyagayya" (1981; Bapu; in Telugu, with English subtitles). . . . Feb. 1 at 2: "The Mirage" (1983; Nirad N. Mohapatra; in Oriya, with English subtitles). . . . Feb. 1 at 5: "Half Truth" (1983; Govind Nihalani; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . Feb. 2 at 2: "The Silent Storm" (1984; Manmohan Mahapatra; in Oriya, with English subtitles). . . . Feb. 2 at 5: "Festival of Fire" (1984; Ketan Mehta; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . Feb. 4 at 3 and 6:30: "Clarence and Angel" (1980; Robert Gardner); with Darren Brown and Mark Cardova. . . . Feb. 6 at 3 and 6:30: "High Schools" (1984; Charles Guggenheim and Nancy Sloss) and "The Children of Soong Ching Ling" (1984; Gary Bush); both documentaries. . . . Feb. 7 at 3: "Half Truth." . . . Feb. 7 at 6:30: "The Mirage." . . . Feb. 8 at 2: "Festival of Fire." . . . Feb. 8 at 5: "The Silent Storm."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ANNIE HALL (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (Thalia; Feb. 8.)

BACK TO THE FUTURE—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/29/85.) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Theatres; through Jan. 30.)

BARRY LYNDON (1975)—Thackeray wrote a skitish, fast-moving parody of romantic, sentimental writing, about the adventures of an Irish knave. However, it must have been Barry's ruthless pursuit of wealth and social position rather than his spirit that attracted Stanley Kubrick. His images are fastidiously delicate in the inexpressive, peculiarly chilly manner of the English painters of the period—the mid-eighteenth century—and it's a masterpiece in every insignificant detail. The film says that people are disgusting but things are lovely. The stately tour of European high life is like a three-hour slide show for art-history majors. With Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (Metro Cinema; starting Feb. 7.)

THE BOY FRIEND (1971)—It might have been a lovely little musical, with the bittersweet Jazz Age gaiety that is foolish and yet heart-breakingly winning. But Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from his supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately and dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. With Christopher Gable, Max Adrian,

Georgina Hale, Tommy Tune, and Glenda Jackson in a wonderful cameo. (Thalia; Feb. 4.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, far-away kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (R.K.O. Art Greenwix Twin, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres. . . . Beekman; through Feb. 6. . . . Sutton, and R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; starting Feb. 7.)

FOOL FOR LOVE—You'd think that if anybody could film Sam Shepard's 1983 play and keep it metaphorical and rowdy and sexually charged it would be the intuitive Robert Altman, but the material seems to congeal on the screen, and congealed rambunctiousness is not a pretty sight. The play—a carnal (and existential) screwball comedy—is about the no-exit tormented sex relationship between Eddie, a broken-down rodeo cowboy (Shepard), and his half sister, May (Kim Basinger), who lives in a cheap motel "on the edge of the Mojave Desert." It's counterculture macho (circa "Easy Rider") gone mythic. Though this stuff isn't much, it might get by if it were just faster and more kinetic, if there were less mood and atmosphere, and Eddie and May were ferociously passionate and excitable. But Sam Shepard's adaptation opens out the play and the steam escapes. And Altman directs this adaptation almost reverently, as a series of near-static pictures. As Eddie, Shepard is a feeble presence; when he delivers Eddie's lines they have no visceral

force. Kim Basinger works hard and she has a flushed, smeary-faced, wounded quality, but she lacks spirit. Randy Quaid gives the role of Martin, May's gentleman caller, a solid, hick doggedness (and Shepard does his best acting in his hipster-outlaw gamesmanship with Quaid). As the Old Man, the lovers' father, Harry Dean Stanton has the right tequila-swaggering grunginess but he doesn't seem to have any idea what he should be doing. The cinematography is by Pierre Mignot; the country songs were written and performed by Sandy Rogers. (1/27/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . Plaza; through Jan. 30.)

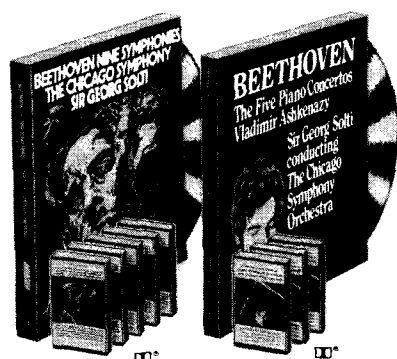
GERVAISE (1957)—A painstaking and rich creation of mid-nineteenth-century Paris. René Clément's rather heavy-going film deals with the spiritual destruction of Gervaise Macquart (Maria Schell)—a destruction accomplished by her lover, who deserts her, and her gentle husband, who becomes an uncontrollable drunkard (a memorable performance by François Périer). Gervaise is the heroine of "L'Assommoir," one of the twenty novels in Zola's Rougon-Macquart series, and the mother of that corrupt little Nana who figures in a later volume (and many a movie). With Suzy Delair. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 4.)

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW (1966)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

101 DALMATIANS (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (New Embassy 49th St. No performances on Tuesday, Feb. 4.)

JAGGED EDGE—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in

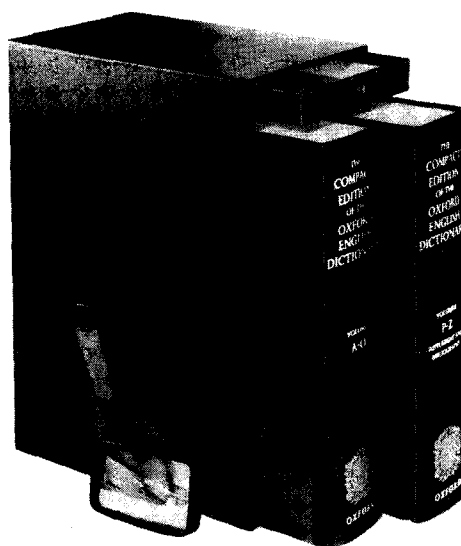
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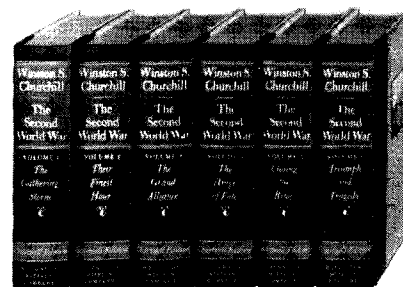
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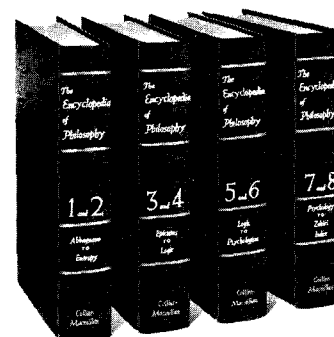
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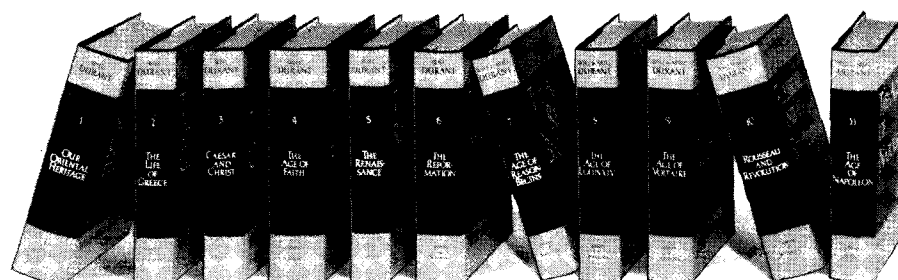
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (Manhattan; through Jan. 30.)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentin (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentin and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of movie-making, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema. . . .) R.K.O. Century National Twin; starting Jan. 31.)

LOVE ON THE RUN (1979)—A film in François Truffaut's autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." His presence on the screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. In French. (Regency; Feb. 6-8.)

MANHATTAN (1979)—This black-and-white film, starring and directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of the pared-down and exuberant script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (Thalia; Feb. 8.)

MONDO CANE (1963)—The Italian documentary-maker Gualtiero Jacopetti and his associates are actually documentary fakers: they set out to demonstrate how uncivilized the world is, and then fake the proofs. There's no shortage of available evidence, but they prefer titillating, shocking frauds. The grossness of the picture works to the advantage of the filmmakers, since it seems almost naive to attack it. (Cinema Village; Feb. 2.)

THE MUSIC LOVERS (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornography. This time, Tchaikovsky (Richard Chamberlain) is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. The central plot mechanism—Tchaikovsky's patroness throws him out when he is revealed to be homosexual, and so he is forced to become a conductor to support himself—is a concoction. The film is homoerotic in style, and yet in dramatic content it's bizarrely anti-homosexual. With Glenda Jackson, Max Adrian, Christopher Gable, and Kenneth Colley. The screenplay is based on the book "Beloved Friend," by Catherine Drinker Bowen. (Thalia; Feb. 4.)

OUT OF AFRICA—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (Loews Tower East, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day in 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The

plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 7-8.)

RAN—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (2 hours and 41 minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema I.)

SABOTAGE (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb on behalf of her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 2.)

SHOAH—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic "Shoah" is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

THE SPIDER'S STRATAGEM (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges' enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. The film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 3-4.)

STAY AS YOU ARE (1979)—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate

here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this rapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 5.)

SUCH A GORGEOUS KID LIKE ME (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (Regency; Feb. 4-5.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated English movie about three Londoners and the breakup of two love affairs, from a delicate, pungent screenplay by Penelope Giliatt, and it may be his finest work. A homosexual doctor in his forties, played by Peter Finch, and an employment counsellor in her thirties, played by Glenda Jackson, are both in love with a boyish, successful kinetic sculptor, played by Murray Head, who casually divides his time and affections between them. There is perhaps a little too much sensibility. Schlesinger has a gift for pacing and the energy to bring all the elements of a movie together, but he uses his technique so that it's just about impossible for you to have any reaction that he hasn't decreed you should. With Peggy Ashcroft, Vivian Pickles, Tony Britton, and Maurice Denham. (Thalia; Feb. 2.)

SWEET DREAMS—As the pop-and-country singer Patsy Cline, Jessica Lange has a raw physicality that's challenging and heroic. The singing voice that comes out of her is from the vocal tracks of recordings that Patsy Cline made between 1960 and 1963, and Lange's body lives up to the sound. The director, Karel Reisz, doesn't step back from Patsy; she's taken on her own terms. As Patsy's husband, Ed Harris brings the role a tragic, pitiable sweetness. With Ann Wedgeworth as Patsy's mother. People cry at this movie though it isn't sentimental—it's an honest tearjerker. (10/21/85) (Festival; through Jan. 30.)

TENDER MERCIES (1983)—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. Audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American debut, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere. Mostly the picture consists of silences: long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity). With Ellen Barkin and Betty Buckley. (Thalia; Feb. 7.)

THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can, and it has the glow that movies get when they're about the need to have compassion. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Cinema II.)

TWICE IN A LIFETIME—This miracle of psycho-banalit presents the basic story of a long-married middle-aged man (Gene Hackman, as a Seattle steelworker) who experiences a renewal of vitality when he has an affair with a younger woman (Ann-Margret), but the story is now so dressed up in the language of self-help books that the man is a life-affirming force—and not only for himself but also for his wife of thirty years (Ellen Burstyn), whom he leaves. The movie could be every



errant husband's self-justifying fantasy. Directed by Bud Yorkin, from a script by Colin Welland. With Amy Madigan, Brian Dennehy, and Ally Sheedy. (12/2/85) (Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres. . . ♣ Gemini; through Feb. 6.)

WALKABOUT (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a run-down English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 7-8.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. With Trish Van Devere, Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2.)

WHITE NIGHTS—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Ziegfeld; through Jan. 30. . . ♣ Manhattan, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1; starting Jan. 31.)

YOUNG SHERLOCK HOLMES—There's a coziness about the familiar murk and gloom of Victorian London around 1870. The schoolboy Holmes—Nicholas Rowe, a six-foot-four adolescent, with a slender, ascetic face—has a gentle, sweet precociousness. As his stocky, loyal chum Watson—a junior version of an old duffer—little Alan Cox has to keep stumbling and sprawling, and he takes his falls like a pro. And with a fiendish killer who is armed with an Egyptian blowgun (which is basically a peashooter) this promises to be a funnier, zestier picture than it turns out to be. Directed by Barry Levinson, from a script by Chris Columbus, it's mildly, blandly amusing as long as it stays within the conceits of the Holmesian legends. It falls apart when it starts turning Holmes into an action-adventure hero, and it lets you down with a thump when it rips off "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom." Levinson's temple of doom (where a fanatic religious sect offers up human sacrifices) has a choir chanting solemnly; the pomposity of this music is lethal—it's like a High Mass for a dead mouse. With Nigel Stock as the smiling, dotty Professor Waxflatter; Earl Rhodes as the slimy blond young rotter Dudley; Anthony Higgins as a fencing master and all-around smoothie; and Sophie Ward as the too sugary ingénue Elizabeth. Presented by Steven Spielberg, handsomely lighted by Stephen Goldblatt. (1/27/86) (Loews Orpheum. . . ♣ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Jan. 30. . . ♣ Film Forum, and Embassy; starting Jan. 31.)

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WHAT MAKES NEIMAN-MARCUS NEIMAN-MARCUS?

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pick up their phones and dial any Neiman-Marcus store to inquire about her gift preferences (and with their N-M charge, make their selection and arrange for its gift-wrap and delivery right then and there), she made her china, crystal, silver and linen selections, as well as some choices in lingerie, stationery and luggage. Her friends had a record of these preferences and an inventory of what had already been purchased at their fingertips when they touched the Bridal Giftkeeper screen or called the store for assistance.

When you're planning a wedding in one state and living in another, you could end up in a state of confusion... unless you know about N-M's Bridal Giftkeeper.

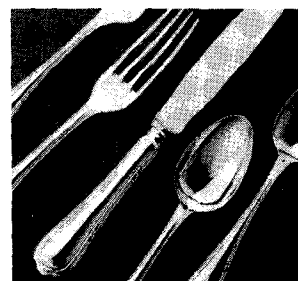
When Mary Summers of Dallas decided to get married, she chose her hometown of Boston, where her family and many friends remain, for the ceremony.

With only three months to make plans, and the responsibilities of a career demanding much of her time, Mary needed expert assistance coordinating her out-of-state wedding.

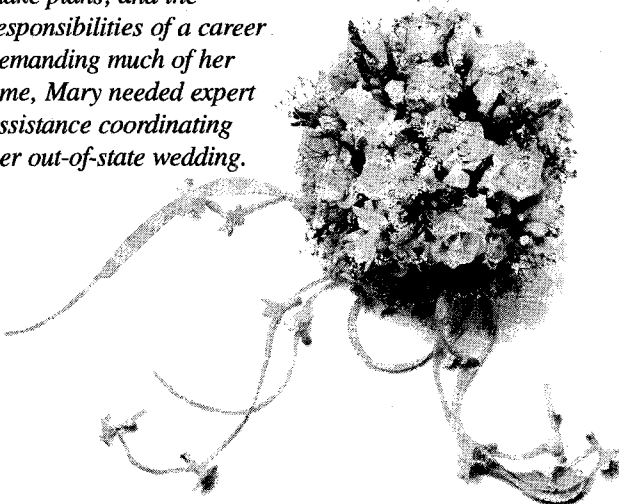
So she visited Anne Marie Evans, Bridal Consultant at Neiman-Marcus in downtown Dallas, and learned about N-M's Bridal Giftkeeper. Mary had intended to register her gift preferences with Neiman-Marcus, where

her many Dallas friends could make gift selections easily, but she was afraid this might be inconvenient for the folks in Boston. What to do?

Anne Marie soon put Mary's fears to rest. N-M's Bridal Giftkeeper, she explained, is a computerized, coast-to-coast Bridal Registry, and Mary learned that all her preferences (as well as an inventory of items purchased at any of the 22 Neiman-Marcus stores) would be instantly available to her friends by phone, mail or personal inquiry. So, when Mary realized the folks in Boston (or Boise or Seattle) could



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

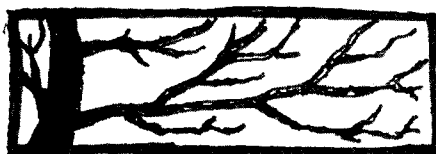
Notes and Comment

NEWS in our day is supposed to flash around the world at the speed of light, "shrinking" our planet and making of it the famed global village, but from some regions, it turns out, information comes slowly, as if still travelling by clipper ship, or by desert caravan. Those regions, far from being crowded into a global village, sometimes seem to have dropped off the edge of the earth. For them, the planet, rather than shrinking, is expanding. The reason is not that the regions are technologically backward but that in them the powers that be don't want anyone—not the whole globe, and not the local population, either—to know what they are doing. One such place is Afghanistan, where the Soviet Union has been waging a full-fledged war, mostly out of sight, for six years. Just recently, though, several whole caravanloads of news have arrived from that country, in the form of an excellent series of articles in the *Washington Post*—information that permits all of us to begin to try to answer questions about the war that have been on our minds. One of these questions is how much the Soviet war in Afghanistan resembles the American war in Vietnam. To judge from the *Post* articles, the answer at first glance must be: A lot. In an amazing number of particulars, the similarities are present. There is the rebel force nourished by popular support which is battling a central government propped up by the funds and military forces of a superpower. There is the division between a countryside largely under the control of the rebels and cities largely under the control of the government. There are the in-between areas that are under the control of the rebels by night and of the government by day. There is the indiscriminate—or perhaps discriminate and systematic, de-

pending on your interpretation—aerial bombardment of the countryside. There is the de-facto policy of trying to deprive the rebels of their support by depopulating rural areas, through the bombing and other brutal measures. (In Vietnam, American military officers, proud to have studied up on their Mao Zedong, would often announce that they were familiar with his dictum that the rebel guerrillas are the fish and the people the sea, and would say that the United States was seeking to strand the fish by drying up the sea. In Afghanistan, one rebel described Soviet policy in identical terms to the *Post*.) There are the millions of refugees. (The largest refugee population in the world today is Afghan.) There are the massacres and other atrocities in the villages. There is the protracted stalemate that apparently often arises when opposing forces are not so much equal in strength as completely different in the varieties and sources of their strength—with the strength of one side being mainly political, and consisting of popular support, and the strength of the other side being mainly military, and consisting of effectively limitless firepower.

Differences between the two wars also emerge, however. One of the most important is suggested by the Soviet practice of sending Afghan children—sometimes without their parents' consent—to the Soviet Union for education and political indoctrination. This practice is part of a policy of seeking to do nothing less than shape the whole of Afghan culture, including, above all, its Islamic religion, to suit Soviet purposes, and suggests an

implacable patience and resolve on the part of the Soviets which were lacking in American policy in Vietnam. The force that disrupted American policy was, of course, the American public, which, after much turmoil, rejected continuation of the war. At the time, some officials publicly ruminated and fretted about the difficulty of maintaining "steadiness" in the foreign policy of a democracy, and others complained that the hands of the military had been needlessly "tied behind their backs" by timid civilian officials, but what actually tied the military's hands, and forced the eventual withdrawal from Vietnam, was not any official; it was the people of the United States, engaging in an immense exercise of their political powers under the Constitution. The thongs tying the military's hands were the fundamental laws on which the nation was founded. The Soviet leaders need fear no such hindrance, as they well know. Barring revolutionary change in their country, they can remain in Afghanistan for the next hundred years without encountering serious domestic opposition. For them, a policy of permanent—or, at least, decades-long—occupation, like the one they have carried out in Eastern Europe, is quite possible. No similar plans formed in the minds of even the most hawkish American officials in their thinking about Vietnam. Their persistent—and persistently disappointed—hope was to win the war in Vietnam and then leave. Knowing of the public's distaste for endless war and endless occupation, they kept trying to convince the country, and even to convince themselves, that the United States was on the verge of victory—that they could see the light at the end of the tunnel, as they used to say. And it was their failure, over more than a decade, to fulfill this promise which turned the public as a whole against the war. The plain fact is that when it



comes to forcing its will on a foreign people—or on its own people—the Soviet government has incomparably more latitude than the United States government. No one ties its hands. No one shakes the steadiness of its policy. The deeper question, though, is whether this latitude constitutes an advantage. Steadiness in pursuit of a mistake is not beneficial. In Eastern Europe, where the Soviet policy of domination has been tried for about forty years now, its success is anything but clear. In the aftermath of the establishment of the Solidarity movement in Poland, it is even open to question whether complete Soviet domination of the Eastern European countries can be long sustained—whether those countries, like the colonial nations of the Third World before them, may not in some way break free. It could be that, just as the independence movements against the European colonial powers occupied the political stage in the beginning and middle of our century, independence movements against Soviet domination will occupy the political stage for the rest of the century and beyond. However that may be, the occupation of other countries is something that we had best leave to the Soviet Union. The very nature of our political system unfits us for such work. If that is a disadvantage, it is one that we accepted when we decided, more than two hundred years ago, to constitute ourselves a free people.

Universe

WE'RE a universe buff, but we tend to assume that the universe carries on its complicated business elsewhere—either billions of light-years distant, out where the quasars flash and wobble, or in some invisible, subatomic realm crammed with quarks and bosons—and reveals itself only to those who got good grades in math. A recent evening found us watching "The Creation of the Universe," a PBS television documentary about the current search by physicists for a single law to account for the behavior of all matter and energy at the instant the universe was born. The show was written and narrated by Tim Ferris, a calm forty-one-year-old who, we saw, wears wire-rimmed glasses and a boyish forelock, and who, we discovered later, happens to be the first human being whose handwriting will travel beyond the solar system. In "The Creation of the Universe," Mr.

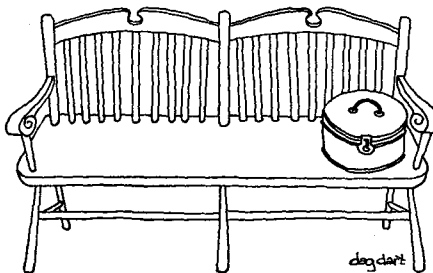
Ferris, using analogies and computer graphics that were sometimes funny and sometimes beautiful, immersed us in the world of the immediate present while managing to convey a great deal about where earthlings like us—as matter and energy upon the stage of space and time—came from and where we're going. We learned, for instance, that perhaps the subatomic particles that make up our bodies and also the energy in our synapses which produces thought (and, thus, our investigation of the universe) sprang originally from a particle smaller than the nucleus of an atom some fifteen billion years ago, during the mysterious event known as the Big Bang (its "echo" is still around as cosmic background radiation, causing two per cent of the snow on our television screen when it's tuned to a blank channel), and that ever since that first infinitesimal fraction of a second the universe, which then consisted only of that particle, has (along with intergalactic space) been relentlessly expanding. And we learned that the universe is probably not going to last. Protons, which are integral to every atom in the universe, may be mortal; an experiment has been set up in a lead mine in Japan to determine whether they decay in water molecules. If even one proton fades, a sensor will send out an alarm confirming that matter is, as Mr. Ferris says, "only a passing fancy, a stage in the ongoing dance of energy." Our dreams on the night of the PBS program were filled with images of galaxies hurtling away from one another (the Milky Way galaxy is flying away from the other members of its galactic cluster, which, in turn, is flying away from the flock of galactic clusters known as the Virgo Supercluster) and of the luminous blue pool of pure water ringed by sensitive detectors waiting for that proton to decay.

The next morning, we lost no time getting in touch with Mr. Ferris. We tracked him down in his office in Los Angeles, near Hollywood and Vine. When he answered our telephone call, he was trying to light a Havana cigar a friend had just given him, and he

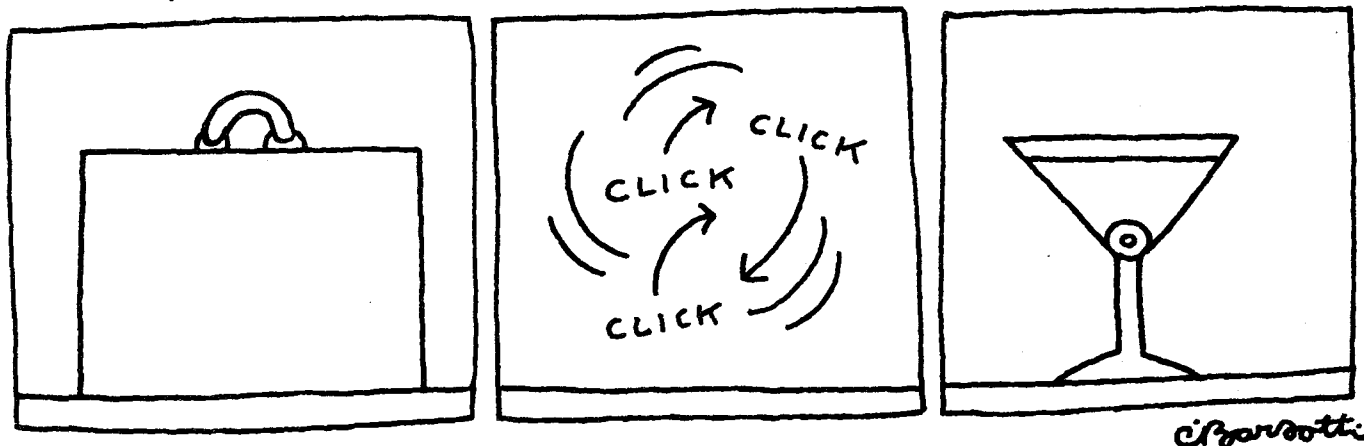
had to pause occasionally to relight it. In a quiet, clear, good-humored voice, which sometimes had to form a trajectory around the stogie, he told us that he lives in Hollywood, up the hill from the Chinese Theatre, with his wife, Carolyn Zecca (she was the visual consultant for the show, and she's expecting their first baby in March), a stepdaughter, and a stepson; that he is designing a house with an observatory on a promontory overlooking vineyards in Sonoma; that he was up at four that morning reading Robert Fitzgerald's translation of "The Odyssey;" that he has written three books on cosmology and astronomy and also a journalism textbook; and that he's the chairman of print journalism at the University of Southern California, where he teaches courses in science writing and in concepts of space and time.

We asked him how he happened to get interested in the origin of the universe.

"When I was five or six, my parents gave me 'A Child's History of the World,'" he said. "It began with a description, now out of date, of the earth condensing from a ball of glowing gas. I became fascinated by the idea that the earth had not always been here, and that it—and all of us creatures on it—came from a swirling cloud. I started reading astronomy books. I grew up in the rural South, and my education was what you might call nineteenth-century. My parents moved around a lot—my father was, at various times, a reporter, a short-story writer for magazines like *Bluebook*, a cement-truck driver, and a real-estate developer. When I was eleven, I got a telescope for Christmas. By that time, we'd settled in Key Biscayne, Florida, and I started an astronomical association with branches in five states. But I was terrible at making precise observations, and I think that's why I like theory. One year, Mercury made a transit across the face of the sun, and amateur astronomers were asked to measure the time it took. Well, I sent in my results to one of the journals, and it printed the results of all the amateurs' findings in a chart. There was a forest of dots around the correct measurement, and far away, alone in the upper right-hand corner, was mine. My data implied that the sun was millions of miles closer to the earth than it is. That's my only contribution to practical astronomy. I retained an interest in science, but I was told in school that scientists com-



A TRANSFORMER FOR GROWNUPS



municated with one another in Latin. This was very discouraging—I have a block about learning languages. I read widely, and became interested in writing, but I was told that as a writer one can't make a living. I went through Northwestern as an indifferent English major and then started law school. After one semester, I quit, went to New York, and got a job as a writer for U.P.I. and, later, for the *Post*. On a long vacation, I went camping in Montana, and after sleeping out under the stars I couldn't face the city room again. I began writing for *Rolling Stone*, doing pieces on David Bowie, the Rolling Stones, Nixon, the Democratic Convention. Then I wrote an article called 'How Do We Know Where We Are If We've Never Been Anywhere Else?'—about what earth would be like if it were situated in the halo of the galaxy. There are some extremely old, stable stars up there—down there. But they and any planets they may have are metal-poor, so we couldn't build telescopes, particle accelerators, or spacecraft. The Milky Way galaxy would fill the entire sky, and we'd never be able to do anything with it. It would be kind of a Zen world, I guess. The article got an eerily good response, and I realized that I could write about what interested me without being impossibly arcane. Excuse me while I relight this cigar."

Mr. Ferris told us he went on to write a book called "The Red Limit: The Search for the Edge of the Universe," which appeared in 1977 and won a prize from the American Institute of Physics. "It was about the way twentieth-century cosmology has delivered us from some of the dilemmas that had for many centuries really cramped and inhibited the pro-

cess by which we think about the structure of the universe," he said. "The Big Bang theory and the concept of the expansion of the universe entered the world suddenly, through an amazing coincidence. In 1922, it was pointed out to Einstein that his general theory of relativity implied that the universe was either expanding or contracting. Astronomers had no evidence of that, so he modified his theory. Seven years later, at Mount Wilson Observatory, Edwin Hubble, who knew nothing about Einstein's initial theory, independently discovered that the universe was expanding. It's an unbelievable story; sometimes the universe becomes very amenable to investigation."

After writing "The Red Limit," Mr. Ferris produced the phonograph record of samples of music and speech from around the world—Chuck Berry and Beethoven were represented—which was placed on board the two Voyager spacecraft. (One of the Voyagers passed the planet Uranus last week; the other is now rising above the plane of the solar system and traveling through deep space.) "After the recording session was finished, I did something I learned from John Lennon," Mr. Ferris said. "He used to write a little message on the takeout groove of the acetate, which would then be printed on every record. I took a heated pinpoint and in the takeout groove I wrote a dedication my colleagues and I had agreed on: 'To the makers of music—all worlds, all times.' When NASA officials learned that I had done that, they wouldn't permit the records to be bolted into the spacecraft until we pointed out to them that this would be the only example of human handwriting to go into space."

In 1983, after completing "Galaxies," a big collection of color photographs with accompanying text, and winning a prize for science writing from the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Ferris moved to California, and wrote "Space-shots: The Beauty of Nature Beyond Earth," a book containing space photographs chosen solely for their beauty and an essay about aesthetics and science. He's now working on "Coming of Age in the Milky Way," a history of the concepts of space and time and of the relationship between thought and the external world. "I've been at it almost nine years, I have a completed bibliography of a thousand entries, and today I'm clearing my desk of what's left of the documentary project, so that I can finish the book," he said.

We asked him about the making of the documentary, which was his first.

"There's a film with an Eric Idle skit about making a documentary on the history of the blues and rock," Mr. Ferris told us. "In it Idle says something like 'We journeyed to New Orleans to answer the question: Just how much money *can* you spend making these documentaries?' I don't think saying something becomes inherently more interesting because you say it in an exotic place. So we kept location shots to a minimum, and we didn't have actors playing scientists. Nick Warner, a theoretical physicist now at M.I.T., was our science consultant, and he and I designed graphics in which the art was built upon the science. Usually, it happens the other way around. The graphics of the nucleus of the carbon atom, of the particle interactions, and of the galaxies were done on three DEC VAX computers—situated in New York, Toronto, and L.A. and linked by satellite—at a cost that makes your knees

weak. Other effects were achieved with a sixteen-millimetre camera and prisms. We wanted to get across more information than you can consciously take in, and we wanted to do it with beauty. For example, there's a sequence in which you zoom, by powers of ten, from a pine in Central Park to the interior of a carbon atom in the tree's DNA. The sequence takes just a couple of minutes, but the thing goes deep. The brain absorbs more information than you realize, and in that sequence you're given many of the laws of physics. As you pass through the shell of the atom, you see the nucleus coming at you from a great distance, and the motions and relationships of the multicolored components of that nucleus are dancing to the tune of physics. When we show the expansion of the Virgo Supercluster over the next fifty billion years, many viewers might not understand exactly what they're seeing, or they might miss the details, but the model is taken directly from the real item, with the correct velocity for each cluster of galaxies. The whole thing gives you an image that the eye reads as terrific."

We tried to absorb all this while Mr. Ferris stopped to fire up his cigar yet again.

"It's a good thing the film came out now, because in anywhere from one to

ten years parts of it will be obsolete," he went on. "Although we know only what happened a fraction of a second after the Big Bang, researchers and theoreticians are giving us new data all the time, and we're getting closer and closer to opening that last door, behind which is shielded the awful question of what happened at the instant the universe began. Maybe we'll just find another door. According to Stephen Hawking, the Cambridge University cosmologist, if we accept the universe as having four dimensions, then space and time started with the Big Bang, and so it's pointless to ask about their origin. But in cosmology you can always up the ante to a higher dimension. The theory that does this—T.O.E., the Theory of Everything, as it's popularly known among dry young wits at Cambridge and at Cal Tech—involves ten dimensions and is called ten-dimensional superstring supersymmetry. I apologize for all the lingo, but when things are emerging there's a clutter of language. It's hard to follow because current cosmology is a patchwork. We don't yet have what Einstein called 'a simple and lucid image of the world.'"

We told him that the documentary had made us feel the laws of the universe in our bones.

"We're all subject to the same laws," he said. "We all paid the price of admission. Sooner or later, philosophy enters the discussion. As Bob Dylan says, 'no matter what you think about it, you just won't be able to do without it.' Socrates insisted that the workings of the mind were a magnificent example of how nature is put together. I hate to say this, because it's become kind of a cliché, but in Taoism the simple acceptance of the fact that you're a creature living in one wide world is considered enlightenment. That attitude has now really been verified by science. You can study anything around you and find that it's a link in a chain that reaches all across the galaxies."

Airport Lobsters

ARE the Airport Lobsters people in business for their health?

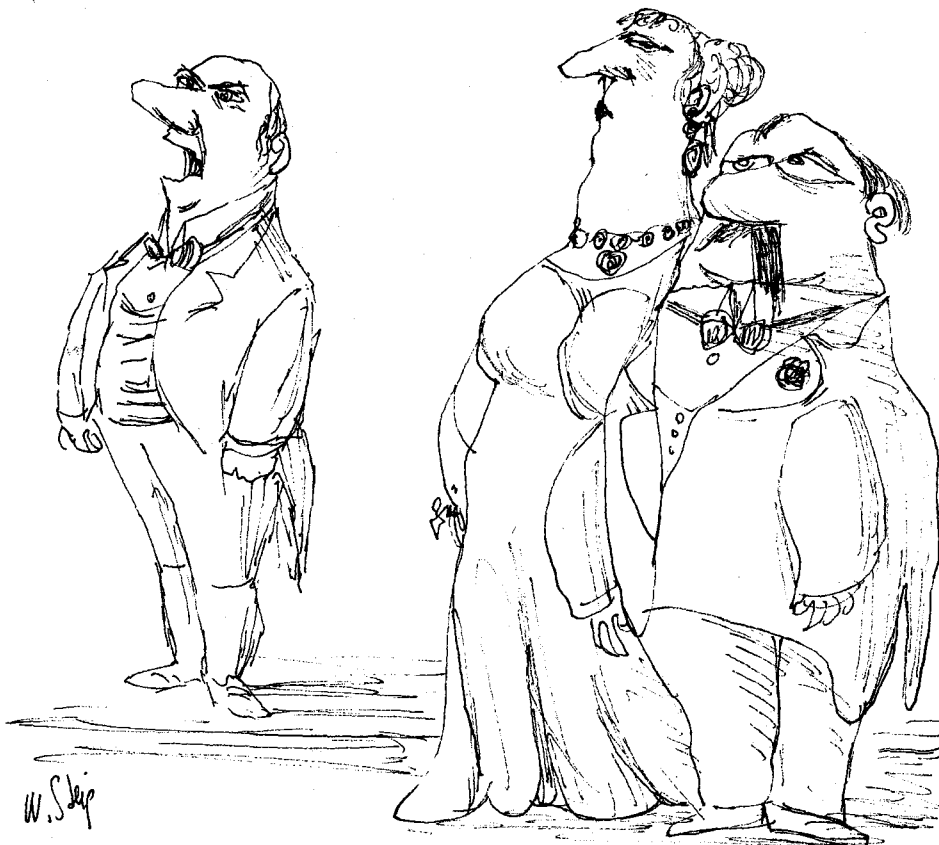
They are not. They are doing what they are doing for the integrity of the concept.

What is the concept?

The Airport Lobsters concept is lobsters—in airports. Each of the four main concourses at LaGuardia Airport now features an Airport Lobsters sales counter. Entrepreneurial visionaries—market researchers, experts—stand behind Airport Lobsters. Before working at an Airport Lobsters sales counter, all employees are exposed to an audiovisual presentation that instructs them how to handle customers and lobsters. The lobsters get to LaGuardia from Bangor, Maine, via Bar Harbor Airlines. A couple of times a week, two cardboard boxes marked "LOBSTERS" are loaded on planes in Bangor. Lou Aponte, a Bar Harbor man at LaGuardia, supervises the unloading. Then Yvonne Dessibourg and Andreas Doczy, Airport Lobsters people, claim the boxes and deliver the goods to the four concourses. Most sales are made to outgoing passengers. However, Folker Schulz-Rinke, who has brought to the Airport Lobsters concept many years of marketing know-how, is working hard on the incoming crowd. He also has high hopes for the mail-order lobster business.

Who is this Folker Schulz-Rinke?

He is the person who, only the other day, said, "You have to attract the people. The colors are red and white, and they repeat. The color scheme repeats from the logo to the bag to the display sign to the aprons of the salesgirls. That was the beginning. 'Packed to Fly' was the slogan on the



"Teddy and Toots."



"Gentlemen, let us open to page 82 of our *Iacoccas*."

promotional material. Then we did 'Send a Lobster to a Friend.' Then 'Bring a Lobster to a Friend.' And another concept is that we're not selling just any lobsters, we're selling *Maine* lobsters. We might have called it Flying Lobsters, but we didn't. We chose Airport Lobsters. The concept of selling lobsters was not new. But airports . . ."

How's business?

Each year, eighteen million people pass through LaGuardia Airport—that's fifty thousand people a day. Children walk past the Airport Lobsters counters. They point to the lobsters. They get their moms and dads to come see the lobsters. Nine out of ten times, a child or a mom or a dad says, "Hey. Lobsters." Airport Lobsters sells about eighty lobsters a day. On the side, Airport Lobsters also sells caviar, cream-of-smoked-trout soup, truffled foie gras, herring in mustard sauce, Norwegian smoked salmon, shrimp soufflé, pumpernickel crackers, lobster bisque, shrimp bisque, and sirloin steaks.

You opt for lobster—then what?

You pay for it and take it with you. You do not have to sign adoption papers to acquire an Airport Lobsters lobster. You pay the money and then,

whatever you have in mind, it's your lobster.

How much does an Airport Lobsters lobster cost?

The price is seven ninety-five per pound for lobsters up to one and a half pounds, eight twenty-five for lobsters above that weight. Often Airport Lobsters does not have big lobsters on hand. When this happens, it does not even post the higher price. The Airport Lobsters people would never try to sell you something that they did not actually *have*—that was not theirs to sell. This is no tease. These are real live lobsters, in the airport. If you buy five lobsters, you get a sixth at a deep discount. Occasionally, there are lucky lobster giveaways. Every now and then, Airport Lobsters offers ten-pound specimens. These move very quickly.

How do you escort the freshly purchased lobster to its proper destination?

You use one of the Airport Lobsters roomy insulated carrying bags. Nobody at Airport Lobsters makes heavy-handed suggestions about what to do with the lobster. It is possible to draw inferences from the lobster recipes that have been printed on the insulated carrying bags. But then the bags are, quite obviously, big. Folker Schulz-

Rinke had to fill up the space on the big bags. It is not fair to say that Folker Schulz-Rinke should have filled up the space on the big bags with excerpts from the new poem that either was or was not written by William Shakespeare, because when the lobster bags were being printed the poem *had not yet been discovered*. So Folker used the material about the boiling water. Airport Lobsters will sell anyone with ten dollars a "dinner kit"—four tiny forks and four bibs and a packet of lobster herbs and a pair of lobster-cracking pliers. With the pliers and the tiny forks, you could crush and clean a bushel of pecans in just a few hours.

What are some lobster facts?

1) For a lobster to wind up at LaGuardia Airport, it must first be trapped.

2) Every lobster trap, or pot, has a kitchen and a bedroom, or parlor; some lobster pots have several kitchens and parlors.

3) Most lobsters are celibate.

4) A lobster can easily be hypnotized and persuaded to stand on its head.

5) A lobster has a pincher claw and a crusher claw.

6) People attack lobsters far more often than vice versa.

SKELETONS

USUALLY she was the artist. Today she was the model. She had on sweatpants—both she and Garrett wore medium, although his sweatpants fit her better than they did him, because she did not have his long legs—and a Chinese jacket, plum-colored, patterned with blue octagons, edged in silver thread, that seemed to float among the lavender flowers that were as big as the palm of a hand raised for the high-five. A frog, Nancy thought; that was what the piece was called—the near-knot she fingered, the little fastener she never closed.

It was late Saturday afternoon, and, as usual, Nancy Niles was spending the day with Garrett. She had met him in a drawing class she took at night. During the week, he worked in an artists' supply store, but he had the weekends off. Until recently, when the weather turned cold, they had often taken long walks on Saturday or Sunday, and sometimes Kyle Brown—an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania, who was the other tenant in the rooming house Garrett lived in, in a run-down neighborhood twenty minutes from the campus—had walked with them. It was Kyle who had told Garrett about the empty room in the house. His first week in Philadelphia, Garrett had been in line to pay his check at a coffee shop when the cashier asked Kyle for a penny, which he didn't have. Then she looked behind Kyle to Garrett and said, "Well, would *you* have a penny?" Leaving, Kyle and Garrett struck up the conversation that had led to Garrett's moving into the house. And now the cashier's question had become a running joke. Just that morning, Garrett was outside the bathroom, and when Kyle came out, wrapped in his towel, he asked, "Well, got a penny *now*?"

It was easy to amuse Kyle, and he had a lovely smile, Nancy thought. He once told her that he was the first member of his family to leave Utah to go to college. It had strained relations with his parents, but they couldn't argue with Kyle's insistence that the English department at Penn was excellent. The landlady's married daughter had gone to Penn, and Kyle felt sure that had been the

deciding factor in his getting the room. That and the fact that when the landlady told him where the nearest Episcopal church was he told her that he was a Mormon. "At least you have *some* religion," she said. When she interviewed Garrett and described the neighborhood and told him where the Episcopal church was, Kyle had already tipped him; Garrett flipped open a notebook and wrote down the address.

Now, as Garrett and Nancy sat talking as he sketched (Garrett cared so much about drawing that Nancy was sure that he was happy that the weather had turned, so he had an excuse to stay indoors), Kyle was frying chicken downstairs. A few minutes earlier, he had looked in on them and stayed to talk. He complained that he was tired of being known as "the Mormon" to the landlady. Not condescendingly, that he could see—she just said it the way a person might use the Latin name for a plant instead of its common one. He showed them a telephone message from his father she had written down, with "MORMON" printed at the top.

Kyle Brown lived on hydroponic tomatoes, Shake 'n Bake chicken, and Pepperidge Farm rolls. On Saturdays, Garrett and Nancy ate with him. They contributed apple cider—smoky, with a smell you could taste; the last pressing of the season—and sometimes turnovers from the corner bakery. Above the sputtering chicken Nancy could hear Kyle singing now, in his strong baritone: "The truth is, I *never* left you . . ."

"Sit still," Garrett said, looking up from his sketchbook. "Don't you know your role in life?"

Nancy cupped her hands below her breasts, turned her head to the side, and pursed her lips.

"Don't do that," he said, throwing

the crayon stub. "Don't put yourself down, even as a joke."

"Oh, don't analyze everything so seriously," she said, hopping off the window seat and picking up the conté crayon. She threw it back to him. He caught it one-handed. He was the second person she had ever slept with. The other one, much to her embarrassment now, had been a deliberate experiment.

"Tell your shrink that your actions don't mean anything," he said.

"You hate it that I go to a shrink," she said, watching him bend over the sketchbook again. "Half the world sees a shrink. What are you worried about—that somebody might know something about me you don't know?"

He raised his eyebrows, as he often did when he was concentrating on something in a drawing. "I know a few things he doesn't know," he said.

"It's not a competition," she said.

"*Everything* is a competition. At some very serious, very deep level, every single thing—"

"You already made that joke," she said, sighing.

He stopped drawing and looked over at her in a different way. "I know," he said. "I shouldn't have taken it back. I really do believe that's what exists. One person jockeying for position, another person dodging."

"I can't tell when you're kidding. Now you're kidding, right?"

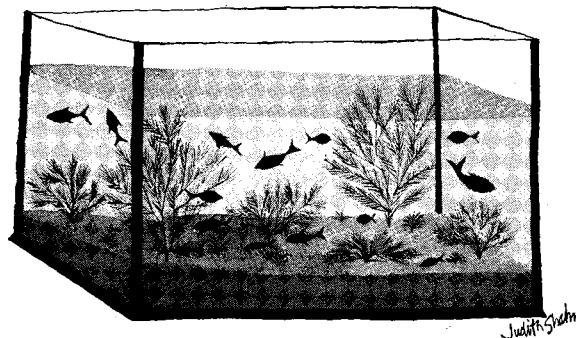
"No. I'm serious. I just took it back this morning because I could tell I was scaring you."

"Oh. Now are you going to tell me that you're in competition with me?"

"Why do you think I'm kidding?" he said. "It would *kill* me if you got a better grade in any course than I got. And you're so good. When you draw, you make strokes that look as if they were put on the paper with a feather. I'd take your technique away from you if I could. It's just that I know I can't,

so I bite my tongue. Really. I envy you so much my heart races. I could never share a studio with you. I wouldn't be able to be in the same room with somebody who can be so patient and so exact at the same time. Compared to you, I might as well be wearing a catcher's mitt when I draw."

Nancy pulled her knees up to her chest and rested her cheek against one of them.



She started to laugh.

"Really," he said.

"O.K.—*really*," she said, going poker-faced. "I know, darling Garrett. You really do mean it."

"I do," he said.

She stood up. "Then we don't have to share a studio," she said. "But you can't take it back that you said you wanted to marry me." She rubbed her hands through her hair and let one hand linger to massage her neck. Her body was cold from sitting on the window seat. Clasping her legs, she had realized that the thigh muscles ached.

"Maybe all that envy and anxiety has to be burnt away with constant passion," she said. "I mean—I *really*, *really* mean that." She smiled. "Really," she said. "Maybe you just want to give in to it—like scratching a mosquito bite until it's so sore you cry."

They were within seconds of touching each other, but just at the moment when she was about to step toward him they heard the old oak stairs creaking beneath Kyle's feet.

"This will come as no surprise to you," Kyle said, standing in the doorway, "but I'm checking to make sure that you know you're invited to dinner. I provide the chicken, sliced tomatoes, and bread—right? You bring dessert and something to drink."

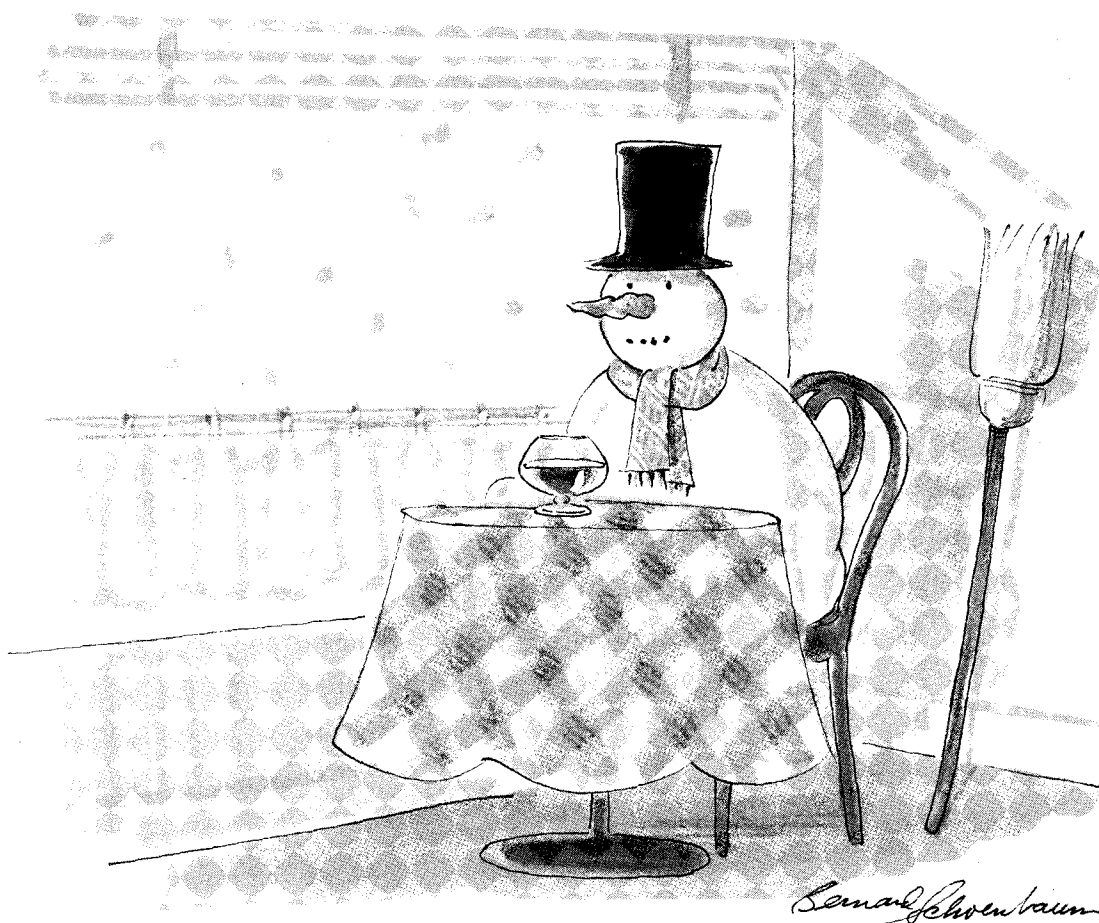
Even in her disappointment, Nancy could smile at him. Of course he knew that he had stumbled into something. Probably he wanted to turn and run back down the stairs. It wasn't easy to be the younger extra person in a threesome. When she raised her head, Garrett caught her eye, and in that moment they both knew how embarrassed Kyle must be. His need for them was never masked as well as he thought. The two of them, clearly lovers, were forgoing candlelight and deliberately bumped knees and the intimacy of holding glasses to each other's lips in order to have dinner with him. Kyle

had once told Nancy, on one of their late-fall walks, that one of his worst fears had always been that someone might be able to read his mind. It was clear to her that he had fantasies about them. At the time, Nancy had tried to pass it off lightly; she told him that when she was drawing she always sensed the model's bones and muscles, and what she did was stroke a soft surface over them until a body took form.

KYLE wanted to stay close to them —meant to stay close—but time passed, and after they all had moved several times he lost track of them. He knew nothing of Nancy Niles' life, had no idea that in October, 1985, she was out trick-or-treating with Garrett and their two-year-old child, Fraser, who was dressed up as a goblin for his first real Halloween. A plastic orange pumpkin, lit by batteries, bobbed in front of her as she walked a few steps ahead of them. She was dressed in a skeleton costume, but she might have been an angel, beaming salvation into the depths of the mines. Where she lived—their part of

Providence, Rhode Island—was as grim and dark as an underground labyrinth.

It was ironic that men thought she could lead the way for them, because Nancy had realized all along that she had little sense of direction. She felt isolated, angry at herself for not pursuing her career as an artist, for no longer being in love. It would have surprised her to know that in a moment of crisis, late that night, in Warrenton, Virginia, when leaves, like shadows on an X-ray, suddenly flew up and obscured his vision and his car went into a skid, Kyle Brown would see her again, in a vision. *Nancy Niles!* he thought, in that instant of fear and shock. There she was, for a split second—her face, ghostly pale under the gas-station lights, metamorphosed into brightness. In a flash, she was again the embodiment of beauty to him. As his car spun in a widening circle and then came to rest with its back wheels on an embankment, Nancy Niles the skeleton was walking slowly down the sidewalk. Leaves flew past her like footsteps, quickly descending the stairs. —ANN BEATTIE



PATTERNS

IN the morning I'd go across the street from my new place to the delicatessen to get a cup of coffee and I'd see the butchers in their bloody coats, with hooks and knives slung around their belts. I had broken up with Peter and moved into an apartment in the meat-market district. I liked it. The streets were filled with puddles and bones, and a variety of meat-eating pigeons, like carrion birds, hung around the neighborhood, pecking up bits of gristle and fat. It was hard living alone, though: I kept waiting for someone to come home and yell at me.

At first I missed Peter terribly, but then one day I ran into him on the street. He stopped me and said that he had seen an episode of "The Mating Game," or some such program, and one of the questions asked of a woman in her late thirties was "On what basis do you know if someone's right for you?" And she answered, "There are four categories—Spiritual, Physical, Intellectual, and Emotional." Peter said he had thought about this for a

while, and realized that he and I had only been compatible in three and a half categories. "Listen, Linette," he said. "Last week I had three dates with a beautiful Swedish model, and she wanted me to go to Czechoslovakia with her, but I realized I was only compatible with her in two of the four categories—Intellectual and Physical."

After Peter told me this I stopped missing him. I just didn't care to spend my life with a man who based the merits of his relationship on something some woman had said on "The Mating Game."

I knew then it was up to me to negotiate a new life for myself. I remembered a guy I had met. His name was Wilfredo, and he was a very well-known fashion designer. Recently his manager had skipped to South America with the profits, and Wilfredo was out of business, but everyone admired his work, he was talked about all the time, and I knew for a fact he would soon be on his feet again. Wilfredo based his designs on all kinds of

things: clothing he found in thrift shops, costumes from a theatrical warehouse—pirate outfits and gorilla suits and old Victorian numbers. Then he combined the various elements, had them remade in silk and cashmere and faille, and when an entire ensemble was together (such as a sequined vest with a cotton T-shirt and a brocade jacket and skinny wrinkled velvet pants) the whole thing looked gorgeous and sold immediately for thousands of dollars. He was extremely talented. He had brilliant light-brown eyes, almost yellow, and turned heads when he came into a room. (I had seen him in night clubs.) When I met him, I was struck by his extreme shyness: he could barely bring himself to speak to me in a voice above a whisper. One night, about a year before I broke up with Peter, I was walking Laurence Selden, our Jack Russell terrier, and this very cute guy came over to me with *his* Jack Russell, a bitch, and said he had seen me around before, walking the dog. After he started mumbling, I identified him as Wilfredo, the famous designer. I was very flattered when he said he admired my ambience. It was

late, and drizzling, and I certainly didn't look my best: I was wearing an old, dirty dress and a padded Mao jacket of Peter's (he had had Velcro sewn into the front, but it still didn't close), and my hair was frizzy. I thought I looked like Elsa Lanchester in "The Bride of Frankenstein," but maybe I was only flattering myself.

I said to Wilfredo, "Listen, Peter and I would be delighted to breed Laurence." I gave him our phone number. Peter and I had often talked about having puppies—not that we needed another dog, but it would have been fun.

Peter was observing me from the window, and when I got back upstairs I was very excited. I told him that we were going to breed



"At eleven Mr. Perkins hits you over the head with the Crowley report, at noon your lawyers hit you over the head with the Barlow suit, at three the board hits you over the head with the Teflow account, and at four-thirty the Durso Brothers hit you over the head with the Melson-Ruppert affair."

Laurence to a famous fashion designer, and that I had given the guy our phone number.

Peter got up and put Little Richard on the compact-disk player. The music—"Tutti Frutti"—was so loud it hurt my ears. I had asked him many times not to do this. Then he turned and yelled across the room, "How could you have given out my number like that to some guy? That guy could be a killer. Now I'm going to have to get my telephone number changed to an unlisted one, and that will cost me forty-five dollars a month."

"What do you mean, *your* phone number?"

I said. I tried to explain that all Wilfredo wanted was to breed our dog to his, and that I did at least have

a modicum of sense and was able to recognize the difference between a killer and an internationally acclaimed fashion designer when I saw one. I figured that Peter might be jealous.

As it turned out, Peter didn't speak to me for five days. I ended up apologizing, even though it was against my principles to apologize when I didn't feel I had done anything wrong.

WHEN I was settled in my new apartment, I decided to write to Wilfredo. I realized that I didn't know if Wilfredo was interested in me or not, so when I wrote to him I explained that I had met him with my dog. I included a physical description of me at the time—curly brown hair, tiny blue eyes, and an orange mini-dress with a peace symbol cut out over the stomach—and I said that I was a hat designer (in case he had forgotten) and if he was ready to breed his dog I could arrange it. Then I added, in a postscript, that I admired his work very much and perhaps he could meet me for a drink. I figured this way he could assume that I was interested in some kind of collaboration with him—perhaps in getting him to see my hats, which he might

possibly use to accompany his clothing. Or he could think that I was trying to ask him out on a date.

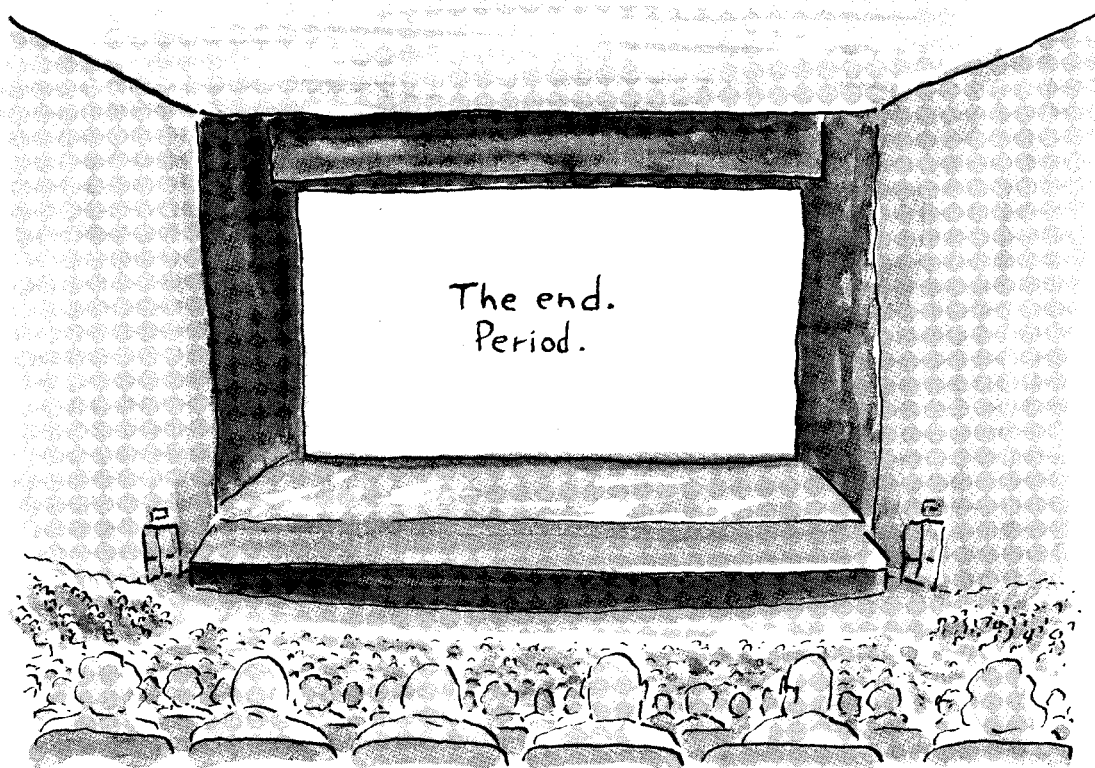
Tons of men these days were getting married, and one of the most interesting things Wilfredo had said to me on that rainy night when we discussed breeding our dogs was how much he would have loved to have kids. He had a brother who was married and raised bison in the Midwest, and sometimes Wilfredo would go there and babysit for him: his brother had three children, who were really great. So I thought, in retrospect, that there was a possibility of Wilfredo's being interested in me, at least if he wanted to start reproducing quickly.

Anyway, a few days later Wilfredo called to tell me he had had his dog spayed. "That's a shame," I said. It was probably for the best, because Laurence was Peter's dog, and Peter wasn't speaking to me at present. "But maybe you wouldn't mind looking at my hats—either slides or actual work—which I could bring by at your convenience."

Wilfredo said that would be fine, he was looking for a hat designer—he had some ideas for hats himself—and maybe we could work together. Even though he was temporarily out of busi-

ness, he was getting a new collection together to show backers in the spring. He asked me to meet him for a drink the next day.

I packed up a lot of hats in my suitcase to take to him. I had found this place upstairs on Fourteenth Street where bones and skulls were sold, and I made a series of toques and fezzes decorated with bones and forks, rows of teeth and rhinestones and small rodent skulls. A hat critic might have called them African-influenced. This was one line I had designed. I had made another group of hats to look like food. There was a hat like a pizza, studded with bits of fur pepperoni; a pumpkin hat with a fat green stem; a cheese-soufflé hat (this one was harder to recognize); a fruit-basket hat; and, the pièce de résistance, an *œufs à la neige* hat. I was a little uneasy, because the hats smelled like naphthalene. I'd had to mothproof them. (I found most of the fabric in a garbage dumpster in SoHo.) When I wore one of the hats, a turban style in the shape of a coiled cobra, head ready to strike, to a party, someone pointed out that there were a couple of moths flying around my head. The man I was talking to leaned over and pried apart two of the cobra's coils and sev-



MURFORD

eral more moths flew out. The hostess said that because of me she would have to have the place fumigated. Maybe she was just a little high; usually she was a very sweet person.

It was great to be in love again, particularly so soon after being in despair. I didn't even care whether Wilfredo liked me or not. He had nothing to do with the way I felt in the thirty-one hours before I was to meet him. There I was, there was Wilfredo, and then there was my great love for him. That night I sat in my apartment drinking wine (Château Bonnet, \$4.99) and thinking about how I had finally achieved a feeling of contentment. I put on my silver leather coat to go across the street to the delicatessen (roast beef on rye, with Russian dressing and tomato), and I felt pretty zippy. Manhattan was just waiting for me to conquer it. On my way back from the store the fat woman who lived two buildings down (she was always sitting on the stoop) started to point at me and laugh. "Look at that silver coat!" she said. I knew this was just part of living in New York, but it did bring me down.

I had to celebrate with more wine when I got back to my apartment, and the next day I puttered around, working out some new designs and painting my fingernails while lying in the bathtub. My mother always told me that when there's nothing else to do and the phone isn't ringing you can use the opportunity to pamper yourself. Finally it was time for me to leave and meet Wilfredo. I walked down the street (it was around seven in the evening), and everything seemed just great, except for my hangover. But even my hangover seemed necessary; it was a part of nature and gave me a sense of affinity with the buildings and garbage cans around me. I passed the fat woman who had pointed at me and laughed the night before. She was sitting on the steps with some guy. "Listen, honey," she said. "You know what? That was a beautiful silver coat you were wearing the other day." She was around fifty years old, with long gray hair and a red potato face.

"Yeah?" I said. "Thanks."

"This is my friend Rico. He wants to meet you." She pointed to the stallion sitting next to her. He had a Fu Manchu mustache and limpid eyes. When I was in love, everybody wanted to be my friend.

"No, I don't," Rico said.

SNOW SUNDOWN

The sun through the trees, a flash
where something is happening, that quickly gone
it seems someone has shut a door, eased inside,

and suddenly the child you were lumbers
into view, standing there at the end of his yard,
the friend known all that long day of youth, gone,

and, as the letter says, plainly, gone
again, darkness turning up eerie, underwater blue,
lifting from tennis-shoe-trod snow, from snaking paths

your sled had taken, takes still, through oaks
black as the sharp shoulders of holly, leaves gone
naked in knots like dark hair-curls wind-riffled and gray,

and there you stand, scarf over mouth, calling
those words no more than muffled cries, no answer
but the clamping cold that glares *Go home!* But it's gone,

home's lost, it's not under the sun
where you left it, not where the letter was sealed,
but up the sledpath you turn, look back, cry out, trudge on.

—DAVE SMITH

"And it's a wonderful evening," the woman said. "And it's so good to see you, with all your energy. You look like a person who would never hurt another person."

"It's nice to hear you say that," I said. "Except if you knew the way my head feels you would think twice about my energy level. Also, this suitcase is rather heavy." I was just saying this to be modest.

"Oh, listen, I'm tired, too," she said. "What's your name?"

"Linette."

"I'm Agnes. Listen, Linette, I stay up all night watching TV, and I have to listen to my cocaine-addict friends tell me they want seven hundred dollars to go to Seattle. And I say, 'Do I need this?' But that silver coat you've

got—when I saw you wearing it yesterday I thought, Wow! Now, there's a person who doesn't mind standing out."

"That coat is special," I said. I didn't want to remind her that she had humiliated me the night before by pointing and laughing.

"I'm going to give you my card," Agnes said. "I'm a psychic. I can give you a discount. You can call me any time, day or night. When did you move into the neighborhood?"

"August," I said.

"Oh, you're just a baby," she said. "I've been here thirty-three years, four months, two days, and seven hours."

WILFREDO was already at the café, lurking at a back table and wearing a straight black wig with a bandanna around his forehead. He had supreme style. I watched him give the waitress elaborate instructions for how he wanted his coffee prepared. He liked it with hot, steamed milk on the side; in other words, a cappuccino in two parts. The café was very romantic, with Art Nouveau paintings on the walls, and other gaily dressed young people. I noticed they were all eying us. It was pleasant to sit with a man who was recognizable—even if this was a shallow thought on my part.



I ordered some white wine. Over our drinks, Wilfredo and I discussed how talented he was. He was a deeply sensitive person, who had had only one lover in his life, and they had recently broken up. "The way I see it," Wilfredo said, "I have trouble connecting with people because of my childhood. My father was an architect, and sort of a god-father type—kind to others but very strict and distant with his family. He designed a double-envelope house that was solar-heated on the roof. The solar heat warmed rocks that were under the foundation. Then at night the heat would be thrown from the rocks back to the house. It was a real ecological breakthrough. Anyway, after the divorce my brother and I lived with our father, in the prototype house. Because it was the first model, it had some design problems—water retention. Between my father's aloofness and the mildew, obviously this affected me. I have trouble getting close to people."

"Well," I said.

"That's good. It just shows you're not a casual person." He took my hand across the table, which I thought was a very spontaneous, affectionate gesture. "I'm just getting over a breakup myself," I said. I asked him not to stroke my hand, since it was making me forget what I was saying. "You don't know what it feels like," I said. "It's like hypnotizing an alligator."

Wilfredo dropped my hand. "What do you mean?" he said.

"You know, sometimes at the zoo they have these demonstrations—they take a small alligator and turn it over and stroke its stomach, and it goes into a trance."

Wilfredo looked alarmed. "That's

not what I had in mind," he said. "I just thought you had nice hands."

"Do you get along with your father?" I said. I had to speak loudly; two men at a nearby table were arguing.

"Oh, we're great, great pals," Wilfredo said. "We used to fight a lot; in fact, for many years he disowned me. Now the only thing we squabble over is who cooks the best linguine with clam sauce."

"But wasn't he upset when your manager ran off with the money and you went out of business?"

"No," Wilfredo said. "He was very supportive. After all, when he was starting his architectural firm there were two times in the early years when

the whole thing fell apart. But he had faith in himself. The only problem now is that he wants me to find independent backing."

Then something happened: the two men who had been arguing at the nearby table stood up and began to flail at each other. A waitress came over and tried to hold one of the men back; apparently she had studied judo or wrestling, because she knew the right holds. One of the men was calling the other a Communist. In the scuffle, our table got knocked to one side. Wilfredo's coffee sloshed across the cloth. I stood up quickly. "Maybe we should leave," I said.

I went to the rest room while Wilfredo paid the check. When I came



"As long as the market's taking a breather, why don't we slip down to the Bahamas and take one, too?"

out, the men had gone. "That was something, wasn't it?" I said.

Wilfredo asked if he could see my hats. The waitress had put a clean cloth on the table, and I opened up the suitcase and took everything out.

"Do you smell mothballs?" Wilfredo said.

I shook my head.

"This stuff is fantastic," he said. "I really wasn't expecting anything like this at all. I know in your letter you said you designed hats, but I just thought you'd have the usual old stuff."

I could tell he was genuinely excited. I wasn't surprised that Wilfredo hadn't heard of me or seen my work before, but I did explain that ever since I broke up with Peter my millinery-design business had really taken off. I had gotten an invitation from an East Village shop to carry my hats, a fashion magazine wanted to interview me on tips for wearing hats, and I was planning a trip to Europe next year. "I wouldn't be telling you all this except for the fact that I think you're the most exciting designer around, and you're the one I'd like to work with," I said. "But I'm normally humble. Believe me, I'm humble. I've been humiliated too much of my life not to be."

Wilfredo said he understood. Then he asked if I'd like to go out to dinner with him—not tonight, because he already had other plans, but maybe some time the following week. I said that would be fun.

I REALLY felt I was getting to know him. Even though he was busy, he managed to find the time to talk to me on the phone; we had long conversations, discussing his latest designs, the difficulty he was having with patterns, and the kind of effect he hoped to achieve in his new collection. He also had a lot of ideas for the kind of hats I should be making to accompany his designs; he was thinking along the lines of historical buildings, monuments, and fourteenth-century Japanese warriors. This sounded good to me.

On our first date we had a romantic time. We sat by the river in Wilfredo's car, holding hands while he complained about his ex-lover and I said things about Peter. "He was a crazy night-life type," I told him. "He owned a bar and worked all night. After a while the hours got to him,

and he started snorting heroin two or three times a week. After a while I didn't like living with him anymore—because people on heroin, even the next day, when they're recovering, are like large household appliances, detached and indifferent. Naturally, I assumed he'd call me at my girlfriend's immediately, begging my forgiveness and saying he'd join Narcotics Anonymous. Unfortunately, that's not what happened. Now I feel fragile; it's hard for me to believe that a person could live with someone for many years—two, anyway—and then one day, quite without warning, it's over."

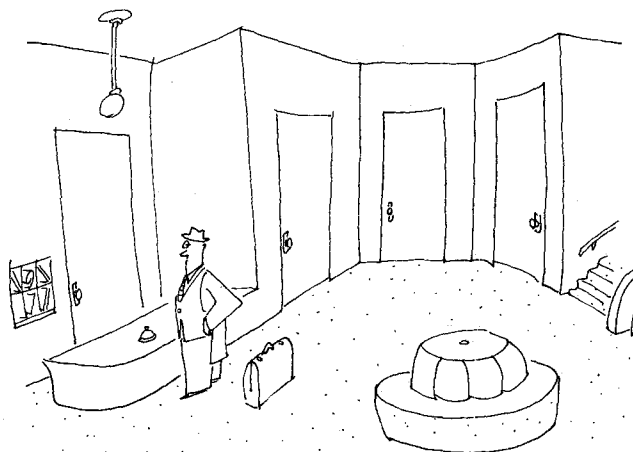
Wilfredo said that in the case of his lover the person fought all the time and the temper tantrums became unbearable. Both of us agreed we loathed and despised fighting. It was unnecessary; either you could tell your partner what was wrong and both of you could make the needed negotiations or the relationship was better off forgotten. There was definitely an instant rapport between Wilfredo and me. Both of us liked to put on strange accents while making an important point.

Maybe I said too much. I knew it was a mistake to tell a new man about a past relationship. But I said exactly what came into my head, and then I was sorry. Because most of the time I didn't even agree with what I was saying. But once I had said the words they hung in the air like stalactites.

Wilfredo drove me home, but not before we had spent some time kissing passionately. At my door Wilfredo said he had had a great time, that he was really becoming attached to me, and that he would call me soon, if not immediately.

A few days later he said he had asked a bunch of people over to dinner and wanted me to come early and pretend to be the hostess. I found the idea appealing: I pictured myself in aingham hostess outfit, serving canapés and chattering amusingly while my husband—or some kind of fiancé—looked on admiringly.

Wilfredo was glad to see me, but his dog, Dora Mar, decided I must be a

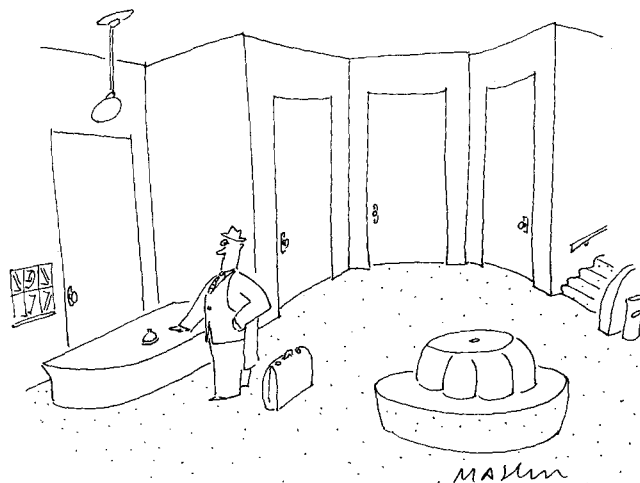
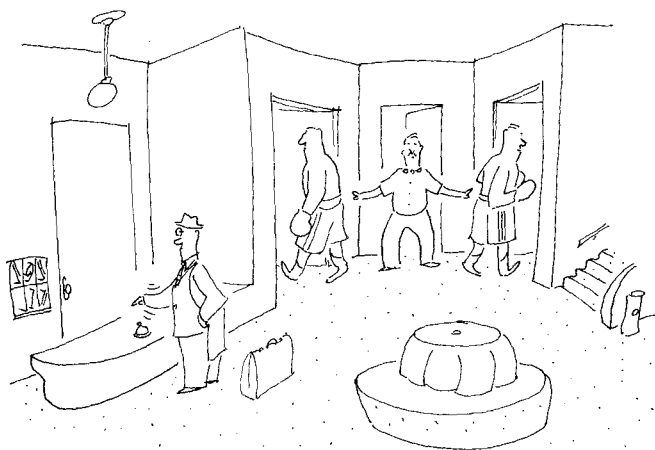
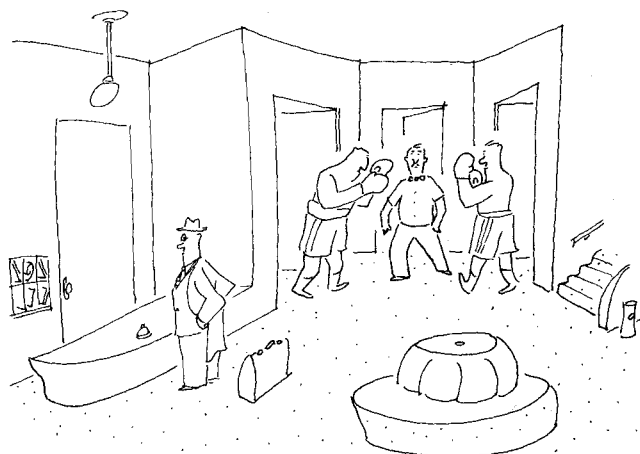
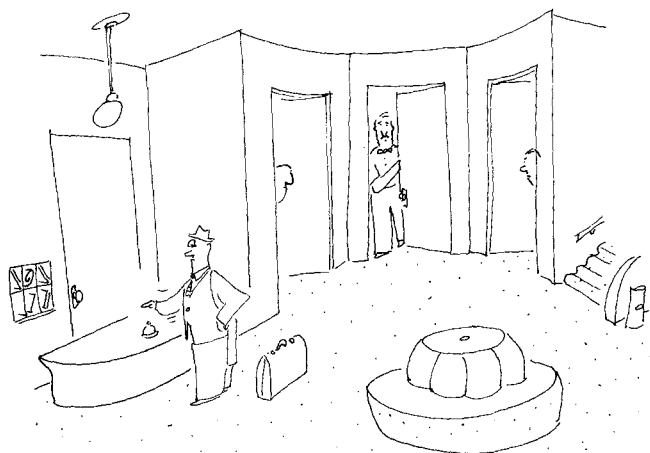


burglar. She was small and rust-spotted, and stood barking at the entrance. After Wilfredo spoke to her gruffly she gave up and allowed me to come in. Wilfredo had a small, cluttered apartment, and while he was busy cooking in the kitchen I looked around at some of his possessions: a large octopus in a jar of formaldehyde, a stuffed swordfish, a pair of snowshoes, a Japanese silk kimono hanging on the wall, and a large fish tank with several ugly pink fish in it. Wilfredo was busy puréeing tomatoes by hand, squeezing them through a colander, and when he was finished he gave me a glass of fresh tomato juice to drink, but I said I'd stick with the wine.

While we were kissing in the kitchen, Mike and Hank, two men in their fifties, arrived. Hank was skinny and blond, and had a habit of switching the subject, so that one minute he was talking about Ezra Pound and the editorial-slaughter job that Pound did on Eliot and a minute later he was arguing with Mike, who was bald and worried-looking, about who had been at fault ten years ago when a man broke into their apartment and left them tied up with paper bags over their heads only minutes before a hundred guests were due to arrive for cocktails.

I started laughing, maybe a little nervously. "Why, you have wonderful friends," I told Wilfredo. "Just wonderful."

Then an artist and his boyfriend, an art critic, showed up. Everyone congratulated the artist on his recent show. "I didn't think it was as good as his last," the critic said. "I told Roger to start painting on bigger canvases, but he wouldn't listen."



Mike took me to the living room to show me one of Roger's paintings, hanging over the couch: several minute figures squatting on an idyllic lawn, eating what appeared to be a massive quantity of peas. "I think Wilfredo really likes you," he whispered in my ear.

"Really?" I said. "Why?"

"He's never gone out with anybody with such long hair before," Mike said.

I had to keep drinking wine, out of anxiety, and Wilfredo's food wasn't ready until after eleven, but it was a jolly evening. Dora Mar had a chair to herself at the table. All the men fed her treats. She had a big pink nose (which I thought rather unattractive) and a goofy, pleasant expression. It was true I didn't know much about what the conversation pertained to, but I was used to that. At one point, when it seemed they were discussing a couple they knew who were in the middle of splitting up, I decided to

insert a contribution. "Women these days are supposed to be tough and independent," I said, "but I don't see what's wrong with wanting to be bonded to another person."

"Oh, come off it," Mike said. "If women were really tough, then they'd know their career is the most important thing and if some guy comes along, that's fine. But all the women I know are just as obsessed with Lane hope chests and *Modern Bride* magazine as if it was the nineteen-fifties."

They all looked at me, but I didn't have anything else to say. Dora Mar was rooting near her plate for more crumbs. My old dog, Laurence, was a lot better-looking and less spoiled. But maybe in time I'd get used to Dora Mar. Or maybe I was just remembering Laurence through rose-colored glasses.

Wilfredo called me to join him in the kitchen. He was preparing some pasta with sun-dried tomatoes and fresh tomatoes and tuna fish. When

I got to his side he said he missed me.

"That's great," I said. "I like to be near you, too."

Finally, around two in the morning, the guests left, but not before Hank and Mike had a little tiff—Hank slapped Mike across the face to make a dramatic point about why he had the right to see other people if he wanted to, and then Mike stormed out, so Hank had to follow him in a hurry. When they had all gone, I mentioned that it must be nice to be part of a couple that has been together for a long time. "Don't you think?" I said. "When people are together for ages, there must be almost a psychic connection between them."

Wilfredo gave me an inscrutable look. His eyes were amazingly yellow.

"Of course," I said, "it's awful that Hank and Mike got into a fight. This is the second time that people near us have started squabbling."

"I don't like to fight," Wilfredo said. "Makes me totally claustropho-

bic. Any kind of game playing—I'll just walk away first."

"I've never been able to figure out the rules," I said. "Even as a kid—with Parcheesi or Hearts—I never did learn what I was supposed to do. At this point it's probably too late to even try."

Wilfredo said he could appreciate this quality in me.

In the morning, over reheated pasta, Wilfredo said that everything was great: he liked my personality, my physicality, and my hats. "I feel as if I already know you," he said. "But the best thing is that even though I feel so comfortable with you we have all the time in the world to get acquainted."

He went out of his way to see me home in a taxi, and left me at my door after kissing me fervently and saying he would call me either later that day (he wasn't certain if he could, because a friend of his was just getting back from Chicago and he really wanted to see the guy) or else the next morning.

"Don't lose my number," I told him.

For the first couple of days I just floated around in a kind of trance: I felt ethereal. When he didn't call by the third day I started to wonder if I was crazy and had imagined the whole thing. I tried to reach him at his studio and also at his apartment, but in both places a machine answered. I

left a few messages, but he never returned them.

I STAYED in my apartment in case the phone rang. While I waited, I studied a book I had bought about how to make men fall in love with you. The book seemed to suggest I had done something wrong. First of all, I should never have left messages on Wilfredo's machines—this showed I was too interested—and, second, I hadn't made an attempt to communicate with Wilfredo in his own language. According to the book, Wilfredo fell into the "visual" category of men. To make him fall in love with me, I should have done two things: spoken in "visual" language, using terms such as "It *looks* like we're going to have a lot of fun tonight," and also "mirrored" him—for example, if he touched his chin with his hand, I should have touched my chin.

I wasn't sure if I necessarily believed all of this, but thinking about it did pass the time. After a while I started to feel angry at Wilfredo for not calling. I remembered making a vow to myself, years ago, that I would never sit around waiting for some man to call, the way my girlfriends did; it was bad enough to be at the mercy of Wilfredo but even worse to have broken a promise to myself.

It was almost like having a physical

illness. I walked around my apartment as if I had been punched in the stomach, and three times I called the telephone company to see if my line was out of order. After a few more days I didn't feel any better, and I called my mother. She said I should call her friend who lived in Oklahoma for advice—her friend was an expert at getting men to fall in love with her, and really understood them. I phoned her and told her the whole story. And my mother's friend said, "Well, it sounds like things speeded up too fast. You should never talk about your own needs—at least not in the short run. It may sound devious, but that's the way it is. You should be affectionate, but not intense. Now, here's my plan: If you haven't heard from him within three more days, you can try calling him again. Be light—say you're calling to say hello. But don't be too available. Act aloof."

"It's hard for me to pretend to be aloof when he's not paying any attention in the first place," I said. The whole business was painful. I had seen those *National Geographic* wildlife specials on TV, and it didn't seem right that animals met each other, performed some little courting dance, and mated for life. They knew exactly what to do: they relied on instinctive behavior that had not given their parents and grandparents any problems, either. Maybe my mother had taken something during my prenatal months that interfered with my collective evolutionary knowledge.

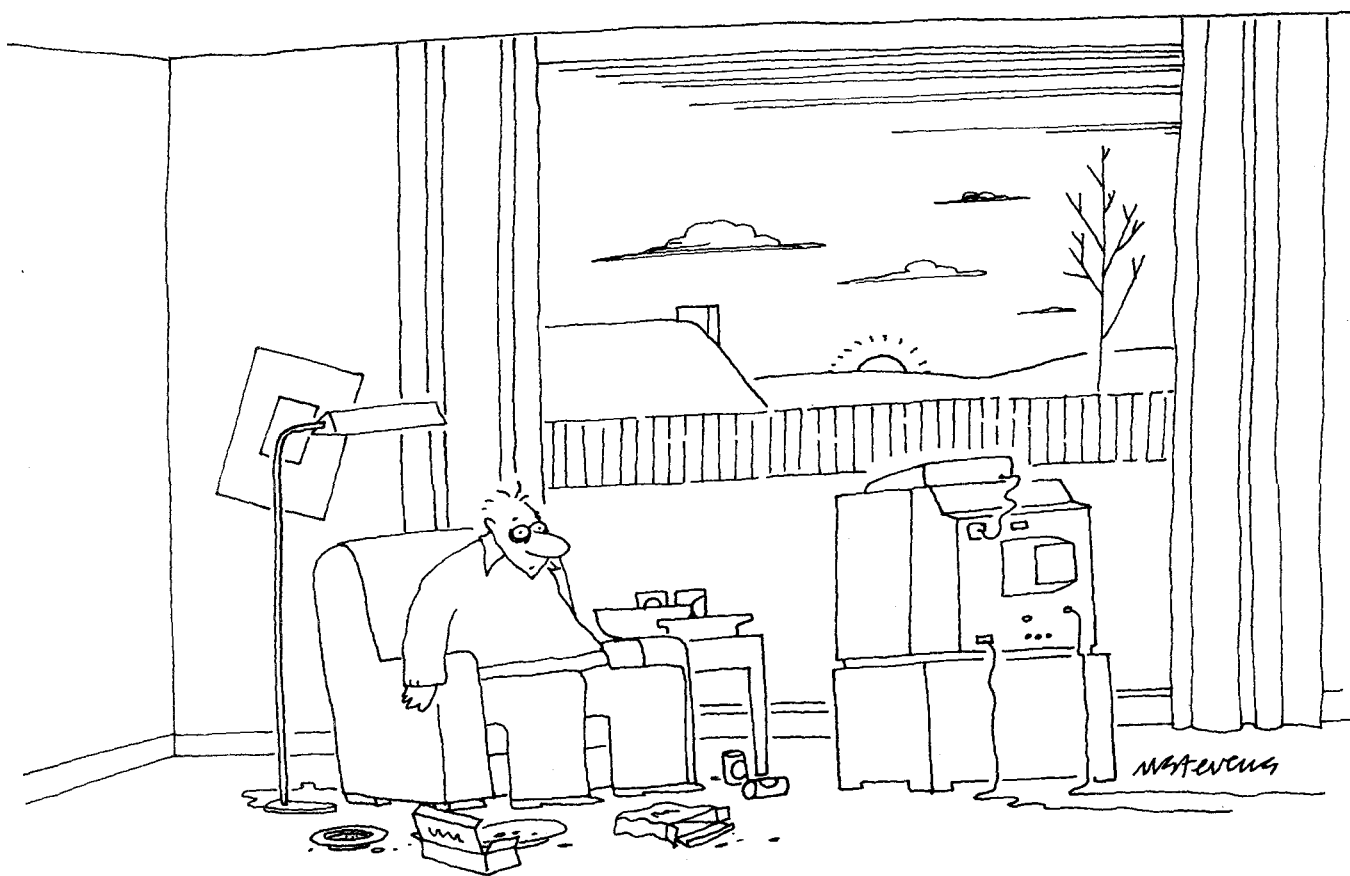
"Are you sure this guy isn't gay?" my mother's friend said.

"It's strange you mentioned that," I said. "What do I know?" Then I thanked her for her time and said I had to go, because it was long-distance.

After I hung up I went to the closet and put on my studded leather wristband and the black leather motorcycle belt with the spikes protruding which Peter had given me for my birthday a couple of years back. I



"I used to be a warm human being, but now, I'm sorry to say, I'm a bit of a swine."



SUPER BOWL MONDAY

sat down on the couch with my Tao Fire Healer. This was a piece of plastic I had received in the mail (my girlfriend had ordered it for me), and I had to hold it twice a day for fifteen minutes; it was supposed to burn off my bad karma, leaving me with just the positive aspects of my psyche. The bad part, from what I could figure out, was my poor taste in men. I had to face it: this wasn't the first time I had fallen for a man who wasn't interested in me. But even people with ugly living-room furniture could, through years of interior-decoration therapy, learn to move up a notch on the aesthetic scale. I had always thought of myself as superior to such people. Now I knew I was, on some level, no different from them. I had the regular human qualities—unlimited capacity for suffering and for spending money.

The instructions that came with my Tao Fire Healer said my life would be straightened out in no time as long as

I used my device. The piece of plastic was green and pink, and there were small raised white dots glued to it. After I held it for fifteen minutes, the white dots got black—probably from absorbing my bad energy. I sneered at myself for being so vulnerable; I felt as if I had been conned, just like elderly women I had read about who fell for a scam in front of their banks. Two people would approach a woman with an envelope of money, which they claimed to have found and wanted to share with her, provided that she put up her own money in trust, so to speak. The con artists would take her envelope of money and hand over the “found” money, which invariably turned out to be a bunch of blank paper. But in my case I couldn't figure out what the con was; maybe I had really been conning myself. Why would someone bother to pretend to care for me? It was difficult to sit still for fifteen minutes when I kept thinking thoughts like these and all I really

wanted was for the phone to ring and for it to be Wilfredo.

BY Friday evening I was so nervous from sitting around waiting that I didn't know what to do with myself. I had no map, no guidelines, no role models for how I was supposed to behave. I didn't know why I couldn't achieve some kind of peace just from being alone. Then I found the little card in my pocket that Agnes, the psychic, had given me, and I decided to call her. I was sort of embarrassed to speak to her, but I wrote down a few questions that I had about Wilfredo—“Will he call me?” and “What did I do wrong?”—and a few others I had about my career, and I dialled her number.

A husky-voiced woman answered and wanted to know who I was. When I explained, she put down the receiver and yelled, “Agnes!”

Agnes didn't seem surprised to hear from me, but she said that she had a

cold, and though she did give readings for some people over the phone she would probably have to keep interrupting the reading to blow her nose and so it would be better if I came over in a day or so with thirty dollars. I told her O.K., except that right now I was obsessed with whether or not this guy would call me and that that was what was making me nervous. I said, "Can't you tell me anything right off the bat?"

Agnes said Wilfredo probably wasn't very important in my life, and that sometimes people—meaning me—went through a period where they just didn't want to be alone and wanted someone to care for. But that because of something that had happened to me in one of my past lives I was bent on repeating the same pattern over and over; in other words, I was interested in a particular type of guy who made me feel rejected. In a little while, however, I would meet a man called Lenny, and he would be the right person for me.

I was reassured, except I would have liked to hear that Wilfredo was going to call me. I felt so adamantly that Wilfredo and I were meant to be together. Agnes didn't seem to understand that what I was experiencing was like a metal hand squeezing my torso. It was as if I were stuck in a soap opera inside a tiny TV and the plot wasn't going the way I thought it should. "Would it matter if I tried calling him again?" I said.

"Just keep it light and merry if you do," she said, hanging up.

I decided to go uptown and skulk around near where Wilfredo worked and lived. There was always a chance I'd catch him leaving his apartment on his way to his studio; I knew he kept odd hours.

On the subway, I read an article in the paper about a whale in San Francisco named Humphrey who kept trying to swim up an estuary away from his whale school and the ocean. Scientists studying him believed there was a reason for his aberrant behavior: Maybe he was a pregnant female; in that case, he was acting in an understandable way—looking for a quiet place to have a baby. Apparently these scientists believed in an orderly uni-

verse, where there was an explanation for everything, even if they didn't know what it was.

A man stepped into the subway car and hit me in the legs with his attaché case. I didn't really pay him any mind. He was respectable-looking: some sort of brown attaché case and a brown suit—quite innocuous. I went back to reading my article, but a few stops later an altercation broke out right in front of me. The man was getting off the train and smashed his attaché case into someone else who was getting on. I looked up just as a very tough-looking street girl—about fifteen, wearing sneakers with fancy laces and a leather jacket—was screaming at the man, "Don't you say 'Excuse me'?"

The man started to curse at the girl. "Get off the train and fight me," he said from the other side of the doors.

The girl shouted a few swearwords back. She was standing with a couple of urchin girlfriends. "I'm going to get you!" she said.

The man managed to throw a side kick, karate style, at the girl. The girl backed into me just in time, as the doors were closing, and I saw the man's grinning face as the train pulled out. The girl was really upset; obviously she wasn't as tough as she hoped to appear. I wanted to tell her the man had hit me, too, but she looked too angry.

The man must have been one of those pathological people I had previously only read about, like the man who enjoyed stomping on women's in-steps. I pictured him trudging through a crowd at Grand Central Terminal, casually hitting one woman after the next with the hard edge of his attaché case. Such random rage made no sense to me, yet maybe this man was following some natural law. Who was I to have less faith than people who had studied such things for many years?

When I got to Wilfredo's neighborhood, there was a light drizzle. I hung out on the street for a while, watching the faces as they came along. Everyone had the same features—two eyes, a nose, and a mouth—yet every face was slightly different from the next. I didn't see any two alike,

though each appeared to be set in recognizable expressions—despair, fatigue, joy, ennui. I think I could have stood for hours watching the people go by. The urgency I'd felt was now diminished. The faces seemed a partial answer to a question I couldn't even articulate. But after a while it started to rain harder, and I went into a bookstore. I bought four books: Dale Carnegie's "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living," a book on transactional analysis telling how to write your own life script, "How to Find a Husband in Thirty Days," and something on reincarnation. The four books cost me almost thirty dollars, and I was going to wait until I got home to look at them, but as soon as I hit the street I ripped open the bag and pulled one out, starting to read as I walked to the subway in the rain.

—TAMA JANOWITZ

SHAKER

There was simply
nothing to look at:
a white empty room
with pegs to hang
chairs on: you know

the kind that I mean
the kind that look
like the way that
the way that

Teddy Wilson
plays the piano: each
note is so clear.

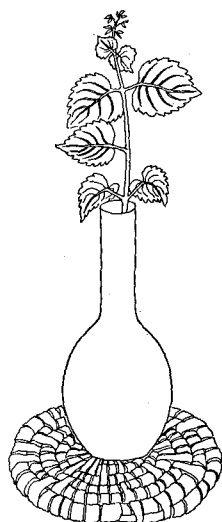
I pointed
the camera down
the hall:
"An Arrangement in White":

the door of the closet
ajar: the lid of
one seat was up:
straight lines:
no curves.

There was a shop: pot
holders, a big bag
of apples: crisp, sharp.

I looked back
at the girl who looked
back
at me: perhaps to be
the last Shaker
at Sabbathday Lake.

—JAMES SCHUYLER



REFLECTIONS

A BETTER TODAY

RARER by far than originality in science or art is originality in political action. And rarer still is original political action that enlarges, rather than blights or destroys, human possibilities. The opposition movement in Poland, which remains active four years after the military government of General Wojciech Jaruzelski declared a "state of war" and banned the independent trade-union federation Solidarity, has made, it seems to me, such a contribution to the world. Hitherto, probably the most original invention of our century in the field of politics was, unfortunately, the catastrophic one of totalitarianism, which so hugely expanded the human capacity for organized evil. Now, at last, many decades and tens of millions of lives later, out of the human spirit has been born what has every appearance of being the first entirely fitting response. This response, it is true, may be possible in part because the totalitarian system in question—the Soviet Communist one in its Polish version—has moderated considerably since it reached its apogee of brutality, in the days of Joseph Stalin. It is also true, of course, that totalitarian governments have been effectively opposed from without, by other governments—most notably by the Allies in the Second World War, who defeated the Nazi regime militarily and then dissolved it. But now a totalitarian government has summoned forth a powerful antagonist from within its own body politic. The Polish self-limiting revolution, as it has been called—self-limiting because, although it enjoyed the overwhelming support of the Polish public, it held back from attempting to overthrow the government—has many novel features. There is the crucial full-scale and sustained participation of the working class. There is the alliance of the secular opposition and the Catholic Church. There is the dedication to liberty, and the movement's internal democracy. But more important, perhaps, than any of these features has been the discovery of a new style of action—one that contributed greatly to making them all possible. Though schooled in opposition to totalitarian rule, the Polish movement has not grown to resemble its opponent; its answer to totalitarian violence and

deception has not been violence and deception with some new twist, some new political coloration. Instead, in a radical break, it has ceded those ageless instruments completely to its governmental foe, and sought its strength in altogether different sources, including, above all, the multitudinous peaceful activities of a normal civic life. In doing so, it has departed not only from totalitarian practices but from the violent practices of most other revolutions. Some people have questioned whether the Polish opposition movement really amounts to a revolution. Inasmuch as it has not overthrown, or even sought to overthrow, the state, it might be said to have fallen short. Yet, as though to make up for that deficiency, it has been

all the more thorough in other areas of life—the social, the cultural, the moral, and even the spiritual. In no area, however, has it been more thorough than in the area of its own practices, which constitute nothing less than a new chapter in the history of revolution. In that respect, it is not just a revolution; it is a revolution in revolution. The revolution began, suddenly and spectacularly, in August of 1980; then, in December of 1981, Solidarity, its organized arm, was outlawed and driven underground; since then, the revolution has bubbled up again in many forms, sometimes more vigorously than ever, though without again achieving dramatic organized expression at the national level. The revolution's ultimate achievement for



"I'm sorry, Charles. I've asked myself if I could live with you, and 'No' is what surfaced."



"But that's what you said yesterday—'Just one more cord!'"

Poland has yet to be revealed, but for the world at large the chapter of political history that has already been written is the record of an abundance of inventions and discoveries in political and moral life which no subsequent events can erase. Poland still paces up and down in its geopolitical cage, but through the bars it has already passed these inestimable gifts to the rest of us.

Among the voices that speak to us from Poland today, the most important may be that of Adam Michnik. He offers a prediction and some advice:

I... believe that the totalitarian dictatorships are doomed. By now, no one gives

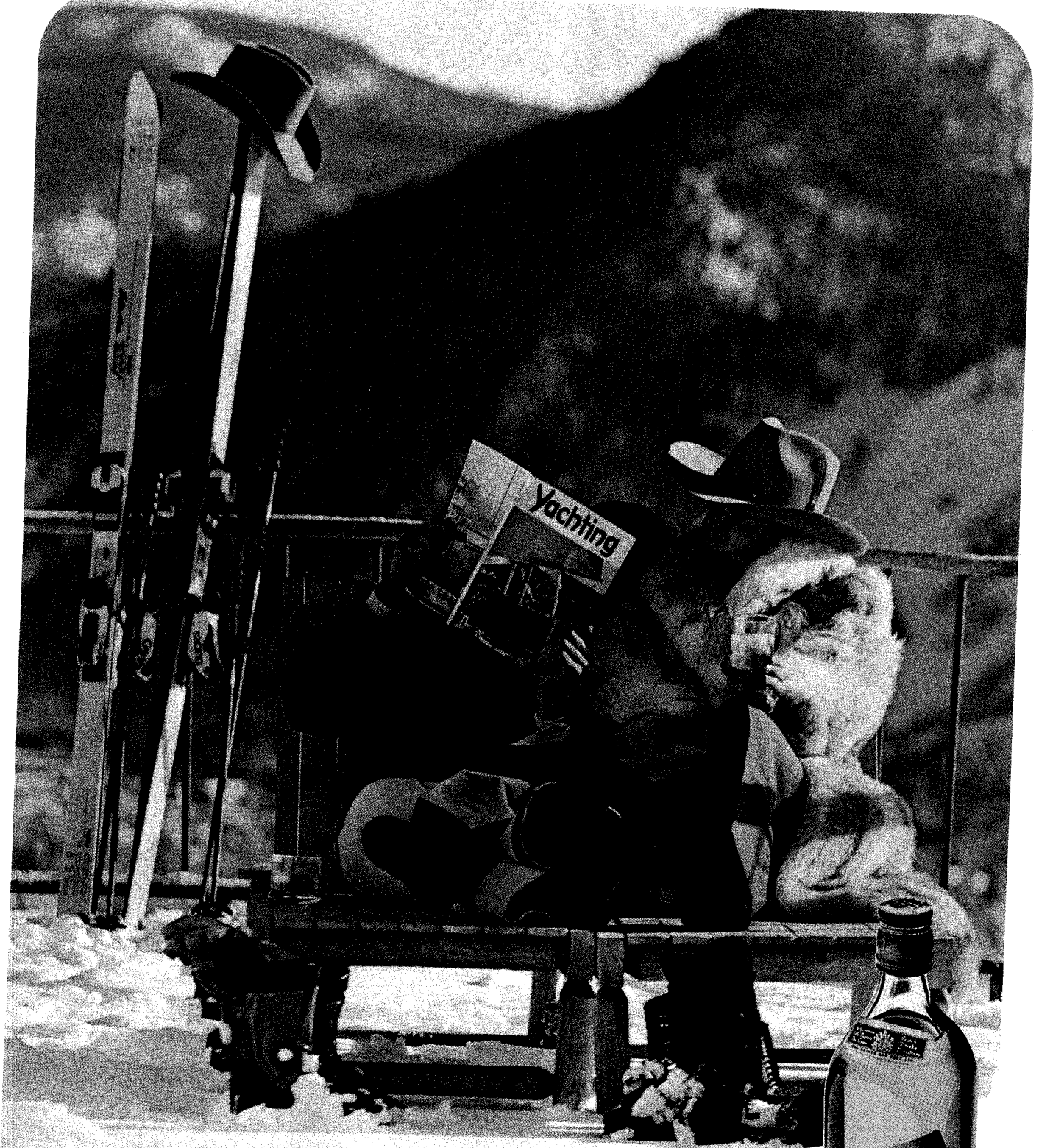
credence to their mendacious promises. They still have the power to jail and kill, but almost no other power. I say "almost" because (alas) there still remains their ability to infect us with their own hatred and contempt. Such infection must be resisted with our whole strength, for of all the struggles we face this is the most difficult.

Michnik now sits in a jail belonging to the totalitarian regime, yet his first concern—and herein lies one of the keys to his thinking, and, one should add, to his character—is with the quality of his own conduct, which, together with the conduct of other victims of the present situation, will, he is sure, one day set the tone for

whatever political system follows the totalitarian debacle. His essays (a collection of them will be brought out in English later this year by the University of California Press under the title "Letters from Prison and Other Essays") are the most valuable guide we have to the origins of the revolution, and, more particularly, to its innovative practices. Michnik was born in 1946, in Warsaw, to parents whom he has described as "Polish Communists of Jewish origin." In prewar Poland, his father had spent time in prison for political activities. From early adolescence, Adam proved to be an irrepressible political activist—though of a strikingly different bent from his parents'. (By 1977, the father had become enough of a supporter of the son's anti-Communist activities to join a hunger strike in a church in support of an appeal for the release of Adam and others from prison.) At fifteen, he founded a political club called the Seekers of Contradictions but known informally to many Poles as the Revisionist Toddlers. (Lat-

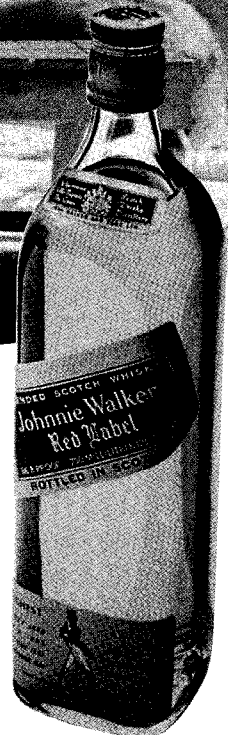
er, the regime, seeking to give the Toddlers a more fearsome aspect, began to refer to the club as the Commandos.) At eighteen, he was arrested for the first time, for involvement in the writing and disseminating of a letter called "An Open Letter to the Party," which was critical of the regime and was signed by Jacek Kuron and Karol Modzelewski—men in their late twenties who were prominent in the budding opposition movement. Kuron and Modzelewski received sentences of three and three and a half years, respectively; Michnik was detained in prison for two months. Thereafter, his life became a round of political activi-

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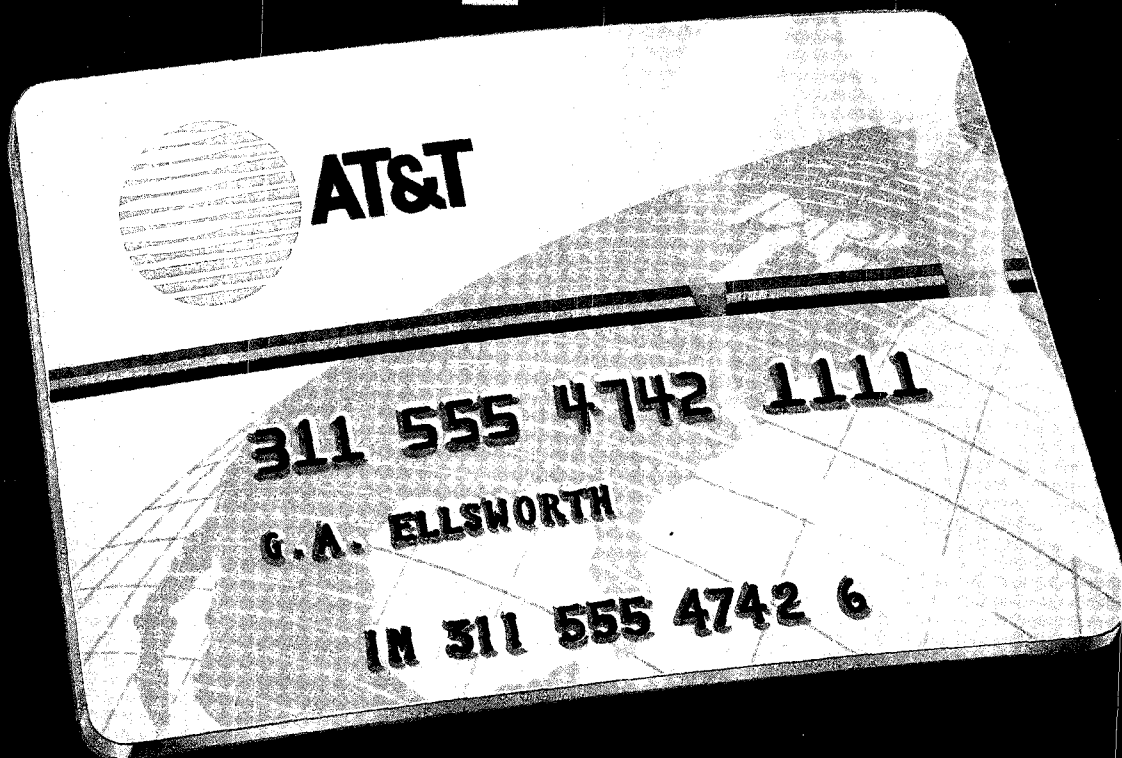
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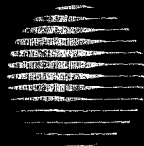
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ties alternating with prison terms. In 1964, he enrolled in the History Department of Warsaw University, and in 1966 he was suspended for participating in a discussion in which the philosopher Leszek Kolakowski criticized the regime. In 1968, he helped organize a protest against the closing of the play "Forefathers' Eve," by Adam Mickiewicz, the revered nineteenth-century Polish poet, and was expelled from the university on the order of the Minister of Higher Education. Protests against his expulsion were mounted at the university; so was an official campaign, tinged with anti-Semitism, against the protesters. In February of 1969, he was sentenced to three years in prison for belonging to an underground organization that was trying to overthrow the state, although in fact no such organization existed. After serving a year and a half, he was released, and took a job at the Rosa Luxemburg factory, in Warsaw, which produces light bulbs. In 1971, he left his job, and eventually he entered Poznan University as an extension student, and he remained there until 1975, when he received an M.A. in history. In May of 1977, he was arrested again, but this time he was released, along with others, only two months later, following widespread protests in the intellectual community against the arrests. In the late nineteen-seventies, he helped to found the Independent Publishing House, and he also helped to found the so-called Flying University, which offered uncensored lectures in people's apartments, among other places. In August of 1980, he and several others were arrested again, and this time the workers in the shipyards in Gdansk made these prisoners' release the final condition of a historic agreement with the government—the agreement under which Solidarity was legalized. After martial law was imposed, he was imprisoned once more (this time without trial), and he was held for more than two and a half years. Six months after his release, he was rearrested, tried, convicted, and given a sentence of three years, which he is now serving.

Michnik is not a political philosopher—and certainly not a "political scientist"—nor is he a proponent of any ideology or system of political thought. His writings, like the Federalist papers of Madison and Hamilton, or the articles and letters of Gandhi, are not only reflections on action but a form of action themselves. With equal justice, one might say that his



"While you were out, Mr. Sundberg, the little hand went from the one to the three."

actions—together with those of countless others in Poland—are a kind of writing, for action, when it is creative, has a power to disclose new possibilities which is as great as that of any book. Michnik's writings, then, both mirror and help to shape the new possibilities that have been and are being brought into existence by the Polish people. An ability to write about events and to participate in them at the same time is unusual. Writing, by its nature, requires solitude, whereas political action, by its nature, requires perpetual association with others. This dilemma was apparently resolved for Michnik by the authorities when they repeatedly threw him in jail. In his essay "Letter from the Gdansk Prison," written in the spring of last year, he notes that in his recent six months of liberty he had been unable to write, but when he found himself in jail again literary production resumed immediately, and, with characteristic irony and good humor, he offers to the general who had him locked up "gratitude for your thoughtful watch over my steps and for providing proper direction to my meditations." (One of the pleasures of Michnik's essays is that they combine gravity of purpose with lightness of style.) At large, Michnik stirs up so much trouble for the regime that it finds it must lock him up; but once he has been locked up he starts to write, and his letters, smuggled to the outside, are read all over Poland, and

abroad, and cause, if anything, even more trouble for the regime. It's one more of the quagmires—and not the least of them, either—that the regime is at a loss to fight clear of.

The Czech writer Milan Kundera has remarked that the best novels do not merely confirm what we already know but uncover new aspects of existence. The same can be said of Michnik's political writing. He is never merely adding decibels to one side or the other of an existing argument, never merely engaging in verbal gunfire from a fixed position. Perhaps as a result of this, his essays, though produced in the midst of political struggle, are models of balance and fairness. He is concerned with deepening his own and others' understanding, and therefore he cannot afford the luxury of distortion for partisan reasons. His literary bent also militates against tendentious renderings. Of a writer whose portrait of the contemporary scene he finds too narrowly politicized, he asserts that the man misses "the whole dramatic aspect of the social and political reality . . . the fascinating panorama of defeat mixed with hope, reason with naïveté, fear with bravado." Once, when Solidarity was functioning at its peak, an enraged mob in the city of Otwock surrounded a policeman who they believed had severely beaten up two drunks. Michnik, among others, was summoned to the scene, and, introduc-



"This model whispers 'Megabucks.'"

ing himself as an "anti-socialist element," he helped calm the crowd and save the policeman from harm. The same spirit of unwillingness to see injustice done, even to those who are doing injustice to him, permeates his essays. Unwilling to bend before any regime, he is equally unwilling to surrender the independence of his mind or conscience to any rival faction or orthodoxy. In action and in word alike, he reminds us that although liberty can and probably must be guaranteed by institutions human freedom is always ultimately an achievement of the individual spirit.

IN 1976, four years before Solidarity came into existence, Michnik wrote a prophetic essay called "A New Evolutionism," wherein he recommended a new direction for the political opposition, which at the time was small and relatively weak. The essay is written against the backdrop of Poland's "obligation to its friends"—one of many euphemisms used in reference to the prime fact of political life in Poland, which is the overwhelming power of the Soviet Army and the often demonstrated resolve of the So-

viet Union to use it to keep its Socialist satellites under its political domination. (In no part of the world does the phrase "our friends" have a more ominous ring than in the nations of Eastern Europe.) If this threat were somehow to disappear, it seems safe to say, the Polish Communist government would fall immediately. (In actuality, of course, the disappearance of the threat is about as unlikely as any event could be in our world.) To be sure, domination by a foreign power, and by neighboring Russia in particular, is hardly a new experience for Poland: it was partitioned for more than a century—from 1795 to 1918—between Austria, Prussia, and czarist Russia, and against these military opposition was nearly as hopeless as it is against the Soviet Union now. In our day, a new factor tightens the vise in which Poland finds itself—the presence in the world of nuclear weapons. Poland is at the very heart of that part of the world which is frozen in immobility, militarily and diplomatically, by the nuclear stalemate. In the past, even though rebellion was unavailing, Poland could dream of rescue by foreign armies, or by some drastic re-

saw; at the national level, the threat of direct Soviet invasion; and, on the international level, the militarily paralyzing influence of nuclear weapons, which holds the whole unhappy arrangement firmly in place.

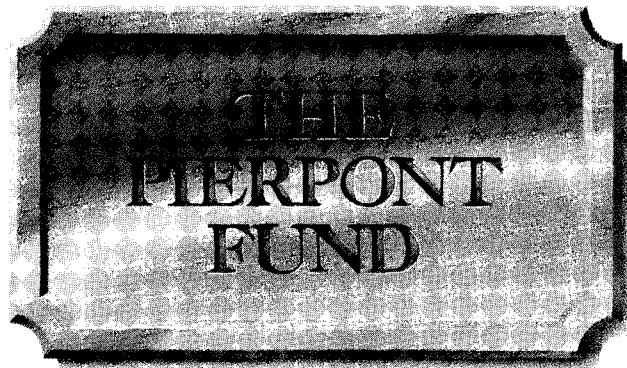
To most postwar observers, this combination of circumstances meant hopelessness, and they unhesitatingly pronounced any dramatic improvement in the situation of Poland to be impossible. Because Poland had no chance of defeating the overwhelming military and police forces arrayed against it, the argument ran (when anyone even bothered to spell out something so self-evident), any resistance was doomed to fail. It was Michnik's genius to separate the two halves of the proposition, and to accept the first (the impossibility of defeating the armies and the police forces) and reject the second (the hopelessness of all resistance). If there is an advantage to be gained from facing overwhelming adversity, it is the death of illusions: mind and body are saved from wasting themselves in pursuit of the impossible. Historically, the Poles have been the most romantic of peoples, much given to the pursuit of the

FEBRUARY 3, 1986

alignment of the international order as a result of war; and, in fact, in our century Poland was twice liberated by war from its oppressors—first when it achieved independence, in the aftermath of the First World War, and then when the Nazis were driven from Poland, only to set the stage, unfortunately, for Soviet domination of the country. Today, however, Poland has to recognize what all of Europe recognizes: that in the nuclear age the map of Europe is unlikely ever to be redrawn by marching armies. The likely alternatives offered by our time are nuclear stalemate and nuclear annihilation, and in neither is there any hope for the rescue of Poland. In sum, the Poles are kept in subjugation by a triple weight: at the local level, the totalitarian regime in War-

long chance and the distant dream, but not even the most fevered dreams of military resistance could survive the discouragement of nuclear weapons piled on the two hundred divisions of the Soviet Army piled on totalitarian rule. Final acceptance of that verdict cleared the way for new investigations, and a new kind of thinking. Abandoning, for the time being, all hope of a jailbreak, the members of the Polish opposition began to examine more closely the cell in which, it appeared, it was the country's fate to live for an indefinite period; that is, realizing that there was no salvation for Poland in our time in the movements of armies, they began to scrutinize the minutiae of their local environment. Soviet troops, it was plain, could not be driven out of Poland; but what if ten people gathered in someone's apartment and listened to an uncensored lecture on Polish history? The Communist Party could perhaps not be dislodged from its "leading role" in affairs of state; but what if a group of workers began to publish a newsletter in which factory conditions were truthfully described? And what if millions of people, casting off fear, began to take local action of this sort all over the country? The new ferment, in the words of Irena Grudzinska-Gross in "The Art of Solidarity," would be "an effort to overstep the limits of the political horizon while remaining inside the same geographical borders."

Perhaps the most acute mind training the lens of its political microscope on these questions was Michnik's. In "A New Evolutionism" he surveys the political scene and proposes a new path of action. He works from the assumption that "to believe in overthrowing the dictatorship of the Party by revolution... is both unrealistic and dangerous." He yearns for full independence for Poland but accepts the fact that any project for attaining it in the foreseeable future is hopeless. Nevertheless, he discerns opportunities for action of a kind that he believes can be highly successful. Between the rock of Soviet power and the hard place of contemporary Polish life he discovers a space. In the conventional view, the interests of the Soviet Union and those of Polish society are unalterably opposed across the board. Michnik arrives at a startlingly different conclusion. "The interests of the Soviet political leadership, the Polish political leadership, and the Polish democratic opposition," he writes, "are basically concurrent." They are



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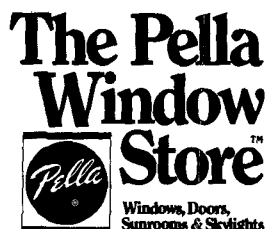
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concurrent because for all three of them Soviet military intervention would be a disaster: for the Soviet leadership because it would suffer huge and lasting losses in its global political prestige; for the Polish leadership because it would lose the limited sovereignty it now enjoys and, furthermore, might be "dethroned;" and for the Polish opposition because of the bloodshed and the increased rigors of direct Soviet rule. Such an invasion would precipitate "a war that Poland... could not win on the battlefield but that the Soviet Union could not win politically." The concurring interests of the three parties, he concludes, define "an area of permissible political maneuver... the sphere of possible compromise."

Approaching the question of what can be done, Michnik canvasses past efforts, and it is wholly characteristic of the spirit of his writing that even when his final judgment of one effort or another is negative he gives generous credit for whatever good was achieved. Michnik is anything but a Hegelian dialectician—anything but a believer in blind forces of history acting behind men's backs—but he always keeps an eye on the larger historical story of which any particular initiative is a part, and is keenly aware that the inch of progress made in one decade, though inadequate in itself, and perhaps based on false premises, may make possible the next inch in the next decade. In Poland's recent past he identifies two schools of reform: the revisionists, who sought to soften and liberalize Communist rule by invoking the humane aspects of Marxist and other socialist theory; and the so-called neo-positivists, a Catholic group that rejected Communism in principle yet sought as a matter of pragmatic policy to moderate it by cooperating with it, even to the extent of participating in the Polish parliament. Revisionism, Michnik writes, was "faithful to the Bible [that is, to Marxism], although it interpreted it in its own way," while neo-positivism "adhered to the Church [that is, the actuality of the Communist government], hoping that it would sooner or later disappear." Both were techniques of working within the system—of appealing to "the rational thinking of the Communist Prince"—and for a while both brought limited positive results, often in the form of books and articles and a slightly freer intellectual atmosphere.



Yet both schools had to pay the price that is always paid by those who choose to work within the system: they were required, in order to maintain their influence, to renounce ties with people dedicated to changing the system from without. The fatal crisis for each school came, therefore, when protest from without boiled over: for the revisionists in 1968, when the student movement in favor of liberalization of intellectual life arose, and was crushed by the closing of some university departments, the expulsion of students, and reprisals against their parents; and for the neo-positivists in 1976, when workers demonstrated against an announced rise in

food prices, and the government took extremely harsh reprisals. At those moments, any opposition that hoped to retain its standing in the society at large had to declare which side it supported—"that of the beaters or that of the beaten"—and because neither reform movement was able to do this both lost the public's confidence.

Michnik's analysis of the failure of the efforts to change the system from within leads him to make a pivotal recommendation: "I believe that what sets today's opposition apart from the proponents of those ideas of reform in the past is the belief that a program for evolution ought to be addressed to independent public opinion, and not to totalitarian power. Such a program would offer advice to the people regarding how to behave, not to the government regarding how to reform itself." The suggestion was simple, but its implications were radical. The change in the venue of action entailed a change in substance. Those who took the route of working with the Prince depended on the decisions and whims of the Prince to achieve any results. But those who took the route of working in and with the society could act directly. Then it was up to the government to react. The first method, based on the belief that the government, by holding a monopoly on the instruments of force, also monopolized political power, viewed cooperation with the government as the only way to share in power. The second method, based on the belief that there were sources of power elsewhere, in public opinion, sought to develop those. And yet Michnik, unlike many people in other times and places who had given up on the government in power and turned to the public for

redress, did not seek the overthrow of the government. Rather, he wanted the society immediately and directly to take over its own destiny in certain realms of life, and only then to turn to the government—for negotiation. The eventual result, he hoped, would be a “hybrid,” based on a compromise in which the government, while holding on to state power, would acknowledge and accept other, independent institutions in the society. Michnik enumerates the groups in society that he hopes will advance “a new evolutionism.” First, and most important, are the workers, whose participation is “a necessary condition for the evolution of public life toward democracy.” The key event, he foresees with uncanny accuracy, will be the foundation of independent “institutions representing the interests of workers.” Second is the Catholic Church, which has always remained independent but has recently shown an increasing interest in defending the independence and the rights of others, including the workers. In the Church, Michnik notes, “Jeremiads against ‘Godless ones’ have given way to documents that quote the principles of the Declaration of Human Rights.” Third is the intelligentsia, whose duty it is to think through alternative programs while defending fundamental moral and political principles.

Michnik acted on his own advice, and was soon busy organizing and participating in a host of independent groups. One deserves special mention: the Workers’ Defense Committee, usually known as KOR—the acronym of its Polish name. KOR did not agitate politically, or otherwise address the government. Instead, it set out to render concrete assistance—financial, legal, and medical—to workers and their families who had suffered in one way or another from government repression. Indeed, the committee explicitly declared its purposes to be not political but social, and it restricted its activity to what Jan Jozef Lipski, one of its founders, who has written an excellent history of the organization, refers to as “social work.” But what in the eyes of KOR might be considered social was considered by the government definitely political, for in a totalitarian system every aspect of collective existence is supposed to originate with the government and be under its management. In this deep reach of totalitarian government into daily life, which is usually seen as a source of its strength, KOR discovered a point of



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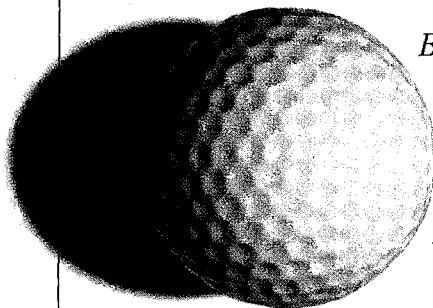
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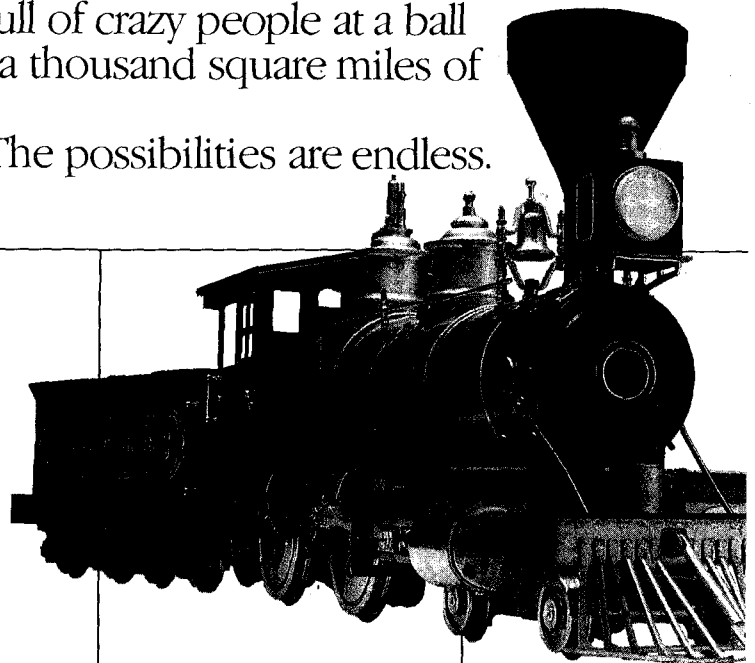
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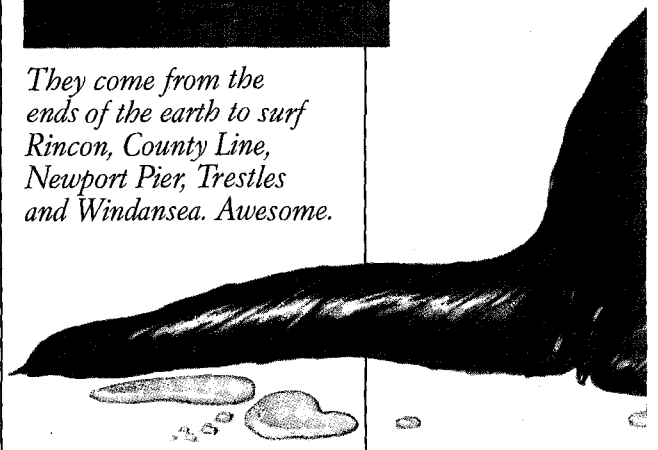
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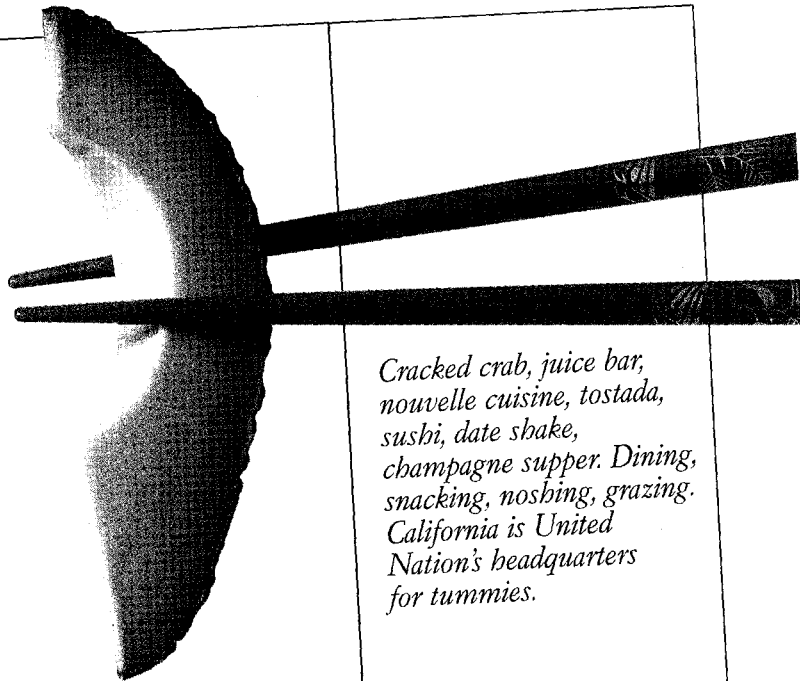


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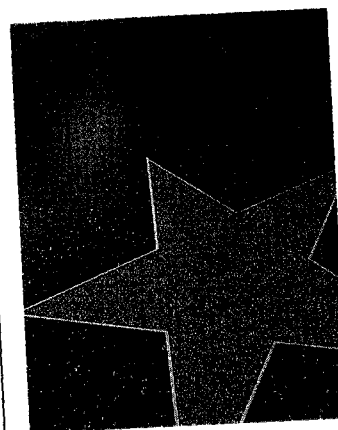
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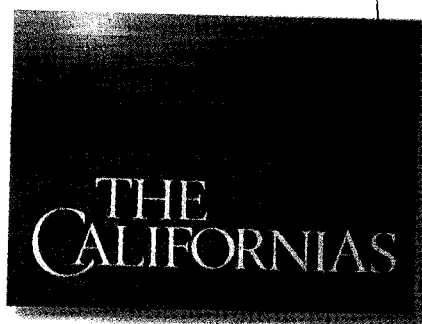


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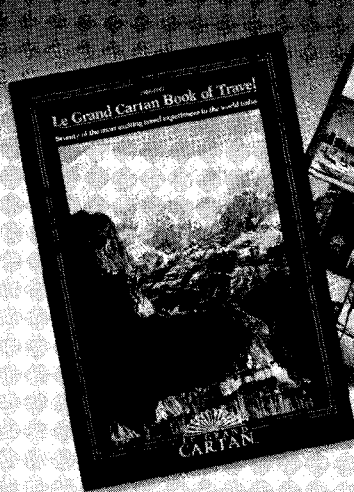
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weakness: precisely because totalitarian governments politicize daily life, daily life becomes a vast terrain on which totalitarianism can be opposed. It was here that KOR implicitly pitted itself against the regime. In consequence, the KOR members soon began to suffer the repression against which they sought to defend the workers—loss of employment, arrest, imprisonment, beatings, and, in a few cases, loss of their lives. It was just one of the remarkable qualities of this organization that its members were willing to suffer government reprisal not in the name of some sweeping political program or visionary goal but in order to get some money into the hands of a fatherless family or to arrange for favorable testimony in the trial of a worker. Only great goals might seem to warrant great sacrifices, but the KOR workers were ready to make great sacrifices for modest goals. "In some dissident circles . . . KOR members were sneered at as 'social workers,'" Lipski writes, "but within KOR such a designation by one's colleagues was regarded as an honor."

The adoption of an over-all policy of direct action in society entailed the adoption of a number of other policies that were novel in the closed society of Poland. One was the policy of openness. When KOR was founded, in September of 1976, its members wrote a declaration of purpose to which they not only signed their names but also—an act without precedent for an opposition group in Poland—affixed their addresses and telephone numbers. Thereafter, the committee followed as much as possible a policy of open, public action. Closely related to the policy of openness was the policy of truthfulness. In all its statements and publications, KOR strove meticulously for factual accuracy. Characteristically, there was both an idealistic and a pragmatic reason for this policy. The members believed in telling the truth for its own sake, and they also calculated that in a society surfeited with lies an organization that hewed strictly to the truth would win support and gain strength. Another new policy was "autonomy of action." Autonomy was what the opposition wished for Poland as a whole and for every person in Poland. The members of KOR inaugurated it by making it a principle of their own actions. "There was no question of ordering someone by command of the organization to do something he did not want to do," Lipski writes, and he adds, "There was a

principle that if what they wanted to do was not contrary to the principles of KOR they should be allowed to pursue their own ideas. And this is why everything that was done was done by people motivated by their own initiative and enthusiasm, and thus produced the best results." It is striking that the activists of the Polish opposition spoke as much of autonomy, which is the capacity of each person for acting freely, as they did of liberty, which is a person's right to do so. (In the West, you might say, we as individuals have great liberty but little autonomy. We have the right to determine the shape of our own future, but we do not bother to avail ourselves of it very much.) Still another policy was that of trust. Ordinarily, we think of the trust we place in someone as more or less a by-product, produced involuntarily in us by the other person's trustworthy actions, and do not think of it as the result of a policy, or even of any intention on our part. But for KOR trust was indeed a policy. One reason for this was the danger of infiltration by undercover police: a decision had to be made regarding what steps, if any, should be taken to guard against this. KOR's decision was to reject suspicion and all the equipment and procedures that go with it, and "to trust everyone within the bounds of common sense."

The policies of openness, truthfulness, autonomy of action, and trust, which together might be described simply as a policy of militant decency, were not elements in any master plan, but they were of a piece. They equipped KOR not so much to do battle with the government as to work around it. Although KOR did not have any designs on state power, it did hope that activity independent of the government would spread by contagion—that there would occur a sort of epidemic of freedom in the closed society. Lipski observes, "The long-range goal of KOR was to stimulate new centers of autonomous activity in a variety of areas and among a variety of social groups independent of KOR. Not only did KOR agree to their independence but it also wanted them to be independent." Its hope was abundantly fulfilled in the years just ahead.

Nothing illuminates the inner spirit of KOR, which strikes me as an exemplary organization for our time, more clearly than its final act. In September of 1981, the members decided that its role was being filled by Solidarity, and voted the KOR organization out of existence. Missing entirely from KOR,



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apparently, was that compound of personal interest, factional rivalry, and bureaucratic momentum which, acting independently of all external reasons and causes, often superseded the purposes for which an organization was founded, and transforms it into a dead weight on the world. When KOR's *reason* for existing dissolved, it dissolved. To paraphrase George Orwell's comment on Gandhi, "How clean a smell it has managed to leave behind!"

IN August of 1980, the stream of KOR flowed into the great river of Solidarity, but had already done much to determine the course of the river's flow. The policies of openness, truthfulness, autonomy of action, and trust were preserved. "The essence" of the movement, as Michnik later wrote from prison, still "lay in the attempt to reconstruct society, to restore social bonds outside official institutions." What ensued was an eruption throughout the society of civic activity of immense diversity, ranging from the trade unions themselves to associations formed to halt pollution and to protect consumers (areas that had been monumentally neglected by the re-

gime). One is reminded of Tocqueville's description of America: "Americans of all ages, all conditions, and all dispositions constantly form associations. They have not only commercial and manufacturing companies, in which all take part, but associations of a thousand other kinds, religious, moral, serious, futile, general or restricted, enormous or diminutive. The Americans make associations to give entertainments, to found seminaries, to build inns, to construct churches, to diffuse books, to send missionaries to the antipodes." (The notable difference, of course, was that whereas the local groups in Tocqueville's America worked more or less in harmony with the national government those in Poland worked in opposition to it.) In this burst of activity, the very ingredients of political life, having been pounded apart by forty years of totalitarian rule, now came together again in new and vital forms. The classic formula for revolution is first to seize state power and then to use that power to do the good things you believe in. In the Polish revolution, the order was reversed. It began to do the good things immediately, and only then turned its attention to the state. In a

sort of political and moral version of the hedonist's credo "*Carpe diem*," the opposition proceeded directly, and without postponement, toward its goals. Its simple but radical guiding principle was to start doing the things you think should be done, and to start being what you think society should become. Do you believe in freedom of speech? Then speak freely. Do you love the truth? Then tell it. Do you believe in an open society? Then act in the open. Do you believe in a decent and humane society? Then behave decently and humanely. In Michnik's words in "A New Evolutionism," "every act of defiance permits us to build right now the framework of democratic socialism, which should be not just a legal and institutional structure but, what is even more important, a real, day-to-day community of free people." And, as he puts it in the same essay, "in their struggle for truth, or—to quote Leszek Kolakowski—'by living in dignity,' the opposition intellectuals are striving not only for the proverbial better tomorrow but also for a better today."

Timothy Garton Ash, the author of "The Polish Revolution: Solidarity," has aptly noted that the opposition's

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style has been to act "as if" Poland were already a free country. And once those in opposition began to act that way something unexpected happened. As soon as they started to act "as if," the "as if" started to melt away. Then they really *were* defending the worker (and often with success), or giving the lecture, or publishing the book. It wasn't "as if" it were a book, it *was* a book, and soon people were really reading it. Of course, in the country at large the "as if" did not melt away. That became clear when the book was confiscated, or the lecture was broken up by a government goon squad, or the innocent worker was sent off to prison in spite of the opposition's best efforts to defend him. Nevertheless, in the immediate vicinity of the action—and that vicinity expanded steadily as the movement grew—the "as if" was no pretense. There a small realm of liberty was created. And "liberty, when men act in bodies," Burke wrote, "is power." Thus a second surprising discovery was made by the opposition—the discovery that merely by fearlessly carrying on the business of daily life it grew powerful. But the power gained was not power that had been wielded by others and had now been wrested from them; it was new power, which had been created where there had been none before. The program, then, was not to seize political power from the state but to build up the society. In 1970, demonstrating workers had been brutalized by the police, whereupon some of them marched to Party Committee buildings—known in Poland simply as Committees—and burned them down. Later, Jacek Kuron offered a piece of advice that gained renown and foreshadowed the future course of events: "Don't burn down Committees; found your own."

The distinction between "society," which was to be renewed by the movement, and "power," which was to be left to the state, became common currency within the opposition, and was the subject of much discussion. While no one really expected the government to "wither away," as in the old Leninist dream, a certain contemptuous indifference to it did develop among the members of the opposition. This indifference showed itself radiantly in the extraordinary personal courage demonstrated by people at all levels of society, who at times acted as if there were no repressive government in Poland, and it also showed itself, less hap-

pily, in the utter failure of the movement to anticipate the imposition of martial law: that took the leadership of Solidarity by surprise almost the way Solidarity had taken the government by surprise sixteen months earlier. Just as society had massed its millions for action without being noticed by the government, so the government now massed its soldiers and police for action without being noticed by society. It may be that the two sides underestimated each other's strength so drastically because they possessed different *kinds* of strength, and each side judged the other on the basis of its own kind: to the government the opposition looked weak because it lacked military and police power, while to the opposition the government looked weak because it lacked public support. According to the "realistic" laws of the government's existence, the Solidarity movement was an impossibility, but equally, according to the more "idealistic" laws of Solidarity's existence, martial law was impossible. Michnik has characterized the difference memorably:

The mighty and spontaneous social movement, deprived of examples, changing from one day to the next amid incessant conflicts with the authorities, did not possess a clear vision of piecemeal goals or a well-defined concept of coexistence with the Communist regime. It allowed itself to be provoked into fights over minor issues, into inessential conflicts; it was full of disorder, incompetence, unfamiliarity with its enemies and the enemies' methods. Solidarity knew how to strike but not how to be patient; it knew how to attack head-on but not how to retreat; it had over-all ideas but not a program for short-term actions. It was a colossus with legs of steel and hands of clay; it was powerful among factory crews but powerless at the negotiating table. Across from it sat its partner,

which could not be truthful, run an economy, or keep its word, which could do only one thing: break up social solidarity. This partner had mastered this art in the thirty-seven years of its rule. This partner, the power élite, was a moral and financial bankrupt and was unable, because of its political frailty, to practice any type of politics.... The Polish Communist system was a colossus with legs of clay and hands of steel.

What was perhaps most surprising about the imposition of martial law was the surprise itself. In less than a year and a half, Solidarity had made its "ideals" enough of a "reality" so that the effectiveness of time-tested tricks of repressive rule like martial law had been all but forgotten by a whole country. Solidarity lived by trust and it died by trust. Certainly this costly inattention to the government's plotting was a failure of the movement, yet it was a failure that had a certain definite grandeur.

In "A Warsaw Diary," Ryszard Kapuściński writes, "Here everything is based on a certain principle of asymmetrical verification: the system promises to prove itself *later* (announcing a general happiness that exists only in the future), but it demands that you prove yourself now, *today*, by demonstrating your loyalty, consent, and diligence. You commit yourself to everything; the system to nothing." The opposition worked in exactly the opposite way. It proved itself *today*, and let *later* take care of itself. In so doing, it offered a new approach to one of the most intractable problems of all political life: the endemic discrepancy between evil means and good ends in politics—between the brutal and mendacious methods commonly accepted as a necessity of politics and the noble or visionary ends toward which these means are directed.

In the direct action in society practiced by the opposition movement in Poland, means and ends were rolled into one. Every means was an end, and vice versa. For example, each of the "means" of KOR—openness, truthfulness, autonomy, and trust—was also an end. A courageous act or a truthful word was a good "end"—in itself, it enriched life, made life better—and a redressed grievance or an improvement in a factory's production was a good "means" to further accomplishment. To reform the adversary might take some time, but in the sphere of one's own actions the just society could be established right away. It followed that evil



means could no longer be employed to attain good ends. If the journey and the destination were the same, it made no sense to spoil the conveyance in which one was riding. Here, I believe, is the source of the movement's nonviolence, which was especially striking for being practiced even more rigorously than it was preached—a discrepancy far more attractive and more unusual than the reverse discrepancy. The use of violence, spoiling means and ends at the same time, would have polluted the source of both the movement's virtue and its strength. The elements of the movement's style of action—its direct approach to society and its problems, its local emphasis, its rejection of violence and lying and other base means of striving for noble ends—formed a self-consistent whole. If you wished to act locally, then what could be more local than yourself? And if you wished to produce results *today*, then what area of life was more ready to hand, more thoroughly within your grasp, than your own actions? And if, accordingly, you made yourself and your own actions your starting point for the reform of society, then how could you permit those actions to be degraded by brutality, deception, or any other disfigurement? While this style of action was nonviolent, "nonviolence" seems both too restrictive and too negative a term with which to describe it: too restrictive because, along with being non-violent, the movement was nondeceptive, nonsecretive, and non many other obnoxious things; and too negative because the deepest source of its strength was not any form of abstinence but, rather, the positive, energetic, open pursuit of a free and just society through incessant public action of the kind advocated by Michnik. The genius of the movement lay in its having seized upon a method of action that did not depend on violence and whose strength would have been undercut by the use of violence. A little violence would probably have been as harmful to Solidarity as a little pacifism would be to an army in the middle of a war.

THE opposition movement's non-violence was almost certainly a precondition for the strong support that the movement received from the Catholic Church—support that, by all accounts, was indispensable to it. Most observers agree that the national spirit that gave rise to Solidarity was born more than a year earlier, in June of

1979, when Pope John Paul II, the first Polish pope, returned for the first time to Poland. Shortly after the visit, Michnik described the crucial inner change in the mood of the public which it brought about:

Julian Strykowski's phrase "Poland's second baptism" keeps coming to mind insistently. Indeed, something odd did happen. The very same people who are ordinarily frustrated and aggressive in the shop lines were metamorphosed into a cheerful and happy collectivity, a people filled with dignity. The police vanished from the main streets of Warsaw and exemplary order reigned everywhere. The people who had been deprived of their real power for so long all of a sudden regained their ability to determine their fate. This is how the social consequences of John Paul II's visit-pilgrimage can be sketched.

A movement born in a "second baptism" must remain faithful to its spiritual origin or lose its strength, and this movement's ability to remain faithful was made possible by the new style of action it had adopted. In modern times, the introduction of spiritual, or even purely moral, purposes into political life has been justifiably regarded with deep suspicion. The City of God and the City of Man, the argument runs, are in essence based on principles so different that for either to adopt the principles of the other will prove ruinous. The danger for the City of God is that by associating itself with the evil means that are supposedly intrinsic and necessary to political life it will be brutalized and lose its spiritual purity. The danger for the City of Man is that by adopting principles of pacifism, or even of mildness, that are embodied in such teachings as the Sermon on the Mount it will be enfeebled, and collapse, or else that in the attempt to wed the evil means of

political life to the pure ends of spiritual life the evil means will be given even greater license than usual, and fanaticism and violence will increase. (The course of events in present-day Iran, where otherworldly purity is pursued with this-worldly brutality, shows that the danger is as real in our time as it has been in any other.) In view of these perils, many wise observers have suggested that the two Cities be kept apart; yet separation also has a cost. The moral teachings of religion lose half their field of operation if it must be acknowledged that right at the heart of human affairs there is a realm—the political—to which they have no application. At the same time, political life is set adrift morally if the moral standards that apply to private life are excluded from it. It is always possible to try to frame moral standards that apply to the political world alone, but every time someone makes a really thoroughgoing attempt—Machiavelli's writings are perhaps the most prominent example—we find that our private standards are violated, and we are repelled. This ancient opposition between the spiritual and the political realms is, at the very least, eased if in the political realm a method of action is adopted that does not cite noble ends as justification for evil means, or even distinguish between means and ends. Then spiritual and moral energies can flow into the political world without necessarily being corrupted. The two Cities then rest on a common foundation; namely, respect for the dignity and worth of the individual person, whose degradation "today" for some noble purpose "in the future" is rejected. This is not to say that political life can henceforth proceed to perfection—that the fulfillment promised by utopian revolutionaries can materialize forthwith—but only that the actors in the political realm invite judgment of their actions by the same standards that everyone accepts in private life. Political life, then, will be no closer to perfect than private life is, but it will no longer be singled out as a realm in which certain evils are in principle necessary and therefore justified.

EVER since Gandhi led India to independence through nonviolent action, it has become something of a cliché to say that nonviolence could succeed only against a parliamentary democracy like England—that it would have failed against a totalitarian power, such as Stalin's Soviet



Union or Hitler's Germany. Inasmuch as Poland has not attained its independence—or, for that matter, even aimed at it—this assumption still holds. And it seems only reinforced when one reflects that the regime in Poland today, though brutal, is far more moderate than the regime of either Stalin or Hitler. Nevertheless, it is now a matter of record that by far the most effective resistance movement ever launched against a totalitarian regime was completely nonviolent. Nonviolent action, far from being helpless in the face of totalitarianism, turns out to be especially well suited to fighting it. Hence it would be misleading to suggest that the Poles made a free choice of nonviolence over violence, as though they had been offered an opportunity to overthrow the regime by violence but had turned it down on the ground of moral principle in favor of nonviolence. Rather, from the outset violence was recognized by almost everybody to be completely useless to the movement. Addressing the question of why the movement adopted nonviolent means, Michnik writes, "No one in Poland is able to prove today that violence will help us to dislodge Soviet troops from Poland and to remove Communists from power. The U.S.S.R. has such enormous military power that confrontation is simply unthinkable. In other words: we have no guns." The decision against violence, then, was made not so much by the Poles themselves as by their historical situation. The greatness of the Polish movement lies not in a decision to renounce violence—although the self-discipline required to flawlessly maintain a policy of nonviolence in the heat and anger of the struggle deserves great credit—but in its discovery of peaceful means that still offered hope.

Historically, violence has usually been regarded as the ultima ratio—the final arbiter, to which people turn in the last, desperate hour, when all peaceful means have been tried and have failed. "Hallowed are the arms where no hope exists but in them," Livy writes. But when those hallowed arms fail, people have believed, all that remains is the silence either of submission or of death. In Poland, that sequence appears to have been reversed: the futility of violent means—a futility so evident to all that such means did not even have to be tested—was what led to a recourse to nonviolent ones. It was as though beyond the traditional means of last resort new, peaceful ones had been discovered. The government

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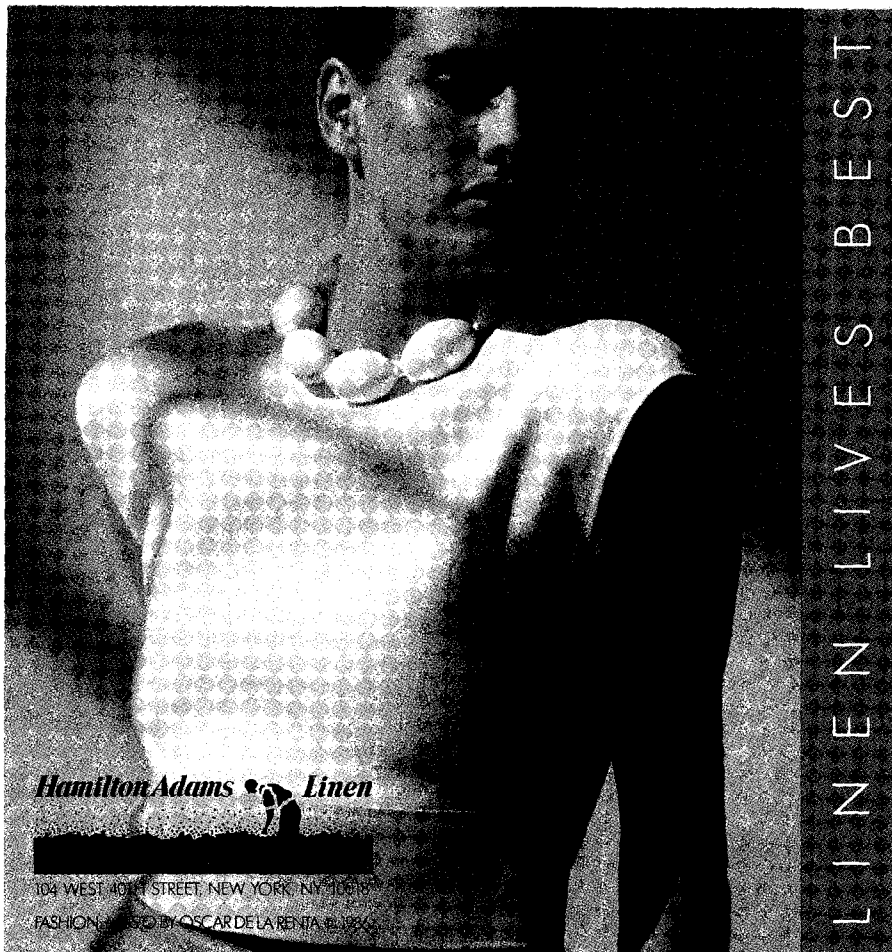
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declared a "state of war," and, employing its monopoly of the means of violence against an unarmed society, it "won" the war. (In Michnik's mocking account, "General Jaruzelski has glorified the name of the Polish armed forces by capturing with a flanking movement the building of the Polish Radio and Television, not to mention the telephone exchange.") In the traditional scheme of things, that would be the end of the story; the last resort would have been exhausted, the last card played, and the population would resign itself to defeat. But this has not happened. It seems, Michnik writes, that "the Polish nation does not think it has been defeated." Failing to think it has been defeated, it fails to act as if it had been defeated, and, failing to act defeated, it is not defeated. "What I saw after my release"—on August 4, 1984—"exceeded not just my expectations but even my dreams," Michnik reports. "I found that the people of Solidarity were wise, determined, ready for a long struggle." The government crackdown has taken its toll, but the spirit of opposition is alive. Repression and activism continue side by side. The arrests are made, but people are not intimidated. They live now in what may be the most curious conditions to have developed in Poland so far: autonomy without liberty—freedom together with jail.

Poland's unfinished experiment in nonviolent action is of particular interest in a world in which violence in the form of the weapons of mass destruction threatens the ultimate self-defeat of man. While the Polish revolution may appear to have little to do with the nuclear question, it seems to me that there is an interesting parallel to be drawn between the plight of Poland under Soviet domination and the plight of the world in the nuclear age. For both Poland and the world, sane thinking must begin with the recognition that the use of violence is futile, self-defeating, and thus "unthinkable." (Michnik's use of this word seems significant.) Both Poland and the world are therefore driven to search for nonviolent solutions to their dilemmas. On this point, realism and idealism coincide, and nonviolence, so often regarded exclusively as a choice of idealists, is supremely realistic. And both Poland and the world have been advised by expert opinion that their plights are inescapable, and they should accept the status quo; anything else, both are told, would "destabilize" the existing situation. Yet Poland has,

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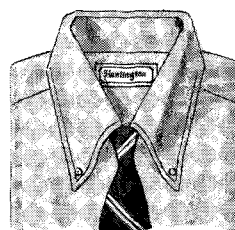
at the very least, found a path to follow, and in this there is hope for the world, too. We are led to wonder whether in the realm of international affairs and diplomacy there may not be a solution as unlikely in the eyes of the experts as Solidarity was—some ultima ratio beyond violence which the world is driven to employ, for reasons both pragmatic and idealistic, precisely because violence, the old ultima ratio, is now useless and bankrupt. If such a solution should be found, and if it should be employed to reunite a divided Europe, then it would be not only a counterpart of the Polish movement but a complement to it. Then Poland and the world would escape from their plights along the same path.

IT is tempting to sum up by saying that the Polish revolution practiced a politics based on life, in which political power, assuming the form of public consent and public support, is the natural and spontaneous extension of human beings' ability to act together to build and create, whereas the government practiced a politics of death, in which political power, assuming the form of fear, is an extension of human beings' ability to tear down and destroy—ultimately, to kill one another. But Michnik, it seems to me, might bridle at such a description, finding in it the seeds of what, in his essay "Maggots and Angels," he calls the political sin of Manichaeism, in which one assigns all evil to one's foe and all good to oneself. Michnik rejects political Manichaeism wherever he sees it, but he finds it especially inappropriate for Poland. Acknowledging, as he does, that Soviet power is irremovable from the Polish scene for the foreseeable future, he recognizes that everyone, even the most courageous, must accommodate this reality in one way or another. That being so, it is impossible to divide Poland cleanly into two hostile camps, one evil and the other good. Instead, evil and good are distributed widely and subtly. They will be found in one balance in the government official who has to decide whether to be a little more ruthless and ideological in his decisions or to be a little bit more humane and pragmatic; in another balance in the professor who has to decide just how truthful to be in a certain monograph; and in yet another balance in the jailed activist who has to decide whether to sign the "loyalty oath" that the government has put

before him as the price of his release. The first may be a largely greedy and self-interested person; the second may be basically decent but frightened; the third may be heroic but wavering. But in all of them good and evil are present, and in each case Michnik would like to see the good prevail—or, at least, advance a little. In this vision of society's betterment, no one can be wholly written off as a "maggot" and no one granted exemption from the human condition as an "angel."

The epithet "maggot" is not Michnik's own but was used originally by the contemporary writer Piotr Wierzbicki, in a satiric essay called "A Treatise on Maggots," in which he lists the various rationalizations that selfish or hypocritical or weak-willed people use to evade their responsibility to oppose the regime. Michnik responds by engaging in a novel exercise. He sorts through Polish history, asking which people, by Wierzbicki's criteria, would have to be called maggots, and concludes that many of the most highly honored figures would at some point in their careers have qualified. Michnik's purpose is not to discredit the heroes of Polish history but, rather, to encourage a more tolerant understanding of the compromises of the present day. History is often consulted by those seeking to assemble a list of grievances or to draw up an indictment. Michnik's intention is just the opposite: he uses history to forgive the present. Central to his argument is a recognition that the need for compromise had its origin in those political situations "where foreign domination of the Polish nation was chronic, while all hope for armed defense of national values was completely illusory; where compromise with a partitioning power became indispensable for saving the very existence of the nation." In such circumstances—which, of course, are also Poland's present ones—arguments for compromise with the regime, or even participation in it, can never be dismissed out of hand. While it is true that "full acceptance of the compromise formula would lead to moral compromise and spiritual capitulation," it is also true that "full rejection of this formula would lead to a more or less heroic isolation." Using historical examples, Michnik shows that different—and even seemingly opposite—stands could all have merits of their own. Those on the inside might found institutions—a railroad, a university—of real and

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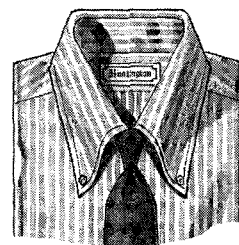


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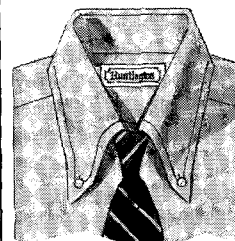


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lasting importance to the country; those rebelling against the regime on the outside might be defending the country's honor and inoculating it against occupation at some future time. The eminent figures who made these choices debated fiercely, and often bitterly (Michnik offers fascinating accounts of the debates in his historical essays), but now Michnik seeks what he calls, quoting the writer Antoni Slonimski, "angerless wisdom," in which the contributions made by those figures whose choices differed are acknowledged, and might inspire more tolerance and cooperation among people who face the same choices today. In this vision, understanding, toleration, and forgiveness are the watchwords for each person's dealings with others, yet there is still a realm in which exacting judgment is called for—one's dealings with oneself. Michnik implies as much in an eloquent passage whose direct point is that no one can make a moral choice for another:

Aleksander Wat wrote somewhere that there is only one answer to the question of how intellectuals who live in countries ruled by Stalin should behave. It is the Shakespearean answer: they should die.

Perhaps it is the true answer. But I believe that this is an answer that one can give only to oneself, a measure that one can apply only to oneself, a sacrifice that one can ask only of oneself. Anyone who demands an answer to this question from others is arbitrarily giving himself the right to decide about others' lives. And this usually ends badly.

Michnik does not say that he is ready to die, but then he feels no need to say it, since he has no advice to offer anyone else on the subject. In any case, when it comes to sacrifice, actions speak louder than words. Michnik counsels us to refrain from demanding self-sacrifice from other people, but frequently he offers that counsel from jail.

Throughout the history of political affairs there flows an unending stream of human blood. Sometimes it swells to a torrent, bearing all before it, and sometimes it slows to a trickle, but it has never dried up completely. In our time, it threatens to overflow its banks once and for all and sweep away history itself. Some may reluctantly accept bloodshed as a necessity of political life, some may deplore it, and some may embrace it, but all who enter the political world must come to terms with it in one way or another. The Polish opposition movement, for which and about which Michnik writes, did not add a single drop to

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this stream, except that which flowed from its own members' veins. And, while the movement has so far been unable to restrain the violence and repression of its antagonists, the positions it has staked out in the fight—fearless readiness to act in support of one's convictions; unwillingness to lower one's standards, in the name of effectiveness, to the level of one's antagonists'; readiness to make unlimited sacrifice in pursuit of limited goals; respect, in practice as well as theory, for the dignity of each person; readiness to die but unwillingness to kill; and unwavering resolve to live one's beliefs in the moment, so that even in supposed defeat something of beauty and value is left behind in the world—are among the most honorable, the most original, and the most fruitful of which the world has record. From within his prison cell, defying his captors, Adam Michnik writes, in words that will sound down the decades:

To these people, with their lifeless but shifting eyes, with their minds that are dull but skilled in torture, with their defiled souls that yearn for social approval, you are only raw material with which to do anything they please. They have their own particular psychology: they believe that anyone can be talked into anything (in other words, everyone can be either bought over or intimidated). To them, it is only a matter of the price to exact or the pain to inflict. Although their actions are routine, your every stumble, your every fall gives meaning to their lives. Your capitulation is no mere professional achievement for them—it is their *raison d'être*. And so you find yourself engaged in a philosophical debate with them about the meaning of your life, about taking the meaning away from their lives, about giving meaning to every human existence. You are engaged in the argument of Giordano Bruno with the Inquisitor, of the Decembrist with the czarist police superintendent, of Walerian Lukasinski with the czarist angel of annihilation, of Carl von Ossietzky with the blond Gestapo officer, of Osip Mandelstam with a member of the Bolshevik Party dressed in a uniform with the blue piping of the N.K.V.D.; you are engaged in the never-ending argument about which Henryk Elzberg once said that the value of your achievement cannot be gauged in terms of your idea's chances for victory but rather by the value of the idea itself. In other words, you score a victory not when you win power but when you remain faithful to yourself.

—JONATHAN SCHELL

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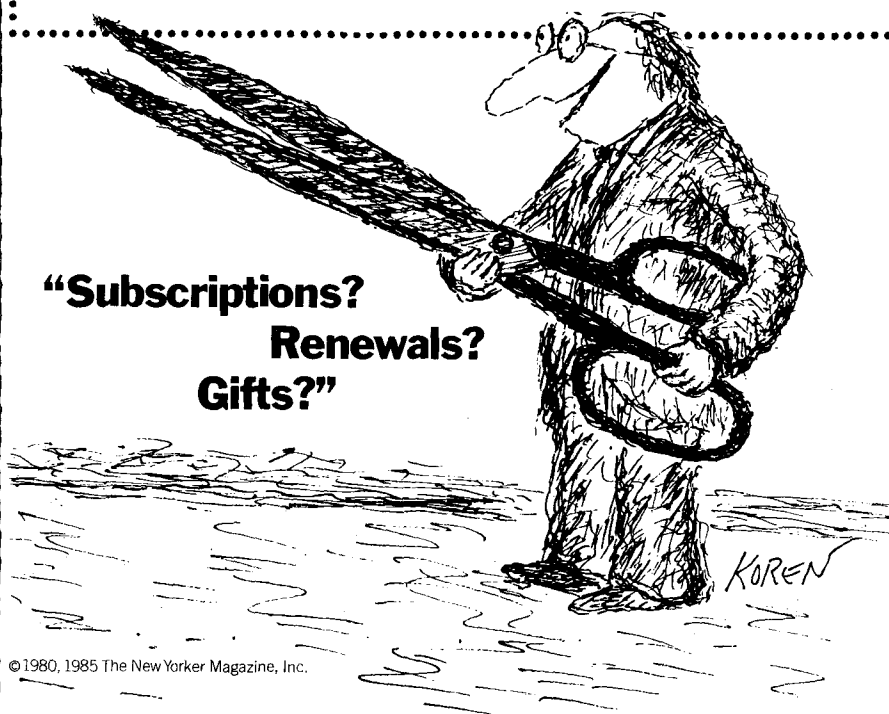
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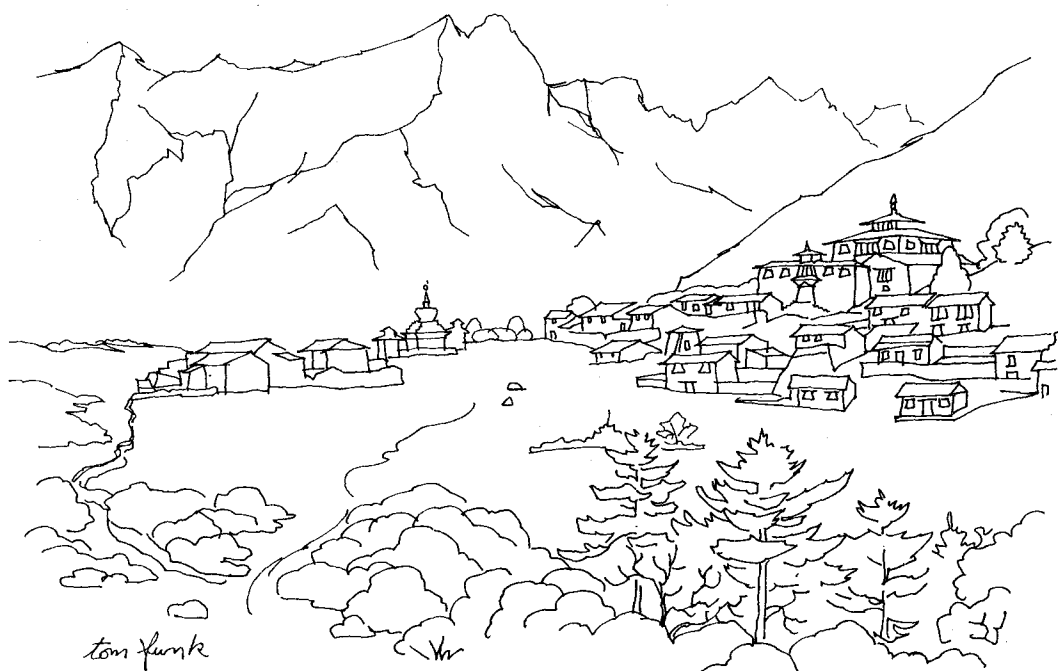
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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE HIMALAYA REVISITED



OLD hands know that one wants to be on the left side of the plane going from New Delhi up to Kathmandu. The mountains are on the left. I was on the right side, but by bobbing and weaving I could study those incredible, now almost familiar peaks, floating like clouds above the earth. The approach to Kathmandu—I had made the trip three times before, first in 1967—always has for me a magic-carpet quality. The altitude of the Kathmandu Valley ranges between four thousand and five thousand feet. Since Nepal is essentially at the latitude of New Orleans, the country is hot and tropical at its lower altitudes, which dip to a hundred and fifty feet above sea level in the south. The great mountains hover over the lush lowlands, and that is part of what gives the country its scenic fascination. There is not much snow in the Himalaya—very little below seventeen thousand feet, and none in Kathmandu. When I was in Kathmandu once in mid-January, the days felt like Indian summer in New England. (Skiing will never be developed in Nepal, since all the resorts would have to be situated at altitudes nearly as high as the summit of Mont Blanc.) On this most recent trip, I arrived in late October—in the middle of the three-month trekking season. The summer monsoons had just ended, and the valley was an incandescent green. Flying over the city, one could see the gilded stupa at

Bodhnath—the giant hemispherical mound with Buddha's eyes, which seem to follow one everywhere, at the top—and also all the pagoda temples in the valley, and the snow-covered mountains fifty miles or so north of the city.

There were thirty-five people in my group, all signed up to trek through mountain passes under the guidance of Claude Jaccoux. It was with Jaccoux that I had made my first trip. At the time, I had known Jaccoux for several years and had spent half a dozen seasons climbing in the French Alps under his tutelage. (He is a Chamonix guide.) He had never been to the Himalaya and neither had I, so when the opportunity presented itself in the fall of 1967 we jumped at it. We spent several months in Nepal, the high point of which, literally and figuratively, was a thirty-five-day trek from Kathmandu to the base of Mt. Everest—just he, his wife (they have since divorced), and I, and a retinue of Sherpas, Tibetans, and other Nepalese. It was an unforgettable trip, one consequence of which was that Jaccoux decided to go into the travel business himself. In addition to carrying on his earlier work during the skiing and climbing seasons, he now runs an enterprise called Claude Jaccoux Voyages, which organizes trips to out-of-the-way parts of the world. Jaccoux goes on some of these trips himself, and for the rest he supplies the guides

and other personnel and makes the travel arrangements.

I had returned to Nepal for brief vacations in December of 1969 and January of 1979, but did no serious trekking either time. Over the years, however, I had been getting Jaccoux's catalogue and had often thought that at the first sign of a sabbatical from my university I would try to take one of his trips to the Himalaya. Now it was finally happening. Jaccoux and I had been corresponding about this trip for several months. In one of his

letters, written in July, he had informed me that we would divide into two groups—"one strong and the other weaker." He added, with not atypical irony, "*J'imagine que tu te battras pour être dans les forts!*" Be that as it may, he also sent along a detailed, day-by-day program of the proposed trek. The first thing that struck my wary eye when I read it was that we would be camped out for sixteen days at altitudes greater than eleven thousand feet. I also noticed that the "weaker" would cross something called the Chola La at an altitude of about eighteen thousand feet, for which exercise crampons and an ice axe were advised. God knows what the "strong" will be doing, I thought. In preparation for all this, I had spent the summer tromping up and down assorted Rockies near Aspen. But I had now been out of the high mountains for nearly two months, and was assured by various experts that whatever conditioning I had achieved during the summer was by this time worth nothing. *Tant pis.*

Our group had assembled the day before—Friday—at Charles de Gaulle Airport, outside Paris. By the time we presented ourselves at the Lufthansa counter, it was alive with people carrying ice axes, rucksacks, and duffelbags. In addition to our group of thirty-five, there was another contingent, of about the same number, from an organization called *Nouvelle Frontiere.*

They all looked about sixteen, and said they were headed for the Everest region. Seventy of us, all going to Everest. When we were there in 1967, the Ministry of Tourism had listed in its statistics three official trekkers for that entire year: Jaccoux, his wife, and I. In thirty-five days of trekking, we saw about a half-dozen Europeans or Americans, and most were in the Peace Corps or something like it. That year, there were—exclusive of Indians, who, as neighbors, are counted separately—only a little over eighteen thousand visitors to the country in any capacity. In 1979, there were over twenty thousand official trekkers—people who had applied for trekking permits—and over two hundred thousand visitors. It had all become a big business.

Soon Jaccoux, whom I hadn't seen for two years, arrived. He is fifty, and must be the most physically fit grandfather in captivity. He looked about the same as he did ten or fifteen years ago, his blondish-brown plumage as copious as ever. Occasionally, he has written to me about mountaineering accidents he has suffered, but they have left no trace. He had been guiding all summer and had just come back from trekking in Ladakh, in northern India; he had given up smoking; and he was obviously ready to go. As for me, having turned fifty-three I had made a private decision to attempt to do the strict minimum on this trek. If I could get through *that*, I would be well satisfied.

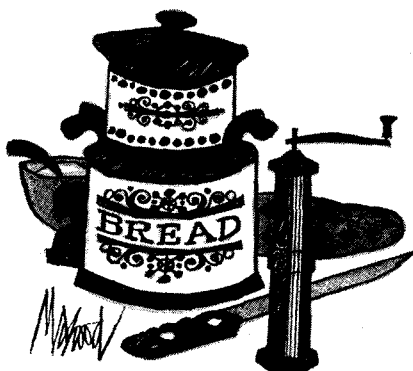
AFTER landing in Kathmandu, we cleared customs rapidly and reached our hotel by 1 P.M., at which point our plans became somewhat ambiguous. This had to do with the way trekking—and, indeed, tourism as a whole—has evolved in Nepal since 1967. In 1967, there were basically two possible treks. (We did both of them.) A limited area of western Nepal was open to foreigners, so one could trek in the general region of Annapurna, although not too close to the Tibetan border. And there was a specific path that followed the route used by the two Swiss expeditions to Mt. Everest in 1952 and by many of the Everest expeditions that followed them. (With the success of Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norkay in 1953, the fact that the Swiss came very close to climbing the mountain the year before has been all but forgotten.) The Swiss route is a little less than two hundred miles each way from Kath-

mandu. It takes about thirteen days of walking to get from Kathmandu to Namche Bazar—the principal Sherpa community in the Everest region—and, if one goes straight through, a week to get from there to the base of Mt. Everest. In 1967, one was expected to stick precisely to this route, and the Nepalese authorities enforced the rule strictly. In fact, mountain climbing had been banned in Nepal in 1965, and the ban was not lifted until 1969. One of the reasons for the climbing ban and the trekking restrictions was the delicate relations between the Nepalese and the Chinese, who occupied neighboring Tibet. Since 1967, there has been a general relaxation of tensions between the two countries, and one corollary is that Nepal has opened up most of the frontier region around Everest to trekkers. It is now possible to crisscross various valleys by high mountain passes and to see at close range mountains like Cho Oyu, which, at twenty-six thousand nine hundred and six feet, is the sixth-highest mountain in the world. It is not far from Everest, but because other mountains blocked the view we didn't see it on our earlier trek. Furthermore, since 1978 the Nepalese government has opened up to trekkers what are referred to as "trekking peaks"—mountains between eighteen thousand and twenty thousand feet high, some very difficult to climb and some quite easy, which are accessible to small trekking parties for fees of between seven-fifty and thirty dollars a person. Many Nepalese treks—including Jaccoux's—offer, for those who are interested, the possibility of climbing one or more of these relatively modest Himalayan peaks.

In view of all the new possibilities, very few trekkers want to spend thirteen days walking to the Everest region. They much prefer to fly. In a way, this is a pity, for one of the great satisfactions we got out of our 1967 trek was seeing the Nepalese countryside. Much of it was very tropical, and

extraordinarily beautiful in a serene way. When one finally saw the mountains, it was the culmination of days of hard work. One felt that one had earned the view. Moreover, by the time we arrived in Namche Bazar we were well acclimatized to the altitude. In the Everest region, one's reaction to altitude is crucial, and for this reason the climbing expeditions often still make the walk. In the nineteen-sixties, Hillary constructed an airfield at a place called Lukla, which is at an altitude of ninety-two hundred feet—a hard day's walk from Namche Bazar. In 1967, we used this field—it was literally just that—when we flew in a tiny light plane back to Kathmandu. These days, almost all the trekkers to the Everest region fly, or try to fly, to Lukla, and start their treks from there. This means that most trekkers are now dependent on the airplane, and this, in turn, causes all kinds of problems.

Royal Nepal Airlines flies two Canadian-built Twin Otters between Lukla and Kathmandu. Each holds about sixteen trekkers and climbers, plus their gear. The flights begin operating about seven in the morning, if there is no ground fog in Kathmandu. Frequently, there is ground fog, which does not burn off until perhaps nine or ten. The forty-minute flights operate until about ten-thirty, when, very often, clouds begin closing in at Lukla. Visibility is absolutely essential to these mountain flights. One local pilot told me, "If in Nepal you encounter a cloud, it usually has rocks in it." This means that on a good day the two Twin Otters might make a total of four flights to Lukla, and on a *very* rare day six, ferrying between sixty and a hundred trekkers. Our group, which was one of dozens in Kathmandu wanting to go to Everest, consisted, as I've said, of thirty-five people. The problem is apparent. To cope with it, Jaccoux works with a large trekking and mountaineering organization in Kathmandu which supplies the Sherpas, tents, and food for the treks, and also, like its competitors, has an employee in Tribhuvan International Airport, in Kathmandu, and another in Lukla, both with the full-time job of getting the company's clients on the flights. Someone who simply shows up at one airport wanting to fly to the other will be in for a long wait—usually days. For this reason, the first thing that Jaccoux did when we got to Kathmandu was to go to his agency to see when we could expect to



leave. Before going, he warned us that it might be as early as the next morning at seven, so we had better get our gear in order. I privately hoped we would be delayed, since I was pretty tired from the flight from Europe and would welcome a few days to look around Kathmandu once again. But I spent the afternoon arranging everything so that I would be set to leave the next morning. Jaccoux showed up in the early evening to announce that there was no space for our group on tomorrow's flights, so we'd have the day off. Finally, I could get to bed.

I SPENT the next day—Sunday—wandering through Kathmandu, and decided it had changed relatively little since my 1979 visit, at least in comparison with the wild “progress” of the preceding decade. In 1969, there were two high-quality hotels in Kathmandu, and others were being planned. By 1979, there were half a dozen. Now there are four five-star hotels, two four-star hotels, and four three-star hotels, and also several more modest establishments that provide comfortable lodgings. Even as late as 1969, no Westerner in his right mind would eat anyplace but the two hotel restaurants. These days, there are dozens of restaurants; a few feature Western food, but most serve Indian, Chinese, Tibetan, or Nepalese cuisine, the latter two being a kind of mixture of the former two. I, at least, had no hesitation about eating in any of these places, though I was, of course, careful about eating salads and fruit I had not peeled myself. In 1967, there was one trekking outfit in Nepal, belonging to Colonel J. O. M. Roberts, a retired British Gurkha officer. A guidebook to Nepal published in 1983 lists thirty-four such agencies in Kathmandu, and is careful to note that these are only “some” of them. In 1967, it was virtually impossible to buy or rent mountaineering or trekking equipment in Nepal. Now there is a whole section of Kathmandu—Thamel—crammed with shops that rent and sell such equipment. (I hadn't brought an ice axe with me and could easily have rented one there, but that would have added to the weight of my baggage on the plane. And I had been assured I could purchase an axe in Namche Bazar, which had also apparently undergone something of a boom in my absence.) Tourism is now the

largest source of foreign exchange in the country.

Given all this, it is only too easy to forget what a genuinely poor country Nepal is. In 1977, the most recent year for which I could find statistics, four and a half million Nepalese, or thirty-six per cent of the population, had a daily income of less than two rupees—about fifteen cents. The daily food intake of this poorest sector was only about seventeen hundred and fifty calories per capita that year, though the minimal survival limit is usually given as something over twenty-two hundred. Still, one does not have the impression—as one sometimes does in India—of a starving, desperate population. On the contrary, there seems to be a genuine sense of well-being among people on all levels of the economic scale. Each time I have visited Nepal, I have—perhaps naïvely—come away with the feeling that I had been among a population of reasonably happy and often joyous people. The life expectancy has been steadily rising, and in 1981, exclusive of infant mortality (which has been decreasing), was about forty-five years for men and forty-two years for women (in India, it was fifty-two years for men and fifty years for women), despite the fact that there were only five hundred and sixty-two doctors in a country with a population of fifteen million. (As an exercise, I once counted the physicians listed in the Manhattan telephone directory under the letter “A.” I found a



hundred and seventy-nine.) Smallpox has been eradicated in Nepal, and although at the time of my most recent trip there had been some increase in malaria cases in the southern part of the country, there could be no comparison between their frequency today and the ravages of the disease in the days before effective mosquito control. There were still far too many of the parasitic infections that could be controlled simply by improving hygienic standards.

For all these reasons, to come to Kathmandu expecting it to resemble a spotless mountain city like Zurich or Geneva would be foolish. Apart from anything else, the largely Hindu community lets a plethora of sacred cows wander unobstructed in the middle of the steadily growing vehicular traffic. By changing blocks, one can transport oneself back and forth over various centuries in a way that is almost

unimaginable in a Western city. In the course of a few streets, I encountered a Tibetan wearing a T-shirt that said “The University of Hawaii;” a Nepalese teen-ager who tried to sell me hashish or his sister; and a poster in the window of a travel agency describing a night-club act called “Rags to Riches.” The poster read “Rags to Riches roaming around the world now in Kathmandu . . . featuring Johnathan from France on guitar and Philip from Iceland on flute. Cheering you up with folk music, jokes, and skits in a friendly atmosphere.” I also overheard a woman in the elegant Chinese restaurant in the Annapurna Hotel say delightedly, “Oh, they have American chop suey!” There are a number of English-language bookstores in Kathmandu, some of which have fairly advanced physics and mathematics textbooks in their windows—one indication that Nepal is now producing a young generation of scientists and engineers. In one of the bookstores, I asked the proprietor if he still stocked a book I wrote long ago on Nepal, “The Wildest Dreams of Kew,” which in 1979 survived in Kathmandu in a British edition. He expressed great regret that it was no longer available, and said I should write a new one. “It will sell like a hot cake,” he assured me.

Later that night—or, really, early Monday morning—there was a violent thunderstorm in Kathmandu. Neither Jaccoux nor I had ever before seen lightning here; it was very impressive and a little frightening. Thunder over the Himalaya! In the morning, one could see a good deal of fresh snow on the mountains. But the day was clear, and half of our group, under the direction of a guide named Guy Abert, managed to get off. They would be doing the same trek as the rest of us, but a day or so in advance. (The original plan, to go in stronger and weaker groups, had been scrapped.) Jaccoux's group, of which I was part, was left behind. Our day would come, we hoped.

ONE of the Twin Otters broke down, so there was no flight for us on Tuesday, either. Jaccoux arranged a bus trip for our group to the Dakshinkali, a shrine about ten miles from Kathmandu which is dedicated to the Hindu goddess Kali, the terrifying goddess of death. At this particular shrine, animal sacrifice is still practiced. I have, to put it mildly, no fondness for animal sacrifice, but the

drive is one of the loveliest short excursions one can make from Kathmandu, and so I went along. Besides, I had been so busy wandering around the city that I had not really spent any time with our group, and it seemed to me a good idea to get to know some of the people I was going to be trekking with—assuming we ever reached Lukla. I got down to the lobby of the hotel around seven, and found it a polyglot mass of trekkers, some coming and some going. There was gear everywhere. In a not very cheerful frame of mind, I got on our bus, but the beauty of the day made it hard to remain depressed. As the bus left Kathmandu, the road began to climb, and soon we had new and wonderful views of the Himalaya. We arrived at the Dakshinkali in midmorning. The atmosphere there is that mixture of the sacred and the mundane which often seems to attend Nepalese religious ceremonies. When we got out of our bus, we were inundated by beggars and hawkers of every persuasion. Jaccoux recalled for me something from our 1967 trip which I had forgotten about: The only place we visited where children asked for things like bonbons had been the ancient town of Kirtipur, in the Kathmandu Valley. Struck by this anomaly, Jaccoux had looked into the matter, and discovered that there had been an American film crew there the previous summer and its members had distributed candy to the children. By the time we got there, a few months later, the children had come to assume that any foreigner might give them candy. By now, the phenomenon of children asking for money or candy—or, in more remote areas, for pens—is pervasive.

At the Dakshinkali, I struck up a conversation with a very lively boy who spoke English extremely well. He was selling lucky charms. He told me, "Business is good luck—no business bad luck." I asked him how old he was, and he said fifteen. I asked him if he was married, and he said yes. I asked if he had any children, and he said five. He added, with a huge, mischievous grin, "And after one more year I want to marry a French girl." I asked him how to say "I don't have any money" in Nepali. He told me that the phrase was "*Paisha chhaina*." He made me pronounce it several times, until I got it right. He then tried to sell me a charm. I said, "*Paisha chhaina*." He looked a little dumbfounded, but then broke into irrepressible giggles. I bought two charms.

On the way back, we stopped at the Chobar Gorge. This is the place where, according to Nepalese legend, the Bodhisattva Mansjuri, a Buddha-like deity with superhuman powers, cut a passage through a hill with his sword, letting out water that, also according to the legend, covered the Kathmandu Valley. The Bagmati River flows through this gorge. Until 1974, it was one of the most beautiful places in Nepal. One could walk down the steep embankment to the river, where there was a beautiful ancient pagoda temple. Nearby, one of the first steel bridges built in Nepal—a footbridge, constructed close to the turn of the century—crossed the river. I used to go there often just to sit and think. In 1974, with the aid of the West Germans, the Nepalese constructed a cement factory not far from the temple. It spews smoke into the otherwise crystal-clear atmosphere—smoke that can be seen all over the valley. The whole place has been transformed into an ugly mess. God knows, the Nepalese need housing, and therefore cement, but surely it wasn't necessary to put that factory in precisely that place; in fact, when I was in Nepal in 1979 I read that the factory was having difficulty finding the right kind of earth nearby to use in the manufacture of cement. I was glad when our bus left to return to Kathmandu.

ON Wednesday, I got as far as the airport. The night before, we had almost given up. Jaccoux had said he could not be optimistic about our getting out anytime in the near future. He said we might consider another trek—to Langtang, for example, which is due north of Kathmandu and for which no flight is required. We talked it over and decided that we would stick to our original plan and try to go to Everest. We woke up at four-forty-five to be ready to leave, with our gear, at six. There were two flights for Lukla listed, the first one leaving about seven. The airport appeared to be a total chaos of trekkers and Nepalese trying to get to various places. Somehow, out of all of this, Jaccoux managed to squeeze six members of our group onto the flights to Lukla. They were called one at a time, by name. It was a little like the Last Judgment, someone said. At ten-thirty-one, by my watch, there was the sound of loud hammering. Someone said, "They are fixing the plane." At ten-forty, the ten of us who hadn't been summoned gave up and went



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back to the hotel. I spent part of the day visiting the extraordinary English-language library that had belonged to Field Marshal Kaiser Shamsar Rana, who died in 1964. (The Field Marshal, who was an admirer of Kaiser Wilhelm, had changed the spelling of his first name from the fairly common Nepalese first name Keshar.) On my 1967 visit, the library, housed in the Field Marshal's palatial residence, was being catalogued prior to being opened to the public. I wanted to see how this project had fared. The library was indeed open to the public, and a few people were there using it. I wandered among the shelves for a while, and got the impression that nothing had been added since the Field Marshal's death. It is a somewhat bizarre collection of books, ranging from "The Wizard of Oz" to an entire cabinet devoted to volumes on sex. It was, it is said, the largest private library in Asia. I noted that the stuffed tiger—one that the Field Marshal himself had shot—which on the occasion of my first visit was being nibbled on by a live deer who had wandered indoors, was still there, although the deer had disappeared.

DEAR Lord, what a day! The hotel had been instructed to wake us at four-forty-five again, but for some reason all of us were phoned at three-forty-five. By 5 A.M., we were ready to leave for the airport. A special seven-o'clock flight had been arranged for those of us who did not get off yesterday, but by the time the dust settled and we were loaded on with our gear it was seven-thirty. I managed to get a seat just behind the pilots. (Both of them were Nepalese, but the pilot had a black bag with a decal in English that said "No More Mr. Nice Guy.") This is surely the most spectacular mountain flight in the world. The plane flies close to the eastern range of the Himalaya; as it goes east, the peaks get higher, culminating in the spectacular mountains around Everest: Lhotse, which, at twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and forty feet, is the fourth-highest mountain in the world, and, a little farther away, Makalu (at twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and sixty-six feet, fifth-highest), along with an almost uncountable panoply of snow-and-ice-covered summits of every shape and size. It is hard to choose which way to look. The airfield at Lukla is still a grass and dirt field, and

it is so small that the pilots land uphill in order to stop their planes, and take off downhill over a precipice that descends at least a thousand feet, to the Dudh Kosi River.

When I was last there, in 1967, Lukla consisted of the field and a small Sherpa village perched below it. There was no tower, no airport hotel, no coffee shop. And while we were camped above the village in this field, waiting to be flown out, some kind of large cat—conceivably a snow leopard—visited our tents at night. One could see its eyes gleaming in a nearby sward. When I asked the Sherpas what it was, I was told only that it "doesn't eat yaks," and found that only mildly reassuring. The present Lukla International Airport and environs have everything they previously lacked. There are innumerable small, innlike hotels (of uncertain quality) and also the very substantial and comfortable Sherpa Coöperative Hotel, with hot and cold running water. I doubt whether a wild cat has been seen in the vicinity of the airport in years.

After we landed, the first order of business was to rearrange our gear. We had worn our heaviest stuff for the plane trip, because the weight limits for carry-on baggage were very strict. It was pretty snappy at nine thousand feet at eight-thirty in the morning, but certainly not cold enough to have all that gear on, so we repacked and began locating our Sherpas and porters, some of whom were at Lukla and some of whom had gone on ahead to Namche with the six members of our group who had come in yesterday. Next, we had breakfast—eggs and chapatties and coffee or tea. Then Jaccoux explained the facts of life. The original plan that he had worked out in France assumed that we would be in Lukla on Monday, so we had lost three days. If we wanted to do the full program, he said, it meant that some of the schedule would have to be revised. In particular, instead of going from Lukla to Namche in two days, we must try to get to Namche today, first dropping six hundred feet to cross the Dudh Kosi at a place called

Phakding, which was to have been our first campsite, and then climbing up to Namche at eleven thousand feet, the entire exercise to take a minimum of eight hours. We all agreed that under the circumstances it was the thing to try, and set off at our various paces.

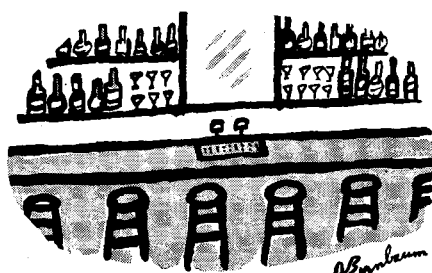
In Kathmandu, I had bought a wonderful new guidebook to Nepal, written by two professors at Tribhuvan University, in Kirtipur—Trilok Chandra Majupuria and Indra Majupuria. I treasure this guide for both its candor and its accuracy, and I am also very fond of the way its sentences capture the cadence of the way many Nepalese speak English. There is one paragraph, headed "While Trekking," which I had more or less committed to memory, and whose advice I intended to follow fairly rigorously. It begins:

By plane or bus you can reach your departure point for trekking. A new feeling can be experienced. Departure time should be usually early in the morning. Fix porters ahead of your schedule. Usually they are quite punctual. During trekking you should see that it is very important to maintain your trekking rhythms. It should be generally three hundred metres [nine hundred and eighty-four feet] per hour on an upward slope and four hundred to six hundred metres [thirteen hundred and twelve to nineteen hundred and sixty-eight feet] per hour for a downward slope.

In a definitive book on the effects of high altitude, "Going High," the noted American climber and doctor Charles Houston suggests the following schedule: Take one "day" to reach five thousand feet. (He doesn't say what a "day" is, but from six to eight hours is a normal-to-heavy trekking day.) Then take one day for each two thousand feet up to ten thousand feet. Thereafter, take one day for each altitude change of between seven hundred and a thousand feet. This pace is much slower than the Majupurias', but it was quite clear to me from the outset that our trek to Namche was going to violate both limits.

The paragraph continues:

Do not walk fast on the trail as it is harmful. Do not mind if any member of your group walks fast, you should be slow and steady at your normal pace. Porters like to walk quickly and stop frequently. Let them do so or ask them to keep pace with you, but you maintain your rhythm. Experience shows that you should not move very straight as it is tiresome. Another hint given by porters is that your pace should be crisscross. These hints will not make you feel tired during the trail. In the next morning, the sirdar or chief porter gets up early and offers you hot tea or coffee which can be repeated if you want. Early hours begin with washing and clean-



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ing. Take breakfast, pack up things and start trekking. It is advised that trekking should be done generally for three hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon. During the mid-day, relaxing is suggested. Take care during the trek you should eat more. During trekking keep some distance with your friends otherwise you may discuss your own things. Enjoy the trail with your open eyes and ears. In the evening you can write in your diary if you want. Porters like to halt about 10-10:30 AM as they do not eat breakfast. They fill their plate with rice or *tsampa* (barley flour) and eat a good quantity. Smoke a bidi [a small cigar] or cigarette and become ready for the rest of the day's march. During the day you may want to have a wash in the sun or you may do so in the evening at your halting place or may not do so at all. There are several tea-shops along the trail where you can enjoy hot tea. It is better to halt several times during the day as you have to get acclimatized and develop the habits. A camping site should be near the water and near a place which gives a good view.

Apart from smoking the bidi, it all seemed like fine advice to me. On the way down from Lukla, there was not much opportunity for "crisscross." Jaccoux had told me that so much traffic travels to and from Lukla that this part of the trail has been made into a kind of "superhighway." Every few minutes, one meets up with trekkers, Sherpas, or trains of yaks, or the lowlands equivalents. (In English, "yak" has come to mean all animals that look like yaks. In Sherpa, *yak* refers to the male of a certain species. The female, with shorter hair, is called a *nak*. Yaks are often crossed with cows to produce the *dzum*, the male version of which is called the *dzopchuk*—to me, the word sounds something like "zop-cho." It is the *dzopchuk* that is usually used to transport things.) There are no wheeled vehicles here or in any part of the Everest region, and it is difficult for me to imagine that there ever will be. It might be possible to build a road to Namche and beyond, but it would cost a fortune, and there is the risk that it might be wiped out by a flood. In September of 1977, in fact, an avalanche fell from Ama Dablam, the magnificent twenty-two-thousand-three-hundred-and-fifty-foot Matterhorn-like mountain northeast of Namche, into a lake that was feeding the Dudh Kosi River, creating a thirty-foot wave that washed away seven bridges and part of the trail we were walking on. (As far as I could see, all this devastation had been repaired, and if Jaccoux had not told me about it I don't think I would have

been aware anything had occurred.)

As we walked, we passed a number of small hotels (some of them advertised hot showers), tea shops, and restaurants, all of which had been built since 1967. Around noon, we stopped for lunch, and then, after lunch, we came to the small Sherpa community of Jorsale, part of which had also been wiped out in the flood. Just beyond Jorsale is the entrance to Sagarmatha National Park. (Sagarmatha is the name in Nepali for Mt. Everest. The Tibetan, and also the Sherpa, name for the mountain is Chomo-lungma, sometimes translated as Goddess Mother of the Snows, which is also the translation of the Nepali name.) This park is about four hundred and eighty square miles and contains all the high mountains in the Everest region. It was created in 1976 in an attempt to preserve the area—the number of trekkers and climbers had simply become too large and their effect on the environment too destructive to let matters continue without some kind of regulation. At the entrance to the park, one must show one's trekking permit to a uniformed park official. The permit, a kind of internal passport issued, for a fee, by the Ministry of Home Affairs, in Kathmandu, bears one's photograph and one's passport number and states the precise regions that one can visit and for how long. Ours were good for about three weeks, and warned us to "keep twenty-five miles off the northern borders of Nepal." If his permit is in order, the trekker pays a fee of sixty rupees—about four dollars—for a permit to enter the park. The pink entry permit has the park rules printed on the back, and from them one can get a pretty clear idea of the concerns that led to the creation of the park. Rules 2 and 3 are particularly instructive. Rule 2 reads:

TREKKING IS AN ACCEPTABLE CHALLENGE.
BUT

- Please do not litter, dispose it properly.
" " " remove anything from the Park.
" " " damage plant.
" " " disturb wildlife.
" " " carry arms and explosives.
" " " scale any mountain without proper permission.
" " " scale any sacred peaks of any elevation.

Please keep all the time to the main trek-routes.

I was told in Kathmandu that since the creation of the park there had been a resurgence of wildlife in the region, and this suggests that there must have

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been hunting there before the rules went into effect. Wolves, snow leopards, various kinds of deer, and pheasants are coming back; indeed, the wolves have created a problem for the Sherpas, who must now protect their yaks more carefully.

Rule 3 reads:

Be self-sufficient in your fuel supply before entering the park.

Buying fuel wood from local people or removing any wood materials from the forest is illegal. This will apply to your guides, cooks and porters also.

The rationale for this rule is that, between the trekkers and the local people, the forests in the Everest region (and much of the rest of Nepal) were being cut away, causing a dramatic increase in land erosion. In a sense, the Himalaya were being washed into the Bay of Bengal—and still are. There are attempts at reforestation all over Nepal, but it is not clear that these can keep up with the destruction of the forests. It had been pointed out to me in Kathmandu that while the regulations against using wood for fires in the park are obeyed by the trekking companies—we, for example, were carrying in large cans of kerosene—they are not obeyed by the local people, who have little or no contact with the park officials. As I passed some of the little hotels and restaurants along the trail, I noticed stacks of firewood, and from time to time I came across Sherpas carrying baskets of wood. If these violations are not stopped soon, all the accessible forests will be gone.

Not far beyond Jorsale, the Dudh Kosi and the Bhote Kosi Rivers meet. The trail goes up between them—steeply up—gaining about two thousand feet of altitude to reach Namche. Before we started climbing, Jaccoux gave us a little lecture in which he suggested that we should walk for twenty minutes and rest for about ten, even if we did not feel winded. The idea was simply to let our bodies become accustomed to the new altitudes. I was quite happy to do this, and as we got higher the ratios gradually shifted until I was walking ten minutes and resting twenty. By the time I got to Namche, it was dark, but, thanks to new electric lights, I had no trouble navigating around the

place. It is small but crammed with shops, restaurants, and small hotels. All the houses are of the classic stone Sherpa construction, but I did notice that most of them now had glass windows, which were extremely rare in 1967. While I was wandering along the main street, I ran into a couple of members of our group, and they showed me where we were all camped—in a small field behind one of the hotels. That night, we had a cheerful dinner in our communal “mess tent,” topping it off with a few generous swigs of the expedition whiskey.

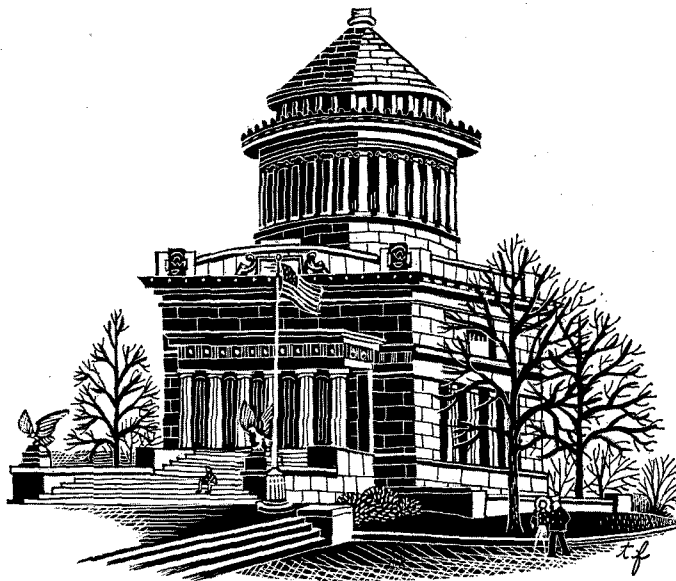
IN the Jaccoux itinerary, Friday had been advertised as a “*Journée d'acclimatation*,” which I would freely translate as a day when Jaccoux intended to subject us to some rigorous training. The night before was fairly cold, and I was sure that it was going to get colder. The Sherpas woke us up at seven-thirty—rather late for a trekking morning—and by the time we got our assorted acts together it was nine-thirty. The day's exercise was a hike to Khunde, a Sherpa village about a thousand feet higher than Namche, and then a climb of a fourteen-thousand-five-hundred-foot peak behind the village; this would enable Jaccoux to see what kind of shape everybody was in. Our group ranged in age from a sixty-year-old man who worked for the French railways but whose avidly pursued hobby was climbing and skiing to a fellow in his twenties who worked for the French space program and was also a regular climber and hiker. In between were several women whom I estimated to be in their early thirties. One of them was an ophthalmologist who practiced in Lyons. She

had had general training as a doctor and had put in a year of general practice in Africa. She would be our trek doctor. Two of the other women were nurses, so presumably we would be all right. There was a smattering of engineers, and an electronics technician from a physics laboratory in Orsay. Nearly all these people—about half were men and half women—were either dedicated climbers or veterans of treks with Jaccoux, or both. I seemed to be the second oldest, and I tried not to slow things down.

The walk to Khunde was stunningly beautiful, and offered the first views of that spectacular peak Ama Dablam. The edge was taken off a bit by a sign not far from Namche warning trekkers about the effects of altitude and pointing out that one trekker in a thousand in the Everest region dies of altitude-related disorders. (One in forty climbers in the Himalaya dies on the mountains, but that is another matter.) We had heard that just the previous night a seventy-four-year-old trekker had died following a heart attack at the Thyangboche monastery, which is at nearly thirteen thousand feet. I discussed this with Jaccoux, and asked him why more people didn't encounter serious altitude problems when they climbed Mont Blanc, which, at an altitude of fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-one feet, is the highest mountain in Western Europe—especially since all sorts of people simply come off the street in Chamonix and successfully climb the peak. He thought that the reason was clear. When one climbs Mont Blanc, one spends at most one night at something like twelve thousand five hundred feet, climbs the mountain early the next

morning, and, as a rule, is back in Chamonix early in the afternoon. The Everest trekker, on the other hand, is spending two weeks at altitudes well over twelve thousand feet and is often camping at altitudes substantially higher than the crest of Mont Blanc. The body either adapts to that or breaks down. “It's too bad that the most beautiful trek in Nepal is also the most dangerous,” he said.

The trail, which was as wide as a jeep road, led over a pass at about thirteen thousand feet and then down into Khunde. Our first stop was the hospital



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that Hillary built for the Sherpas in 1966, with money he raised from speaking tours and from private contributions. In 1967, we had spent a good deal of time talking with John McKinnon, who was the first doctor in the Khunde hospital, and held the post for two years. He is now practicing back in his native New Zealand, and we have corresponded from time to time. I was curious to see how some of his projects were faring. One of McKinnon's main concerns had to do with the lack of iodine in the Sherpa diet. The Himalaya, like most mountain regions, contain virtually no iodine; what iodine there is in the soil is eroded away and is not replaced by iodine from rainfall. As a consequence, there was a very high incidence of goiter in the adult population. Even worse, parents with this disorder tended to produce cretinous children. In 1967, I recalled, we had passed with horror through a village not far from Namche in which every adult appeared to have goiter and every child appeared to be cretinous. (This same problem was so severe in the Alps in the last century that Edward Whymper, the man who first climbed the Matterhorn, used to apply to the Alpine villages the words from the Missionary Hymn "every prospect pleases and only man is vile.")

I knocked on the hospital door, and an amiable-looking bearded young man appeared. He identified himself as Dr. Keith Buswell, and said he had been in Khunde for only two months but was planning on staying for two years. I asked him about the iodine problem, and he told me that it had essentially been solved. There had been, as far as he knew, no recent cases of cretinous children born to parents with goiter. Initially, the main treatment used had been injections of iodine. Then an odd thing happened. Sherpas, like most Asian farmers, use human waste as fertilizer. As a result of the injections, the waste soon contained iodine in sufficient quantities, it appears, to iodize crops like the potato, a staple of the Sherpa diet. The upshot is that lack of iodine is no longer a threat. Furthermore, Dr. Buswell said, he also saw relatively few cases of tuberculosis—that had been another of McKinnon's major problems—and those he did see he could treat. Dr. Buswell said he thought that Sherpa longevity was now greater than that of the general Nepalese population, in substantial part thanks to the better medical care the Sherpas get. In all

Nepal, according to a 1981 figure, there was one doctor for each twenty-five thousand two hundred and thirty Nepalese. Buswell, after all, is treating a population that is probably a few thousand at most. Our medical women wanted to see what the operating room looked like, and Dr. Buswell gave us a tour. They asked him if he could do complicated childbirths—cesareans, for example. He said that he could, but that Sherpa women wanted to have their babies at home, if it was at all possible. When we went outside to join the rest of the group, it turned out that another of our women had a problem she wanted to discuss with him, and as she spoke only French I acted as interpreter. She had been taking medicine for a thyroid condition, and the previous night she had broken the bottle. It turned out that Dr. Buswell could replace the medicine from his stock, and the group as a whole insisted, over his protests, on paying for it and also paying the standard fee for a consultation to foreigners—a hundred rupees, or seven dollars. The hospital needed money, after all. As we were leaving, Dr. Buswell asked us not to give any candy to the Sherpa children. "It's bad for their teeth," he said, "and there is no dentist in the region."

We climbed our peak, with me bringing up the rear. By the time I got back to our camp in Namche, it was dark. I managed to take a hot shower (the last for a while), using the hotel's facility—an odd affair, which one operated by pouring hot water into a bucket then letting it run through a pipe into the shower by opening a valve. It was fairly crude, but never mind—it was wonderful. I was asleep by seven-thirty.

SATURDAY was a fine day. At 6 A.M., as we expected, the Sherpas woke us for tea. Before setting off in the general direction of Everest, we had a good deal of packing up to do. Jaccoux ran into someone who told him that he had been over the Chola La in basketball shoes; that meant there must be less snow up there than usual. In any case, I jettisoned my crampons. One less thing to carry. I had, however, rented an ancient ice axe in Namche. It had a wooden shaft, not a metal one, which made it something out of the dark ages of mountaineering, but it looked perfectly adequate to me. On this part of the trip, the yaks carried the heavy loads. By the time we got—or the Sherpas got—our livestock

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loaded, it was nine-thirty, and then the first stop was the police station just above Namche, for another check of our trekking permits. Out on the trail, we moved north and a bit east. I was hoping we might get a view of the now defunct Hotel Everest View, above Khumjung, but the trail didn't pass it. The Everest View was a sort of chimera constructed in the early seventies by some Nepalese and Japanese entrepreneurs—a luxury hotel at thirteen thousand feet. There were tanks of oxygen readily available, in case one felt a need for it, and people had to fly in—when this was possible—to get there. In 1979, we visited an equally chimerical place that is now defunct. Somewhat south of the Everest region, in a beautiful Sherpa village called Phaphlu, at about eight thousand feet, was a remarkable hotel called the Hostellerie des Sherpas. The manager was a twenty-four-year-old Sherpa named Rinzi Lama, who came from an extremely wealthy and distinguished family. Rinzi had studied the hotel business in Italy, and spoke—besides Sherpa—Italian, Tibetan, Nepali, Hindi, and English. His uncle represented virtually the entire Sherpa community in the Nepalese parliament, and his family, by trading in Tibet, had amassed what amounted, in local terms, to a fortune. The hotel cost about thirty-five thousand dollars to build—an enormous sum in a country where the average daily wage is fifteen cents. It had magnificent Tibetan-style decorations, and chandeliers with electric lights, which were run from a special generator, since there was no other electric power in Phaphlu. It was a marvellous place in a superb setting, but it failed, again because the only way to get there—apart from walking for a week—was to fly to the landing strip in Phaphlu in one of two Swiss Pilatus Porters, which hold about six passengers. Given the premium on flights in Nepal, it was simply not possible—especially during the trekking season—to guarantee transportation there. (We went in January, when there were almost no trekkers.) In time, the hotel simply went out of business.

Until lunch, we followed the classic route to Everest—our route in 1967. Thereafter, it was, for me, terra incognita. We were on our way to the Gokyo Valley, near the base of Cho Oyu—an area that had been closed to us on the earlier trip. We began by heading up a steep trail to the top of a ridge at twelve thousand nine hundred

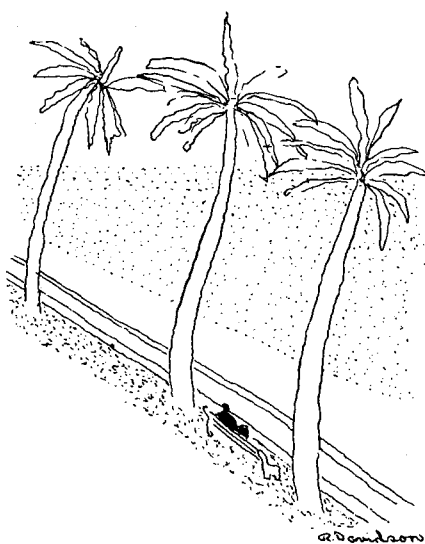
feet. (Jaccoux had brought along a very accurate altimeter that was good to twenty-six thousand feet, and he would read off the altitude if one happened to be in his vicinity.) While I was resting at a large *chorten*—a religious monument—on top of the ridge, along came one of our female Sherpas, or Sherpanis. She was following one of our animals, tapping it from time to time with a stick to indicate who was in charge. She was wearing a long black dress and a decorative necklace, both typical of Sherpa women. The dress came down to a well-worn pair of blue basketball shoes on her feet—symbols of the new prosperity that trekking has brought to the Sherpas. In 1967, nearly all the Sherpas and Sherpanis, except those who were going to high altitudes on snow, went barefoot on trails like this. She smelled—not disagreeably—of smoke. (There are not many chimneys in Sherpa houses—there weren't in 1967, and there still aren't. Smoke gets in your eyes and everywhere else from the indoor fires used for cooking and for warmth. The place of honor in a Sherpa house is next to the fire, which, considering the temperatures inside these houses, is not surprising.) The girl had a beautiful, strong Asian face. She must have been carrying at least forty pounds in a woven basket on her back. As she walked along, she sang a mournful, wordless song, over and over. I was much taken with the melody, and wished I had enough of an ear so that I could sing it, too. From time to time, she said something like “*Euuk-euuk*” to her beast. They were walking at such a delightfully slow pace that I tagged along. From time to time, she met a girl friend on the trail, and they had a giggly chat. The only thing I could think of to

ask as we walked along together was “*Yak?*”—pointing to the animal. “*Dzopchuk,*” she said, giving the beast an affectionate slap on the rump. That exhausted my Sherpa, and she did not know any English, so we padded along the trail in our separate linguistic spaces.

Eventually, we pulled in to a beautiful campsite near a bridge that crossed the Dudh Kosi River. A few hundred feet above the bridge was the village of Phortse, which, at twelve thousand six hundred feet, is one of the highest year-round communities in Nepal. I could tell, as the sun set, that this was going to be a cold night.

IT was a cold night. On this trek, I couldn't seem to get myself warm enough at night, even though I wore everything I could think of. It really was cold. I could tell because the hot tea I put in my canteen to drink during the night froze solid, and it stayed half frozen the whole day. On the other hand, there had not been a cloud in the sky since we got to Lukla. When we were here about this same time of year in 1967, it snowed almost every afternoon, and in the end we more or less gave up because of the snow. This time, even without snow, the cold and the altitude were beginning to get on people's nerves. One of our married couples fought all morning. She was somewhat stronger than he was—or, at least, in better shape—and she rubbed it in. The great French guide Armand Charlet refused to take married couples climbing together, because he was afraid that this sort of thing might happen. One nice thing about this trek was that by choosing your pace you could walk by yourself—or, at least, with people who didn't get on your nerves. I had been walking by myself when, suddenly, there came the first spectacular view of Cho Oyu, at the head of the valley. This was clearly *its* valley. The mountain looks like a giant snowy armchair. It is said to be the “easiest” of the twenty-six-thousand-foot mountains, yet it has killed its share of climbers. The trail led straightforwardly to our next stop, the tiny village of Luza, at fourteen thousand four hundred feet. The coming night was bound to be—as Ila Tsering, the sirdar, or Sherpa chief, of our 1967 expedition, would have put it—“some cold.”

AFTER a fitful night's sleep—probably a consequence of the altitude—I got up on Monday morn-



ing with a sore throat. I took a gram of vitamin C and a tetracycline pill and decided that I was "cured." I had by now evolved a trail philosophy. Since I liked to walk slowly, I would start out before most of the group. That way, we would end up at the same place at about the same time. The trail now went sharply up for a bit and then moseyed off in the general direction of Cho Oyu. After about three hours, I encountered some of our Sherpas in what looked like a yak pen. They informed me that this was where we would have lunch. There was nothing to do but lie in the sun and wait, and that was fine with me. Next in view was Jaccoux, who had evidently moved up the trail like a deer. He told me that not far behind him was a beautiful young American woman trekking by herself, because, it seemed, her boyfriend had ditched her. Sure enough, not long after this conversation a very pretty young woman appeared, walking by herself. I said hello and invited her to join us for lunch. She had not seen a square meal for a few days and was glad to accept. We got to talking, and she said her boyfriend had indeed ditched her. He had come to Nepal to "find himself," and had decided that in this momentous search she was excess baggage. With three weeks to go on her trekking permit, she had decided that she'd be damned if she'd go home before doing all the trekking she could do.

In the nineteen-sixties, Nepal had been full of young people "finding themselves"—some in the Peace Corps and many more on the drug route through Asia Minor and the Indian subcontinent. The Majupurias, in their guidebook, comment on the latter group:

In early sixties and seventies, Nepal had been very popular with the freak community for hemp. Smoking of ganja was tolerated. However, several Nepalese youths also started to smoke it heavily owing to their association with freaks. Therefore, the Government banned hashish smoking. However, it still continues. Smuggling of hashish is strictly prohibited. Owing to the ban of hashish, the socio-economic condition of the farmers of the hilly region of western Nepal has been badly affected.

One thing that was evident to me after only a few days in Kathmandu was that the hippies—the "freaks"—who were ubiquitous on my earlier visits had disappeared. Perhaps they were now somewhere else in Nepal or had gone underground. One residue of those days is Freak Street in Kath-

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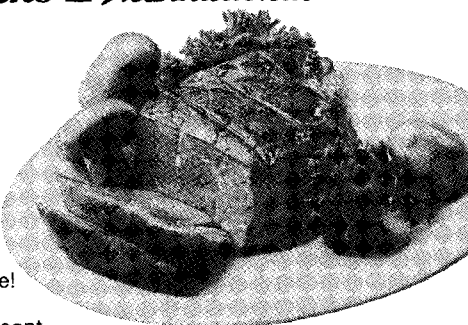
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mandu—still there and still so called.

After lunch, the American young woman went her way and we went ours. The upper Gokyo Valley is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. It culminates in the tiny village of Gokyo, which is on the shore of a magnificent blue-green mountain lake; if this place were ten thousand feet lower, it might become the Lake Tahoe of Asia. But it is at fifteen thousand eight hundred feet. We would be camping for the night nineteen feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.

TUESDAY morning, Jaccoux once again told us the facts of life. The first and determining fact was that we did not have enough porters. We did have the *dzopchuks*, but there was no possibility that those animals were going to get over the Chola La. This morning, the *dzopchuks* and the Sherpanis were going back down the Gokyo Valley and would start back up, by the normal trekking route, to the village of Lobuche, at about sixteen thousand two hundred feet. It was a long way around and would take them fully two days. The usual route goes northeast from Namche to the Khumbu Glacier, which is below Everest. We had headed due north to Gokyo and were now proposing to cross the Chola La and then head east toward Everest. This avoided retracing our route to Gokyo and then turning northeast toward Everest—a saving of at least a day, to say nothing of the fact that we would be seeing new terrain. Our Sherpas could carry enough tents so that we could sleep four to a tent for a couple of nights. There would also be just about enough food. We, on the other hand, would have to carry everything else, and this meant that for the hardest day of the trek we would be carrying about double our usual loads. The alternative was to follow the *dzopchuks* to Lobuche. Three members of the group—including the bickering married couple—decided to do just that. They had had enough of the altitude.

The rest of us headed down the Gokyo Valley trail and, at a place that the Sherpas pointed out, turned east. A little climbing brought us to the lower tongue of the Ngozumba Glacier, which, if one followed it north, would eventually lead, to judge from the map, to the sum-

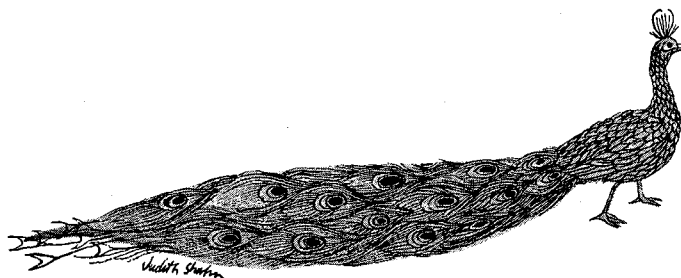
mit of Cho Oyu. From the map, it looked to me as if we could be no farther than ten miles from the Tibetan border. This part of the glacier was slightly slippery, but not very difficult. There were cairns on the ice from time to time, showing that we were on the right track. Eventually, we crossed the glacier and found ourselves on a high sward just below the pass. From there, the pass looked difficult but not impossible. The next day would tell the tale.

AT night, by flashlight in the tent, I had been reading a couple of paperback books I'd carried along. One of them was the collection of essays by Camus titled "The Myth of Sisyphus." The title essay ends, "The struggle itself towards the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy." I don't think we know any of the details of the route that Sisyphus followed up his underworld mountain when he futilely pushed the stone to the summit, but if it was like the Chola La it is difficult for me to imagine him happy. The terrain on the way up was not technically difficult—there was certainly no need for a rope. But it was steep, and was composed of that kind of unstable rock on which one takes two steps up and slides one step back down—the worst—and all this was at an altitude of over seventeen thousand feet. The only virtue of this exercise was that it enabled me to get to know, a little bit, one of our Sherpas. In 1967, the three of us had been with a small number of Sherpas for several weeks and so had got to know the Sherpas rather well. At the end, Ila Tsering invited us to his house in Namche for a couple of memorable Sherpa feasts, complete with dancing. It was even suggested, as I recall, that I marry one of the Sherpanis who were there. Now there were seventeen of us, four Sherpas, and three Sherpanis. The sirdar seemed to be a very nice man, but he was so unassuming and soft-spoken that I had not even found out his name. There were just too many of us

for anyone to get to know anyone else. On the climb to the top of the Chola La, I was, as usual, bringing up the rear. The oldest Sherpa, a man named Tashi, seemed to have been given the job of seeing to it that I kept going. Every once in a while, he said, "Now slowly, slowly going." I grinned at him, to show that I was O.K., and he grinned back. He offered to carry my pack, but I told him that that was not necessary. He couldn't have been much taller than five feet three. He had a wizened face and was clearly as tough as nails.

I went along like this for what seemed to be hours, with the snow-covered summit of the pass getting ever closer. It was horribly tiring work, and I kept having to sit down and catch my breath. But things didn't seem impossible—at least to me. So I was surprised to look up and see Jaccoux coming back down in my direction. That was odd. The last time I had seen him was at breakfast, when he gave each of us a candy bar, for an extra shot of glucose to get us over the pass. Now, when he was only a few feet above me—I was sitting down on a small rock—he told me to come up where he was. I told him that I was perfectly satisfied with my rock and saw no reason to come up to his. He said that the reason I should come up was that he was going to take my pack. There was no arguing about this. He put it on, and remarked that it seemed incredibly light to him. Thanks. He also remarked that I looked my fifty-three years. Thanks again. It was true that I hadn't shaved in several days and had a sort of white beard. It was also true that the various sun blocks I had been using didn't seem to have worked, and that my nose was peeling and the rest of my face was multicolored. As I was trying to think of something equally insulting to say to him, I noticed that we had reached the snowy summit. I also noticed that the woman who had the thyroid trouble was being more or less carried by two Sherpas. After they set her down and she had been seated for a

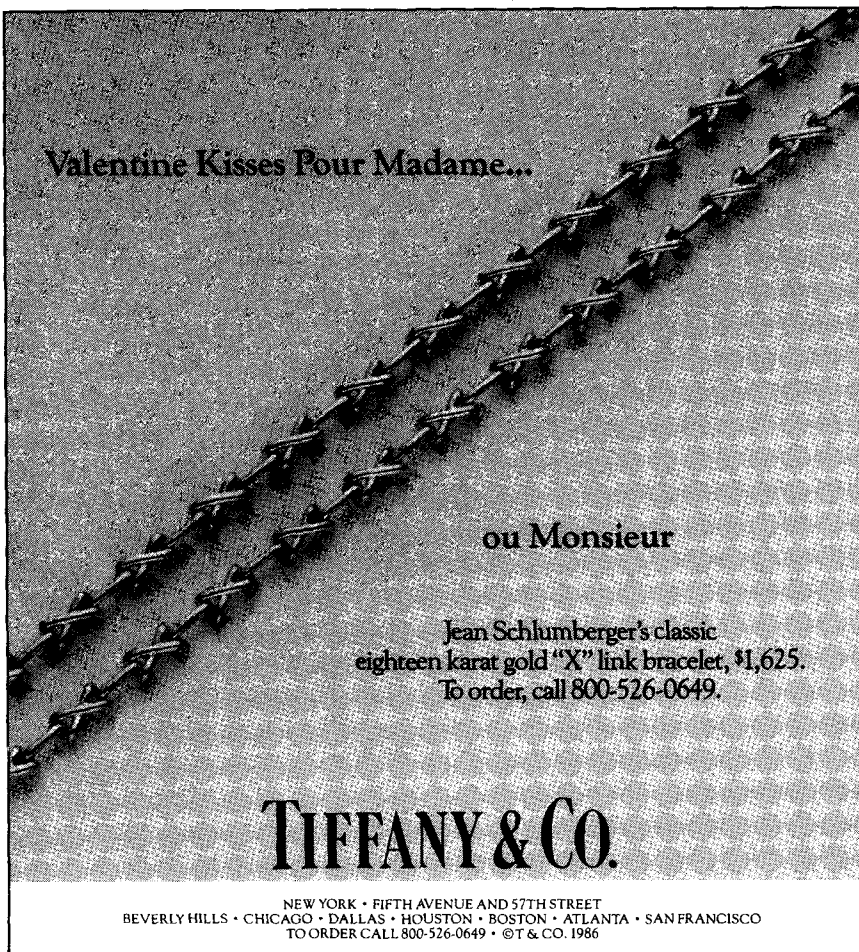
while, she seemed recovered. The other members of the group were sprawled out variously, eating lunch in the bright sunshine. It was a magnificent place, and if I hadn't been so beat I would have enjoyed it a lot more. After lunch, Jaccoux gave me some



kind of glucose pill, and we all headed off on a wide track in the snow on a fairly gentle downgrade. It soon steepened, and here crampons would have come in handy. I began to slide, but Jaccoux took my arm, and in this somewhat ungainly fashion we got off the snow and ice and on to a rocky trail. After a while, Jaccoux pointed out our destination—a place called Dzonghila, at fifteen thousand nine hundred feet. The trail had now broadened out, and since there was no way I could break anything, Jaccoux took off at his usual antelope-like pace for our camp, leaving me alone in this vast valley with the sun beginning to set. I was very tired but liked the solitude. From time to time, I looked back to see where we had come from. From here, the descent looked vertical. Going at my own slow pace, I managed to get to our camp just after the sun had set. It had been a very long, tough day.

THE next day, Thursday, was a relatively easy one, and that was just as well, because I was exhausted after eight days without a rest. Our original schedule had called for a couple of rest days, but we'd lost them when we had difficulty getting to Lukla. The woman with the thyroid trouble and her husband had gone back down toward Namche. Counting the three people who had started down two days before, that left eleven of the sixteen of us—and, of course, Jaccoux. Lobuche was the highest place we had camped in 1967. It was a grim place then. It consisted of a few yak pens and, as I recall, one stone building with no windows and no doors. It was now on the main trekking route to the Everest base camp, and was crawling with trekkers of every size, shape, and nationality. A few small hotels were selling, among other things, beer—at fifty-five rupees (four dollars) a bottle. Considering where we were, that seemed like a bargain. I heard an American say, "We saw a lot of mountains from the ridge, but I don't know what they are." Everest couldn't be much more than five miles from there.

SOME of the group went off on Friday morning to climb the Kala Pattar. This peak is just short of eighteen thousand two hundred feet, and is a wonderful place from which to see the whole west side of Everest. We climbed it in 1967, and I decided now that I didn't need to do it again, espe-



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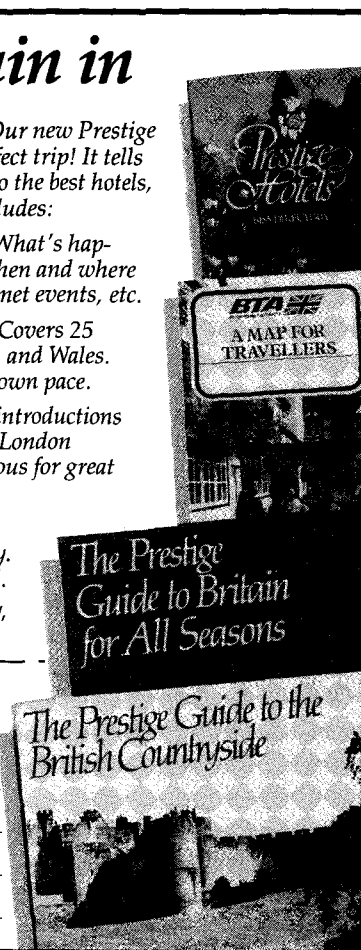
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cially since the plan was to camp tonight not at Lobuche but farther down the valley, at Pheriche. The Kala Pattar people were not expected to get into camp until about nine. I loafed a bit in the sun during the morning and then followed our *dzopchuks*—which had now rejoined us—down to Pheriche, which, at just under fourteen thousand feet, seemed to be practically in the lowlands. It is a substantial village and contains one of the most interesting phenomena to have been constructed in the region since 1967—the Trekkers' Aid Post. As far as I could make out, this was the idea of a Peace Corps volunteer named John Skow. It began in 1973 in a hut in Pheriche where Skow lived during the trekking season and, with the support of several of the large trekking agencies, performed various services for trekkers. Then, in 1975, a hundred thousand dollars was raised to build a small hospital that could give medical support to trekkers and climbers as well as serve the local community. By that time, enough people had got into serious trouble with the altitude so that the hospital was a welcome idea. In 1976, its first year of operation, the hospital had four hundred and thirty-six trekker-patient visits and five hundred and three Sherpa-patient visits. (Sherpas are treated free.) The hospital is financed by a nonprofit organization named the Himalayan Rescue Association and occupies a compact stone building, where two doctors are normally on duty. When I stopped in, one of the two—a British doctor named Patrick O'Sullivan—was out in the field: as part of their job, the doctors visit places like Gokyo from time to time to see if anyone is in trouble. The doctor who was in was a thirty-two-year-old bearded American from Iowa named Tony Waickman. He was in the process of making a chocolate cake, because O'Sullivan was going back to Britain and he wanted to give him a farewell dinner. He said that the physicians work at the hospital on an unpaid, voluntary basis and, in fact, are in Nepal just on tourist and trekking visas. They have seen as many as fifteen hundred trekker patients in a season, he said, with all kinds of ailments, from skin diseases to pulmonary edema—a severe and often fatal form of altitude sickness. He and everyone else I have spoken

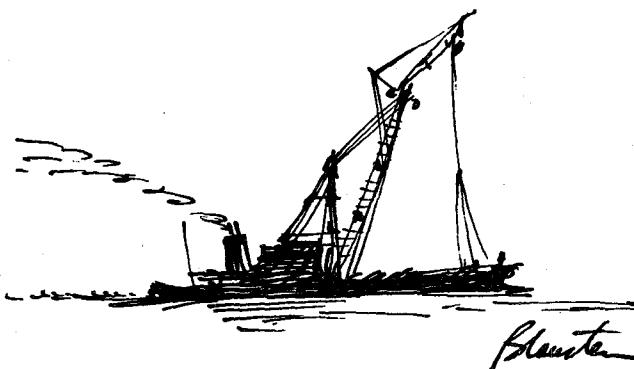
to about altitude sickness have agreed that there is only one thing to do that really works, and that is to get the patient down: the “miracle cure” is to lose a couple of thousand feet of altitude. If that can't be managed, one can inject the patient with diuretics—fluid buildup in the brain and lungs is the dangerous element of edemas—and put him on oxygen, but there is no substitute for getting a person down. Dr. Waickman told me that when he got finished with his stint in Pheriche he wanted to go back to Thailand, where he had been working in a refugee camp. By the time I left the hospital, it was dark. The Kala Pattar people began coming in around nine. Their feeling was that they were glad to have done it *once*.

FROM Pheriche, we headed north-east—back up toward Tibet, following the valley of the Imja Khola River. This valley had been closed in 1967, but I had read and heard from friends that it was one of the most spectacular places in Nepal. That they were not exaggerating was clear as soon as we had climbed over the ridge that separates Pheriche from the higher village of Dingboche and began to see the mountains that line the valley. On the right is Ama Dablam, so close that one can practically touch it. In front is a whole array of snow-covered peaks, some with fluted walls that look as if they had been carved by a sculptor. On the left are the south faces of Nuptse and Lhotse. The Lhotse face towers some ten thousand feet above the valley, absolutely sheer and swept with avalanches, and it is great to look at from the safety of the grassy valley. The Italian climber Reinhold Messner, who has climbed Everest twice (both times without oxygen and once alone), has said that the south face of Lhoste is not for climbers of this century—maybe for those of the next. (In spite of this, he is planning to try it in the fall.) We got to Chukhung, a small summer village at

fifteen thousand five hundred feet, in midafternoon. Jaccoux announced that the next day we would split into two groups. There would be a climbing group, which he would lead, and which would try Island Peak—a twenty-thousand-foot, fairly difficult “trekking peak”—and there would be a hiking group, which could try a nearby ridge at sixteen thousand five hundred feet. I said that I was planning to constitute a third group. I had been walking for nine days, without a rest day, at high altitude, and I was taking tomorrow off. Jaccoux made some slightly disparaging sound, but I stuck to my decision.

THE next day, Sunday, was a delightful one. I had a late breakfast in the sun and watched the ridge group go off. Our Sherpanis were doing their laundry, and I decided to wash a couple of shirts in a nearby stream. I hung them on my tent to dry. When I looked at them an hour later, they were frozen stiff. At noon, Jaccoux left for the base camp of Island Peak. He and Abert (whose group we had caught up with along the way) had found three takers, plus the faithful Tashi, who was carrying the expedition tent. They disappeared up a melancholy-looking ridge. I read and thought and watched the snow blow off the summits of the great mountains until the sun set. A big dinner, a glass of cognac, and early to bed.

ON Monday, we were on our way out. It would take a few days to get to Namche and Lukla, but that was our general direction. The first stop was Dingboche, which is about a thousand feet lower than Chukhung. Here we were to regroup. I came down from Chukhung with the hiking group from the day before—the Island Peak people had not yet come back. It was an easy walk, and we got there in the afternoon. We went to a local restaurant—a pleasant, somewhat primitive place, where the cooking was done inside over an open fire, and which was filled with Sherpas and the odd trekker drinking beer and *rakshi*, a cognac-like local liquor. It had got very cold outside, so being in there was extremely enjoyable. We ordered some potatoes, which were fried in yak butter and tasted fine. Near the fire was the dried carcass



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of some unidentified animal. From time to time, the Sherpani chef cut off a piece and cooked it. After the potatoes, we wandered back to camp. Our sirdar was there, and since he was unoccupied, I decided to ask him a question about Sherpas which had been nagging at me. I had never seen a Sherpa wearing eyeglasses, except for glacier goggles. I had asked our ophthalmologist trekker about this, and she said that she had noticed it, too. Her guess was that perhaps near-sighted Sherpas fell down cliffs as children. Since the life expectancy of Sherpas was forty to forty-five years, she went on, the farsighted ones wouldn't live long enough to need corrective glasses, and, besides, the population hardly reads anyway. I raised the question with the sirdar — and that took some doing, since his English wasn't very good. For a while, he thought I was complaining about my own glasses, which I wear all the time. When we succeeded in communicating, he laughed, and said Sherpas needed glasses only "if some snow coming." As far as he was concerned, this settled the matter.

The first of the Island Peak group to come down was Abert. He said that only Jaccoux had got to the top — no one else got very far. Fairly soon, Jaccoux came along. They had had a cold and miserable night at base camp, he said. I gathered that Tashi had performed heroically in getting water for everyone. Jaccoux said that the final summit wall was quite steep and consisted of loose snow over ice — a rather dangerous business. Before long, everyone else returned, and we had a huge dinner to celebrate. In the middle of it, a runner came from Pheriche with a note for Jaccoux. The woman with the thyroid trouble was in the hospital at Pheriche and would be there for several days. From the note, it was not clear what had happened, but Jaccoux and our doctor planned to head for Pheriche the first thing next morning.

WE had a bad night. A yak was loose near our tents, and the cold was so severe that no one felt like getting out of his sleeping bag and chasing it away. It snorted around the tents all night, so we found it impossible to sleep. In 1967, a yak actually carried away the top of my tent while I was sleeping in it. I awoke when I noticed that snow was falling on my face. On that occasion, the Sherpas managed to round up the yak and the

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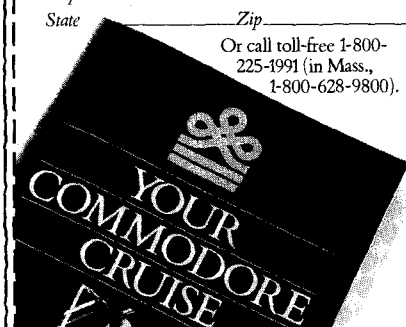
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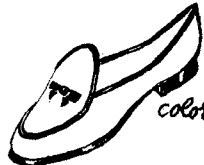
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tent. They found the episode incredibly funny, and I guess it was if it wasn't *your* tent. This morning, the Sherpanis—who always came to the tents with morning tea—got us up at six. There was no sun, and it was so cold that we had to eat breakfast with our heavy gloves on. The group looked tired. It was time to be getting down.

We were back on the standard trekking route. The lower we got, the lush the scenery became—life was flowing back into the countryside. We were still above twelve thousand feet, but in the Himalaya a couple of thousand feet can transform the vegetation as if by magic. We stopped at a small village for lunch, and while we were sitting there a couple of trekkers dressed as if they had just stepped out of the L. L. Bean catalogue came up and demanded lunch in a hurry. They were a day out of Namche, going up. A couple of nights at fifteen thousand feet would calm them down. Jaccoux returned with our doctor. It turned out that the woman in the Pheriche hospital had a blood clot in her leg—phlebitis—probably as a result of the altitude. This is a life-threatening condition if it is left untreated; it is very likely that the hospital in Pheriche saved her life. She was now out of danger, Jaccoux said, and would be helicoptered back to Kathmandu as soon as a helicopter could be flown up to Pheriche—a flight that can take forty-eight hours to arrange. Such a rescue costs several thousand dollars. Jaccoux, like many people who organize difficult trips to out-of-the-way places, insists that all his clients have a form of medical insurance that pays for this kind of thing.

The day's destination was the monastery at Thyangboche. I read recently that a committee is at work trying to select a present-day version of the Seven Wonders of the World. If I were on that committee, I would vote for Thyangboche. The monastery rests—almost floats—on a kind of mesa at twelve thousand six hundred feet which is fringed by fir trees and rhododendrons. The gilded main temple was rebuilt in 1934 after an earthquake destroyed it. This is the spiritual center of the whole region—the religious center for twenty thousand Sherpas. Its spiritual leader is Nawang Tenzing Zang-Po, a *rimpoche*, or reincarnated lama. Born into a Sherpa family in Namche, when he was still a child he began talking about his "home" in Thyangboche. From a

large assortment of clothes spread before him, he picked out the garments of the former head lama, and on this basis it was decided that he was the reincarnation of the lama. He became the abbot of Thyangboche in 1956. On my earlier trip, I spent a fair amount of time talking to him—he was then in his early thirties—through his brother, who acted as interpreter. His hobby then was growing flowers, and the climbing expeditions that came through Namche would send him flower seeds from all over the world. He blessed the members of the expeditions by giving them white scarves, which he had touched to his forehead. I still have the one he gave me. He has written a booklet on the monastery, which has been translated into English. It has a memorable paragraph on the view:

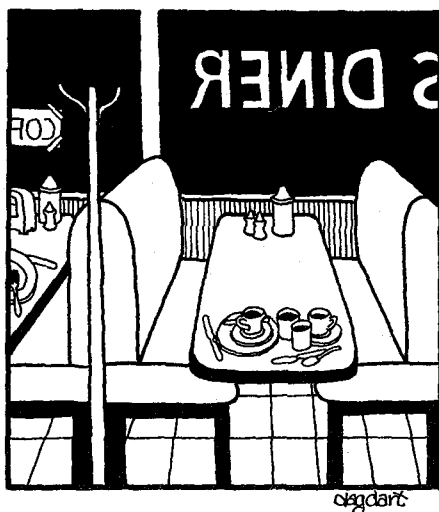
To the east is Ama Dablam, to the south Tamsarku, to the west Kongde, to the north Taweche. To the northwest is the mountain god Khumbila, to the northeast Everest. The Enja river flows in the north, Dudh Khosi in the west, a small river in the east, and Nakding river in the south. In the lower areas there is thick forest, in the middle areas the forest is thinner, and in some places there is none at all. In the higher areas there is very thin forest. In summer and spring there are many flowers, and the smell is lovely. Everyone likes this place which is called Tengboche.

My great fear had been that, with all the trekkers, the place might have been ruined, and I was overjoyed to find that this hadn't happened. In 1967, the only structure extraneous to the monastery was a small wooden shed that Hillary had built for trekkers and climbers. It was still standing, but a lock on the door kept me from going inside to look for my name on the wall, which had been signed by almost every expedition that had come through. The shed's function was

now performed by a handsome trekkers' lodge, built by a New Zealand group. It was clear that today this place is recognized as a treasure that must and will be preserved. There are a couple of restaurants that are innocuous enough not to spoil anything; in one of them, I asked if the *rimpoche* was here at present, for I hoped to see him. I was told that he was away, engaged in some kind of negotiations to see if there was any way of bringing the Dalai Lama back to Tibet on acceptable terms. I was also told that there would be a special service in the monastery that evening—a ceremony connected with the new moon. Our group decided to go.

The interior of the monastery, or *gompa*, where thirty-five monks live, is open to visitors. The *gompa* is three stories high, and the main temple is in the first story. At night, since there is no electricity, the principal illumination comes from a gas lamp that casts strange shadows. The center of the temple is an open square surrounded by wooden benches. Some exterior benches are for visitors, and we were invited to sit on them. Shoes must be removed before one enters the sanctuary, and since the floor is stone, one's feet soon become extremely cold. Monks moved in and out of the room in no apparent order—it was very difficult to understand anything that was happening. An elderly monk consulted a book from time to time, and a musician brought out a huge conch shell while another prepared a gong. Some of the younger monks entered and were instructed to take some special hats out of a case. To me, the hats looked like lunar crescents. The whole ceremony took at least an hour to prepare. Finally, the musicians began to play, and the monks walked around the square carrying various sacred objects, some of which they placed on an altar. They also lit oil lamps and drank something out of small beakers. I found it very moving. One senses some contact with a past that we have all but lost touch with.

THE Sherpanis woke us up at five on Wednesday morning. This was their last day with us, and they must have been anxious to get home. A bit later, the sound of horns could be heard from the monastery—the special service seemed to be still going on. As soon as the sun rose, we began the relatively easy walk to Namche. We had lunch on the way, and arrived in midafternoon. I decided to do a little



shopping and to try to find Ila Tsering and Ang Dorje, the two Sherpas I knew best when they hiked with us in 1967. Namche abounds in shops. In some ways, it is rather a mess—too many people crowded into a small space. I bought a long-sleeved cotton sweater and a few other things, since I had about run out of even marginally clean clothes. I asked about Ila Tsering in a shop in which the Sherpani proprietress seemed to speak good English. (Because English in Namche is commercially advantageous, many more people were speaking it now than in 1967.) The shopkeeper said that there was no Ila Tsering but that there was an Ulla Tsering. Perhaps they were one and the same, she said. This Ulla, according to her, was an "old man." I explained that my friend Ila was a sirdar and had been a great climber. (President Kennedy had awarded him the Hubbard Medal of the National Geographic Society for his work with the American Everest West Ridge Expedition in 1963.) Yes, yes, she said, her Ulla and my Ila were one and the same, but now he was an old man whose business was "some yaks." I made a rapid calculation, and concluded that Ila was probably a year or so younger than I was. In any case, I asked where his house was, and also asked about Ang Dorje. She had never heard of Ang Dorje, but she pointed the way to Ila's and sent a man to show me the way. It was a large house, but it seemed empty. Someone nearby told us that Ila had gone to Lukla with a train of yaks to bring in some trekkers. Since we were going to Lukla tomorrow, I thought perhaps I would see him there.

BEFORE I began the long walk to Lukla, I took a hot shower—the first in two weeks. It was marvellous. On the way to Lukla, I kept trying to spot Ila. I passed several yak trains but recognized none of the men leading them. The walk took me about eight hours. When I got to Lukla, the sun had set. I passed the various stores, and in front of the Royal Nepal Airlines office I heard a trekker say that he was No. 89 on the waiting list for a flight back to Kathmandu. There were trekkers everywhere. I headed for our camp, which was just above the Sherpa Hotel, but I had privately decided that if we were stuck in Lukla for several days I would take a room in the hotel. I had had enough of tents and cold water. I met our sirdar, and he told me that I must have passed Ila going the

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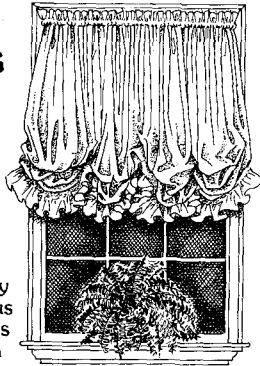
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other way. Sixteen years is a long time.

With the Sherpas, we had a sort of feast featuring terrible roasted goat meat. We gave the Sherpas presents. I gave Tashi a shirt and a pair of down slippers, for he was the only one of the Sherpas I had got to know at all. We and the Sherpas drank to each other's health, and then I spent what I hoped would be my last night in a tent—at least for a while.

WHEN I woke up, clouds had begun to gather over the mountains. The weather was changing. The sirdar said, "Some snow Khumbu side." At seven, we brought our gear up to the field. The clouds lifted, and the first flight came in at about eight. I met an American woman who had been leading trekking groups in Nepal and asked her how the Sherpas had changed over the last decade. She told me that the young ones didn't know the Sherpa dances anymore, and quoted something someone had said to her: "The Sherpas are going to become part of the modern world. They can't be kept up here in cages like animals in a zoo just to preserve them." That is certainly right, but one hopes that much of what has been so fine in that society will be saved.

Two more planes came in—more trekkers. Then, finally, our plane. We got in. It rolled down the hilly field, gathering speed. It left the ground. As it gained altitude, I could see Everest—the Goddess Mother. A plume of snow was blowing from the summit.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

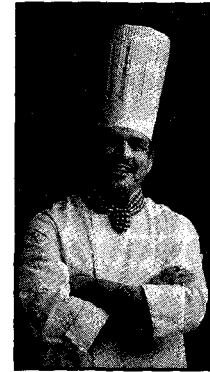
GROTON—About 15 Navy vessels from here to Scotland are involved in surprise maneuvers designed to take the meaning of the Yuletide season to new depths.

It's called "Operation Cookie" and the project, a three-year-old collection of confections for military personnel, this year is benefitting the submarine bases here and in Holy Loch, Scotland.—*New London (Conn.) Day.*

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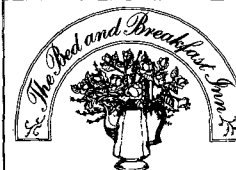


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THE THEATRE

Winning Losers

ERIC BOGOSIAN is a small, shapely, incandescently energetic young man with blue eyes, a thatch of curly dark hair, and a voice capable of imitating an assortment of astonishingly diverse accents. On a stage of the American Place Theatre as forbidding as the blasted heath in "Lear," and with a meagre handful of props (a chair, a telephone, a mike, and two or three beer, gin, and whiskey bottles), Mr. Bogosian propels us through several levels of contemporary American life, from the depths of a Manhattan slum to whatever not very lofty height may be thought appropriate to a brash, money-grubbing Hollywood agent. He calls his rapid-fire series of dramatic monologues "Drinking in America," but it might just as accurately be called "American Inferno," since the alcohol and drugs that Bogosian's characters depend upon to get them through their dreadful nights and days are not causes but symptoms. So forcefully does Bogosian drive his point home that even the one apparently happy character he impersonates strikes us as a repellent freak: he is content with his job, his family, his friends, and his prospects, and we laugh at him for his vacuous benignity.

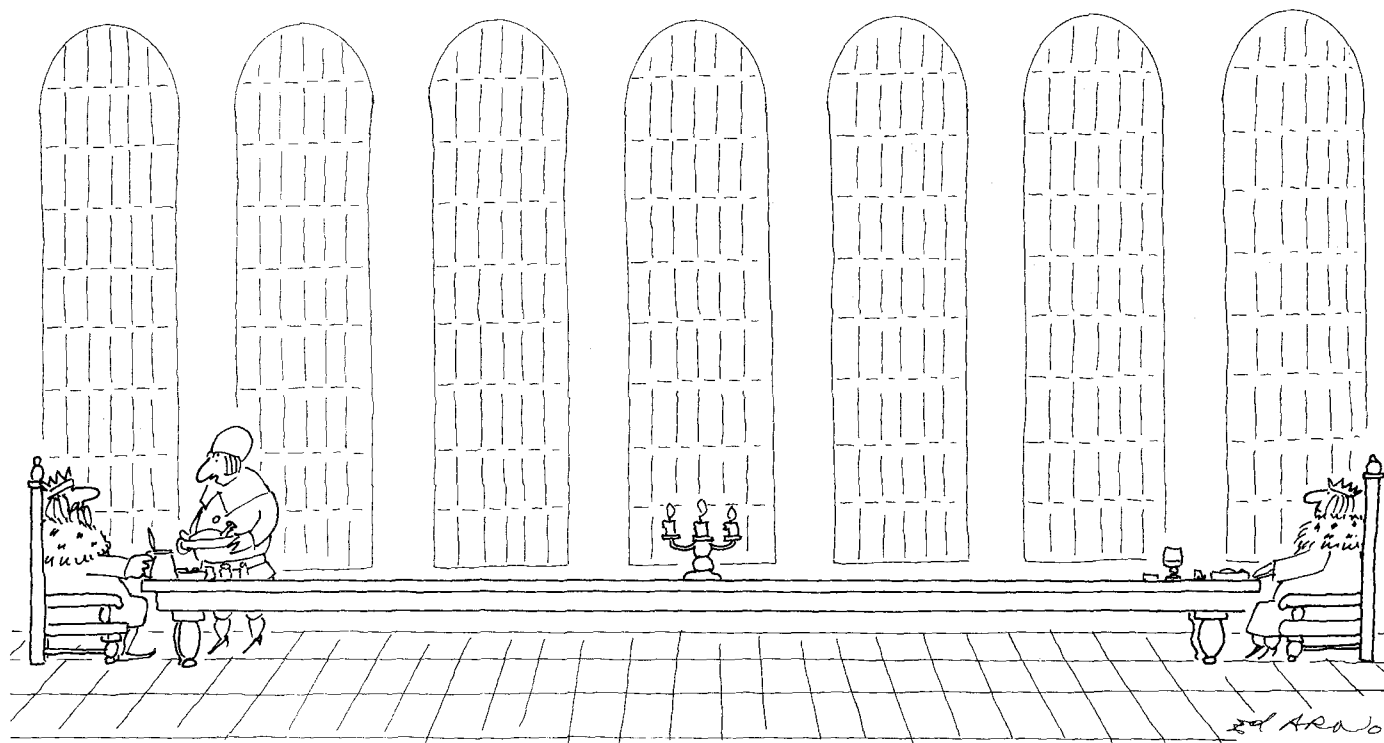
Laugh? Yes—for, hard as it may be to believe, continuous laughter is the response the audience makes to Bogosian's portrayal of rogues, dolts, hacks, and down-and-outers. (Intellectuals are among the few frequently encountered figures in our society who fail to find a place in his inverted pantheon.) Writing his own epitaph, Swift noted that in death savage indignation could no longer lacerate his heart; Bogosian is an artist as well as a scourge, and his indignation, which is certainly savage, is tempered by the skill of his clowning. A drugged punk terrorizing an old couple in a country cottage, a revivalist preacher threatening us with hellfire, a rock star faking sexual ecstasy—why should these Goya-like monsters give us delight instead of providing us with the occasion for nightmares? That is Bogosian's secret in "Drinking in America" (which has been directed by Wynn Handman and lighted by Marc Malamud), and he does well to keep it.

ONE sign that Broadway has entered a time of troubles is the small number of shows that have opened in Broadway houses this sea-

son; another sign is the unprecedented oddity of some of those shows. Take "Jerome Kern Goes to Hollywood," at the Ritz, a flimsy, makeshift ghost of a production which dares to bill itself as "A New Musical Revue." What it consists of—and *all* it consists of—is four singers standing in front of a sketchy skyline of what appears to be New York City and serving up, in rapid disorder, forty songs by Jerome Kern. Between songs, the singers feed us sorry little scraps of information about Kern and the many gifted people who wrote the lyrics for his songs (Oscar Hammerstein II, Dorothy Fields, Ira Gershwin, and the like). The title of the production is supposed to reflect the fact that the forty songs being sung at the Ritz were featured in Hollywood movies, Kern (1885-1945) having moved to Hollywood in the mid-thirties. So what?

This hapless recital is said to have been "conceived" by David Kernan, who also directed it, and to have been written by Dick Vosburgh, whose prose style would give "breezy" a bad name. The four singers are Liz Robertson, Elaine Delmar, Scott Holmes, and Elisabeth Welch. Miss Welch, who was singing Cole Porter songs as early as 1930, has a honeyed voice and immaculate diction—not a single final consonant escapes her.

—BRENDAN GILL



"Her Majesty's compliments, Sire, and she wonders if you would mind passing the mustard and the cucumber relish."

DANCING

Hard Facts

NATALIA MAKAROVA retired from dancing the other day. To those for whom her glory years really began in 1970, when she defected from the Kirov Ballet, the career seems all too short. Yet fifteen years is a long time for a dancer to have been a star—especially a dancer who had already reached the age of thirty. Makarova's career in the West was a triumph against the odds. She never did accumulate the new personal repertory she must have hoped for, and no one's career better illustrates the fact that a ballerina without new choreography to amplify and specify her powers has no modern vocation to speak of. Though Makarova modernized her technique, her style was focussed on the nineteenth-century classics, and it remained what it was when she left Russia. That she succeeded in imposing her style on American versions of those classics is a testament as much to her personal qualities as to the quality of her training. And when she applied her personal qualities to the modern repertory as she found it (at American Ballet Theatre and then at the Royal Ballet and other European companies), so strong was her impact that her influence and originality are unquestioned. But the inevitable decline of physical powers is easier for a dancer to face if she has a personal repertory. Then she can, from intimate acquaintance with her roles, readjust and even recompose their more troublesome features, and no one (or almost no one) will be the wiser. Makarova's last "vehicles" came from the hand of Roland Petit and were increasingly trivial—already adjusted downward, so to speak. And Makarova looked increasingly ineffective in them.

Dancers of Makarova's calibre don't usually fade away. They're out there performing for all they are worth, and then, the next season, they're gone. They know how to conceal the evidence of the chronic injuries that are wearing them out. But finally there is the kind of injury that skill alone cannot reach. A dancer who is injured beyond hope of recovery and still performs goes from day to day, dancing a little better or a little worse, all depending on the state of injury, on the role, and also, if the dancer is a ballerina, on the partner. Dancing takes on the aspect of a game of chance. (Makarova, after Petit's "Blue An-

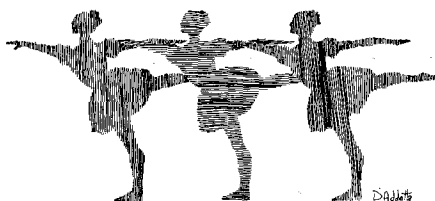
gel" ballet, must have decided that on this level the game was not worth playing.) It is a precarious existence, and the pain is too frightful to think about, but it is less precarious the more one performs—at least, that is what I have always heard. Performing under extreme pressure of this kind, with adrenaline a temporary buffer against pain, actually enlarges the possibilities of performance. One can't know in advance, by rehearsing, what one will actually be able to do. How much technique have I got left? the dancer asks. Is the glass half empty or half full? Different performances and different ballets can give different answers, and some answers are encouraging. All this explains why certain dancers are still onstage at a time when even their most fervent admirers wish them off it. They may—these diehards—be feeling a thrill in sheer performance that isn't coming through in their dancing.

Dancers used to have longer careers. Danilova, Markova, Ulanova, Fonteyn, Alonso danced into their fifties. And Kolpakova, a contemporary of Makarova's who never left Russia, is still dancing at fifty-two. But the Western ballerina repertory has changed in the past twenty years. Today's dancers must meet steeply increased technical demands, and that takes a toll on longevity. Men may partner when they can no longer dance. (Jacques D'Amboise's last role, created in 1980, was as Suzanne Farrell's partner in "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze,'" he performed it till 1984, when he retired, having been a star for thirty years.) But male endurance is measured by virtuoso standards, and—thanks to Villella, Nureyev, Martins, Baryshnikov, and their heirs—these, too, have climbed astronomically since the sixties.

Baryshnikov, at thirty-eight, is having to contend with the unpredictable effects of a knee operation. If the press gave dancers the same coverage it gives athletes, the public would now be hearing as much about Baryshnikov's

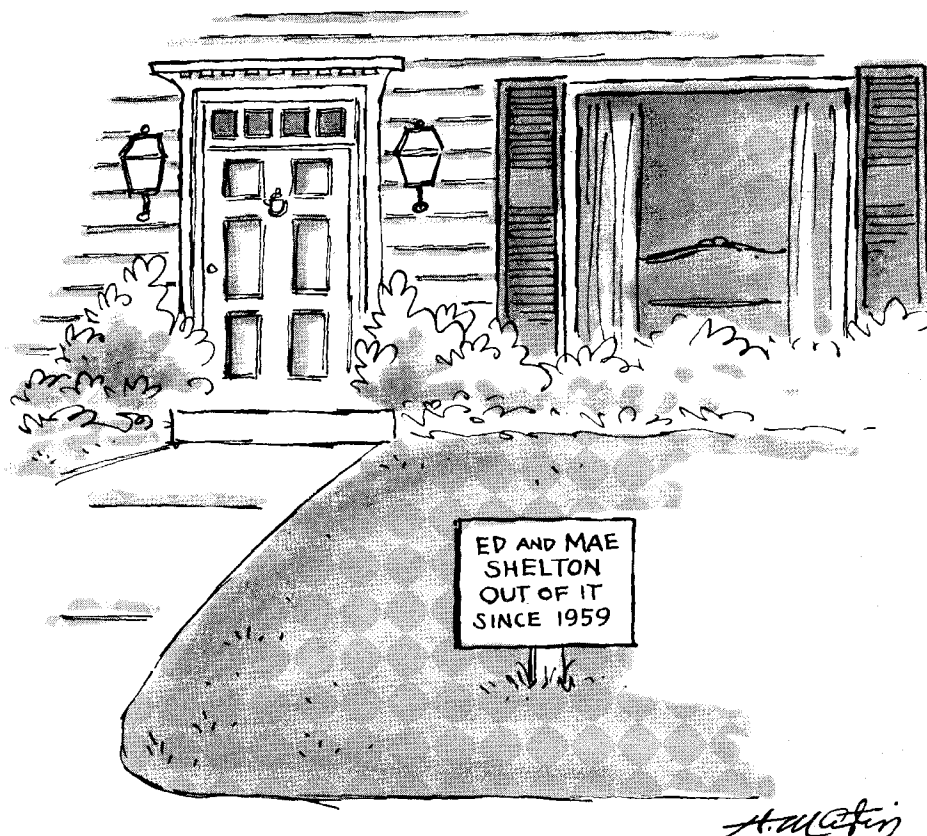
knees as it once heard about Joe Namath's. And there would be daily bulletins on Suzanne Farrell's hip joint, the condition of which colors her every move. But these matters aren't covered even in the dance press; they're either taken for granted or thought to be too personal. Balanchine did not like his dancers discussing their injuries with the press, and no management is going to start making pre-performance announcements of the infirmities among the cast (although this is commonly done for singers when they are suffering from colds). But when injury becomes a dancer's condition, and the dancer is Farrell or Baryshnikov, then some sort of recognition is in order. Farrell and Baryshnikov are national treasures; dancing—to distinguish it for a moment from choreography—is the great theatre art we in America know today largely because of their contributions to it. So it is natural that what affects their performance should concern us and should lead us to consider the broad question of dancers' responsibility to their art.

I thought I detected a note of bitterness in some of the local press commentary on Baryshnikov when he had to withdraw from A.B.T.'s New York season last fall; it was nearly as if he'd injured himself on purpose to frustrate New York. Baryshnikov customarily gets a resentful press except when he's performing—either dancing or acting. The general feeling is that he has failed in the job of artistic director, and he is criticized for having inflicted policies on A.B.T. that are against its grain ("There are no stars"), when in fact it is the times that are against A.B.T.'s grain. Baryshnikov has made mistakes; so has Peter Martins at New York City Ballet. But the critics who consider Martins a failure haven't accused him of anything. New York City Ballet has become something of a sanctuary since Balanchine's death; no bad news is ever spoken. The silence about Farrell's injury is, I think, falsely conceived homage to a great dancer. I think we see more of what she is doing when we know that she is doing it under great stress. And there is simply no way to speak about her current performances of her classic roles without referring to the disrepair that may in fact be the final consequence of the physical forces that enabled her to undertake those roles in the first place. How serious it all is only she can say, just as only she can know,



with that second sight which all fine performers possess, how much of the problem is visible to the audience. What one can see is that Farrell has lost a certain amount of extension and rotation in her right hip; the super-high battement is gone, the great arabesque no longer appears as regularly and as flowingly as it used to. But when you have subtracted these undeniably famous and precious attributes from Farrell's technique there is still a lot left over. Her timing, her flexibility, and her inspiration, which have always allowed her to expand beyond prediction the possibilities of performance at the moment of performance—these qualities are still there and are rising to support her now.

Lucky for us, because Farrell, even more than Baryshnikov, represents a line of creative thought. Watching New York City Ballet these days, you sense that the combination of her example and Balanchine's vision is very much on its mind. It is possible to see Farrell's example in the consistency and purity with which all the most talented of the company's ballerinas and younger soloists have been dancing since Balanchine's death. Merrill Ashley, Maria Calegari, and Kyra Nichols, among others, have actually gotten better, and while some of this improvement is attributable to Martins' direction much of it is simply infectious suggestion. Several of Farrell's most personal roles have been passed around—"Chaconne," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," and the Rondo alla Zingarese in "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." Calegari even did "Mozartiana," relieving Farrell a few seasons ago in Saratoga, and this season she took over the Farrell role in the "Davidsbündlertänze," while Farrell went into the more domestic Karin von Aroldingen part, opposite the ravaged Schumann figure, danced by Adam Lüders. (Calegari's partner was a noncommittal Leonid Kozlov.) The colossal span of the Farrell arabesque was replaced by the equally iconographic V-shaped arabesque of Calegari—it was like seeing the Winged Victory where for years we had had the Arch of Triumph; but the singularity, vitality, and daring of the Farrell character (who may represent Schumann's muse) were successfully captured in Calegari's dancing. As "Clara Schumann," Farrell will take some getting used to. Right now, with her old performance fresh in memory—fresher than anything she has been able to get out of her new role—there

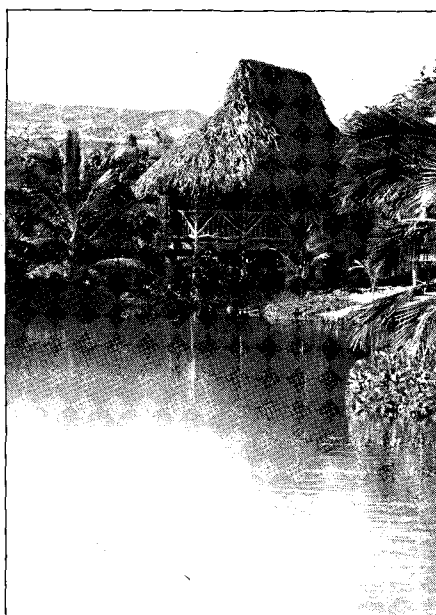


seems to be a resemblance rather than a contrast between Wife and Muse which forms the dramatic fulcrum of the ballet. But this has its fascination, and there is no question that Farrell understands her new part and projects it faithfully. Nichols, new to the Rondo in "Brahms-Schoenberg," filled out the steps with a hardiness that put the role over; she excelled in the sheer exuberance, scale, and precision of her dancing, whereas Farrell, who did the part herself this season, relied, more effectively than you would think, on bravura presentation—the single element missing from Nichols' performance. Greater than individual achievements, though, is the new cohesiveness of the principal women. Roles that were unique to Farrell have become (with her consent and cooperation) a common birthright. Everybody shares; there isn't only one "Farrell successor." As a group, the ballerinas are closer than they have ever been to the unanimity of style which, along with diversity of physique, was a primary Balanchine objective.

Farrell is not alone in what she is still able to show of the accomplishments of a senior ballerina. Patricia McBride is right there beside her. McBride was never the company figurehead that Farrell was from the start, and she isn't responsible for so large and crucial a segment of the

repertory, although she, too, has the incomparable advantage of special roles that Balanchine either tailored or retailed for her. She is physically and stylistically unorthodox—something that was less easy to see in the days when physical diversity among the ballerinas was more extreme than it is now—and she has an unorthodox method of rendering her old parts: she secretes herself in a "through" current of energy and lets it (and a good partner) carry her. The method—if that is what it is—works, but, compared with last year's "Liebeslieder Walzer," the McBride of this year's "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" is noticeably more recessed. McBride is a few years younger than Makarova and a few years older than Farrell. Now that her technique is fraying, we see how deep her strength lies. It is the kind of strength that Balanchine relied on to reshape the ballerina repertory. And as we watch McBride and Farrell maneuver inside their roles we see not only strength but the imagination that also played a part in the process. In "Brahms-Schoenberg," which was made in 1966, both ballerinas are actually recapitulating and commenting on their roles in dance history.

But the most critical lesson to be learned from these two artists is the importance of performing. Darci Kis-



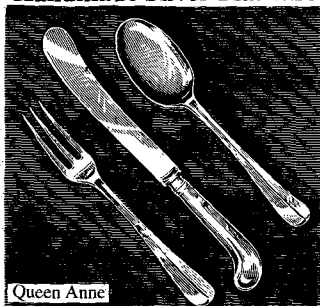
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tlar, injured on the threshold of a major career, was off the stage for nearly two years. Now that she is back, she hardly ever performs, although she is scheduled frequently enough. And she is missed. It's my impression that her cancellations are the most deeply felt and hungrily discussed by the subscribers. To this large and loyal audience, Kistler's absences really matter. And the mystery that surrounds them—the company, of course, says nothing—has given rise to a lot of talk about permanent damage and a career destroyed. The more hopeful frame a picture of Kistler cautiously nursing her ankle back to health, reacquiring body tone, reviewing her old roles, testing out new ones, and in general composing herself for the great day when she claims her rightful place in the hierarchy of stars. But that picture becomes impossible to believe in once one actually sees Kistler perform. The day is manifestly here. No one who moves like that can conceivably be the victim of a disability grievous enough to keep her sequestered; nor—another dire rumor—can she have lost her appetite for dancing.

But Kistler continues to tantalize us. After twice dancing a role in "Divertimento No. 15" in the pre-"Nutcracker" season, she cancelled both of her appearances in "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," in which she was scheduled to dance the Andante with Jock Soto. Then she cancelled "Nutcracker." When she finally got on, in the next-to-last of the "Brahms-Schoenbergs," she'd been off the stage for eight weeks—enough time for the clouds of suspicion to have regathered. On she came, dancing with a transparent ease and a plenitude of being that dispelled all doubt. Her dancing still has the unmistakable plushy texture of youth, and it is sophisticated dancing, too—dancing that summarizes and extends meanings, that clears a space for itself. And Kistler has the wonderful extra gift of making her audience happy. Why isn't she making us happy more often? Aren't the long vamping-till-ready periods offstage bound to dissipate energy that should be used up in performance? The trauma of injury in a young dancer can affect the direction of the career. In Kistler's case, it seems to have deepened an already marked commitment to long and careful preparation. She has been back a whole year and has yet to find a satisfactory ratio of rehearsal to performance; eight weeks in the studio to ten minutes on the

stage simply isn't professional dancing. The example of Farrell is just now in extremis, but it shows that if a ballerina's first obligation is to her art, not her ego, then she must perform, because the art of dancing is perfected, if not actually discovered, in performance. Then, there are such things as company morale and audience gratification. The repertory needs Kistler, and the audience needs reassuring that she's not just a guest artist. I have the feeling that for Kistler a performance is a precariously held-together illusion each separate second of which must be predetermined and delivered in a set form. Performance then becomes something to be endured, a pleasant ordeal like holding your breath under water. Yet when Kistler dances she looks utterly spontaneous. Is this, too, a dreamed-up effect? Gelsey Kirkland had the same look of spontaneity, and she held to the same overfastidious methods of preparation, and her career, the single most promising one of the seventies, was over before the end of the decade. (It could still be revived; she is committed to dance at Covent Garden this spring.) I don't say that Kistler is Kirkland all over again; I say that a provably bad method cannot be made good even if every other factor in the equation is different. One would prefer that, with the repertory she stands to inherit, Kistler lived in the real world, where it was made. For now, she's our dreaming princess of the eighties.

THE revival of "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" this season was the first since the proscenium arch of the State Theatre was lowered a few years ago. That alone would have improved the look of the piece, but it also has the benefit of new scenery, by David Mitchell. It is the third of the company's large-scale revivals since Balanchine's death. The first two were of "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Gounod Symphony," both of them ballets that are related to "Brahms-Schoenberg." In a 1961 interview, Balanchine had expressed the opinion that "Brahms won't do as an accompaniment for dancing, except for the waltzes." (He had made "Liebeslieder" the previous year.) Schoenberg's orchestration of the Brahms Piano Quartet in G Minor may have changed his mind. The choreography for the Intermezzo, a long duet broken by solo entrées and sections for a female trio, is derived from "Liebeslieder" and the complicated partnering technique explored in that

ballet. "Gounod Symphony" comes to mind in the third movement, with its deployment of a large corps de ballet behind a single couple and its continual metaphoric development of group configurations. It may have been the initial failure of "Gounod" at the State Theatre which prompted the making of "Brahms-Schoenberg." The ballet was designed to fill up the stage and present the company in a historic perspective. "Gounod" evoked the grandeur of Paris, the Opéra, and the dance academy of France, but with its one principal couple and its singleness of intent it appeared small. "Brahms" seems to be about Vienna and the Viennese rococo spirit: it sweeps through palatial boulevards, gracious gardens, through convolutions of mood and atmosphere, and ends in a gypsy whirlwind. Each of the ballet's four movements is led by a different set of stars, and each is self-contained, a problem for a designer. Mitchell gives us the Schönbrunn Palace seen mistily from the air, then from ground level. A scrim rises, disclosing a room in the palace with gray looped curtains, globe chandeliers, and gray square-cut columns edged in gilt and set at an angle. For the Intermezzo, the looped curtains are lowered to the floor, blocking out the palace view. It works beautifully except for the gypsy finale, when the palace, which stays in place, again becomes irrelevant. In a ruminative program note on the Vienna of Brahms, Schoenberg, Balanchine, and Mitchell, Mindy Aloff tells of an additional Mitchell drop, which we don't see, depicting "a sunset world, with flame and fire... in the manner of Kokoschka's landscapes from the Twenties." Karinska's costumes, in their original palette of pink, rose, beige, and gray, are unchanged. "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" is one of Balanchine's more curious constructions. Its vagaries (based in the music) are not easy to follow, and its plumpness of contour is not easy to like. But the choreography is a tactical feat, and the dancers have wonderful things to do. There were frequent cast changes, with several dancers taking more than one role. D'Amboise's part in the Rondo was zestily performed by Sean Lavery or Joseph Duell; Nichols and Calegari both created images of beauty and refinement in the somewhat featureless first movement; and Jock Soto made a fine impression dancing the Vilella role in the Andante.

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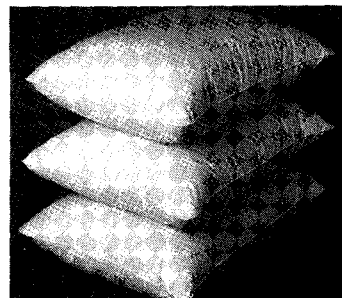
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"SERENITY" was the word that Edward Koch used to describe what he felt when he was sworn in for a third term as mayor of New York, on January 1st. It is not a word that anyone would associate with his frame of mind or with the City Hall scene in the weeks since. Conflict is a familiar element in the seat of local government: references to skirmishes, or even pitched battles, appear routinely in accounts of events there. However, dispatches from the municipal front usually deal with such hostile actions as the exchange of insults between officials at competing press conferences on either side of the Rotunda or noisy attacks by some officeholder—often the city's Mayor, who likes to point out that he's nobody's doormat—on leaders of other governments, particularly those in Albany or Washington, who have in some way aroused local wrath. The television lights then go off, the yelling stops, and everyone moves on to the next item on the official agenda. Despite the theory, prevalent elsewhere, that New York is overpopulated with prone-to-violence types, one has to go to some trouble to recall incidents in which even small amounts of actual blood were spilled by prominent City Hall figures. There was the day, in 1971, when mem-

bers of the Progressive Labor Party, demonstrating against proposed city budget cuts, were battered about the head by City Hall police as they were being evicted from a joint City Council-Board of Estimate meeting while, from the sidelines, two civil servants shouting "Police brutality!" tried to drown out a Bronx city councilman who was shouting "Break their legs!" On one occasion, a group of homosexual activists somehow got past the guards and into the hall outside the office of Mayor John Lindsay, where they chained themselves to a brass railing; the chains were cut, and the activists were dragged out through City Hall's front door, in some cases by their hair, past a band of wide-eyed first graders whose teacher had brought them over from Queens to see how city government worked. And there was the time, in 1972, when Jerome Kretchmer, the Environmental Protection administrator (and now a prominent real-estate developer), got into a City Hall fistfight with City Councilman Michael DeMarco (who last month was named chairman of the City Council's Finance Committee) over the placing of a garbage dump in DeMarco's Bronx district. But all these incidents happened a dozen or so years ago. Although on occasion

members of the present City Hall administration have been dismissed in a humiliating way, any cries of "There's blood all over the Rotunda!"—like those, a few years back, after a series of mayoral firings and demotions of deputy mayors—have been metaphorical. People who work at City Hall were therefore truly shaken when, on the morning of January 10th, they got the first word of what was soon being called the Great Manes Mystery, which involved, among other elements, bloodshed.

On January 8th, Donald Manes, the borough president of Queens, who is also the Democratic boss of that borough (the local term for county)—he has sometimes been referred to as the King of Queens, in honor of his virtually total control over patronage, public development projects, and politics generally in his home county—had spent much of the day at City Hall and had helped win a big victory for himself and his good friend and ally the Mayor. At the end of 1985, Brooklyn City Councilman Thomas Cuite retired after sixteen years as majority leader—that is, as the power center of the City Council. The majority leader, who is chosen by the Council, controls the Council budget, decides which bills reach the floor, and presides over the parcelling out of committee chairmanships, which provide not only more power but more money to those lucky enough to get them. In the Cuite era, these matters were usually worked out in comity with whoever was mayor. Until the final days of last year, it had been assumed that Cuite's successor would be Queens Councilman Peter Vallone, the candidate backed by Manes and by the Bronx Democratic chairman, Stanley Friedman, who has been Koch's other prime ally among the Democratic bosses of the city's larger boroughs. The Mayor has often been at odds with the Brooklyn boss, Howard Golden. And members of the Manhattan delegation, which others on the Council consider to be oversupplied with liberals and reform types, have a habit of opposing and bad-mouthing Koch's policies. Arrangements had been regularly made to deprive them of the committee chairmanships their seniority entitled them to.

Shortly before New Year's, it was discovered that Council representatives from Brooklyn and Manhattan, many of whom had barely been on speaking terms, had formed a coalition—Vallone called it an "unholy alliance"—



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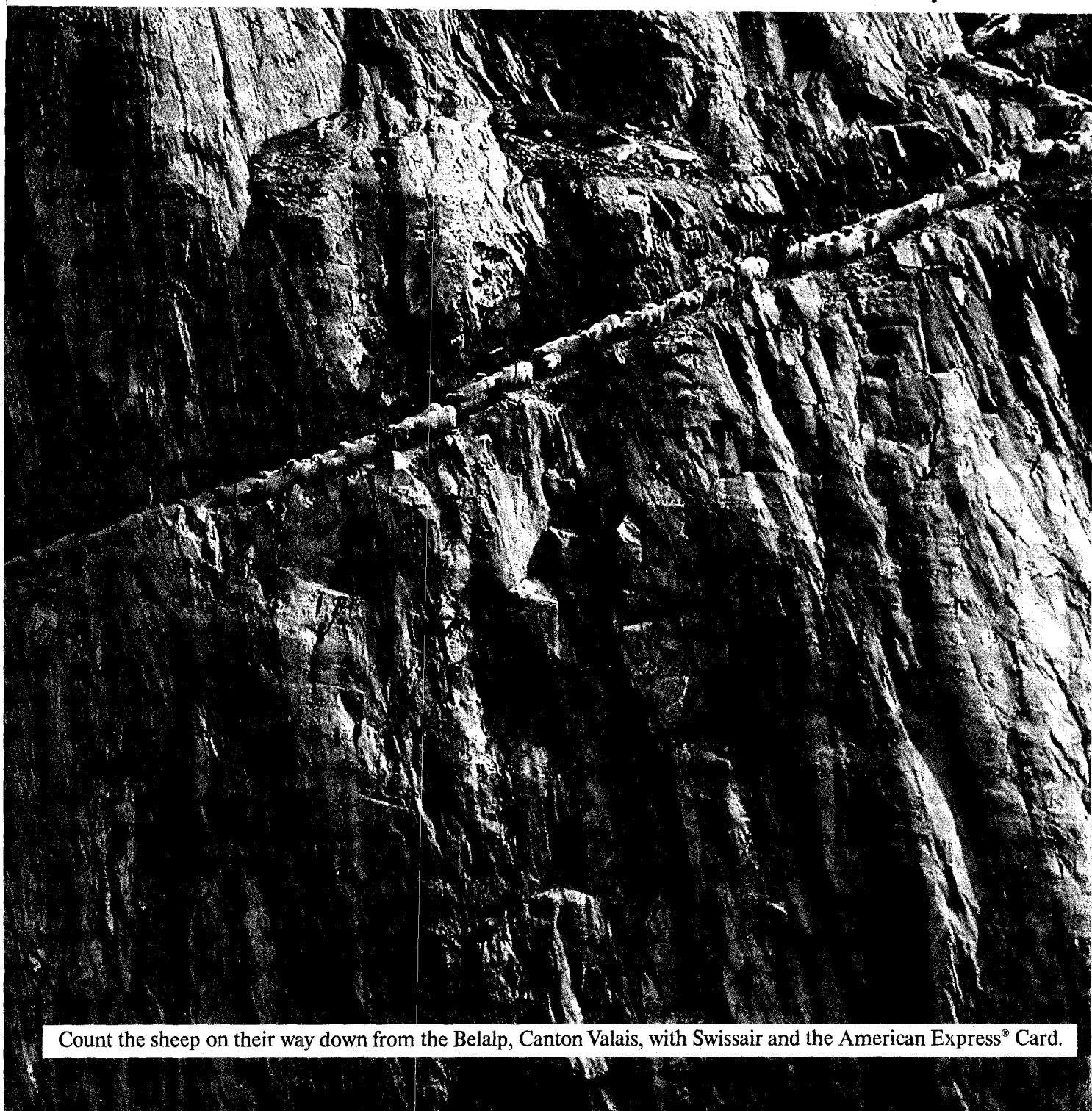
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and resolved to use their combined eighteen votes (eleven from Brooklyn, seven from Manhattan) to take control of the leadership of the thirty-five-member Council. It was agreed that the posts of majority leader and chairman of the Finance Committee would both go to Brooklyn, and that Manhattan would be assured of five committee chairmanships. The prospect loomed that, for the first time in at least a decade and a half, the City Council would be acting like an independent body rather than a branch of the mayor's office. When the Manhattan delegation polled its members an hour before the formal roll call, they were unanimous in their support for the majority-leader candidate from Brooklyn.

In the end, however, the Mayor's allies, Manes and Friedman, in a joint exercise of political muscle, were able to avert this inconvenient outcome by making promises of preferment that kept the people in their own boroughs in line and by turning a member of the opposition—Robert Dryfoos, a forty-three-year-old reform Democrat who represents the upper East Side and has less seniority than some Council members who have been passed over for committee assignments in previous years. During the roll call, Dryfoos broke ranks and voted for Vallone. DeMarco, of the Bronx, was chosen as Finance Committee chairman, and a few minutes later Vallone named Dryfoos as the only Manhattan member of the committee that would dole out the committee chairmanships; it was assumed that a plummy one would go to Vallone's last-minute benefactor. "VALLONE WINS COUNCIL THRILLER ON TURNCOAT VOTE" was the *Post* headline the next day. Some Manhattan Council members compared Dryfoos to Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. At a press conference, Vallone said that, on the contrary, Dryfoos should be compared to John Paul Jones and Nathan Hale. "The next time I talk to him I hope it's over his respirator," said Manhattan boss Herman (Denny) Farrell. In short order, Dryfoos's name entered the local language. A few days later, Andrew Humm, the spokesman for the Coalition for Gay and Lesbian Rights, referring to the proposed City Council bill that would ban discrimination against homosexuals in housing and employment, said, "Unless somebody pulls a Dryfoos, this bill is going to pass." The Mayor expressed his gratification at the outcome of the lead-

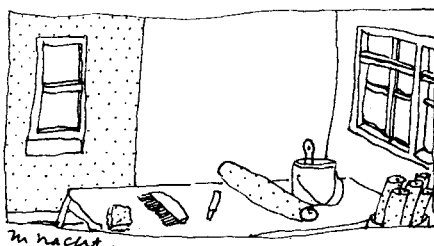
ership contest. Vallone's borough of Queens was now riding high. A record turnout—including, of course, the Mayor—was expected at a Queens fund-raiser, which would also be a big victory celebration, on January 16th, in honor of Manes's fifty-second birthday.

On January 9th, Manes was again at City Hall, for a Board of Estimate meeting. At 5 P.M., he was back in his home borough to preside over a reception for the new Israeli consul-general at Queens Borough Hall, a building whose most historic moment had come in July, 1984, when, before huge crowds, Walter Mondale and Manes's good friend and constituent Geraldine Ferraro—hailed as the Queen of Queens—made their first major joint appearance since their nomination at the Democratic National Convention. Although those who attended the January 9th reception said later that he hadn't looked well or seemed to be himself, Manes, who, unlike many politicians, often made jokes at his own expense, got a nice laugh when, in introducing the consul-general, he described him as "not only a diplomat but a substantial scholar"—and added, "As is your borough president." After shaking hands with seventy-five or so people, he left at about six-thirty, driving off in one of the four city cars assigned to the borough president's office.

The details of what happened next—or, rather, what happened after a more-than-seven-hour gap in which Manes's whereabouts were unknown—were repeated so often on the front pages and on the evening news that many New Yorkers who until last month wouldn't have recognized his picture and didn't know how to pronounce his name (it rhymes with Janice) could recite them by heart: that, at about 1:50 A.M. the next day, he had been seen driving erratically in a desolate area near Shea Stadium; that when police stopped him they found that he was covered with blood from a deep wrist wound and a lesser cut on one ankle; that doctors later reported that he had been close to death from

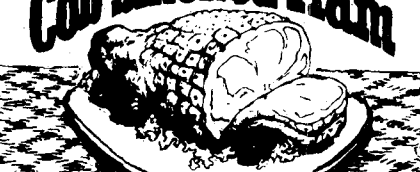
the loss of about half his blood; that he first told police that somebody had cut him, and then doctors that he had stabbed himself (a kitchen knife was found in the car), and then, three days later, that two men had suddenly risen up out of the back of the car and kidnapped him. He had not been robbed, however, and he could not describe the perpetrators in any way. (Benjamin Ward, who is New York's first black police commissioner, noted that one local paper had run on its front page a drawing showing the purported kidnappers with Afro haircuts but white hands. "Those are the fellows we're looking for," Ward said solemnly.) Jimmy Breslin, a former Queens resident, commented in the *News*, "The Manes kidnapping comes as a blow to the citizens of Queens in that it leaves the county living in the disgrace of having as a borough president a man who doesn't even rate a ransom demand." After an investigation, the police concluded that the Manes story was not the truth, and that the knifings were apparently something he had done to himself. Queens District Attorney John Santucci said he would continue to try to track down the kidnappers. Meanwhile, lawyers moved in and declared Manes incommunicado, even to the police. The Mayor, who at the start had said that Manes, whom he called "a superb public official," had his total backing "as a friend," announced that unless the Borough President told the full story, "in a penitent way"—he did not specify what Manes should be penitent about—"there will be a cloud that won't dissipate."

What badly shook up politicians and politician-watchers about the bizarre and bewildering Manes mishap was that, of all the prominent political wheelers and dealers here, he would probably have been adjudged the most predictable—to the point of being the least interesting. A chubby man with small, shrewd, deep-set eyes, he was not known to have significant problems in his private life. Politically, he was so secure that his fiefdom had survived without a tremor his having endorsed Koch, the loser in the 1982 gubernatorial primary race, over the winner, Mario Cuomo, who is his own Queens constituent. A symbol of political durability, he had been elected borough president in 1971 after five years on the City Council, had been the Queens Democratic boss since 1974, and was the senior member of the Board of Estimate. He was not



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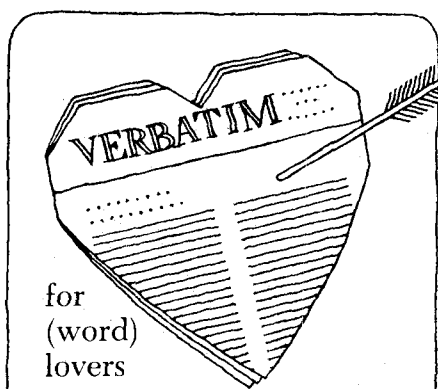
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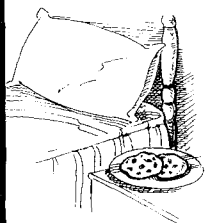
famously venal—although it was understood that he hadn't got this far up the greasy pole by addressing envelopes. Easy to talk to, often humorous, he had the reputation of being a reasonable man with whom other reasonable men could cut deals to their mutual benefit; and that, in the circles he moved in, was what life was about. Assuming that he had not had "a nervous breakdown," as Vallone suggested, even most City Hall insiders seemed to find it hard to imagine what development might have caused him to end up covered with blood from self-inflicted wounds.

A POSSIBLE answer was being implied in the local papers, led by the *News*, within a few days after Manes was taken to the hospital. According to the headlines, most of them based on statements out of the office of United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, some of Manes's closest associates were in deep trouble. The city's Parking Violations Bureau has long been a patronage preserve of the Queens Democratic organization—that is, of Manes. Many of the P.V.B.'s top people were his friends and associates. When the bureau can't collect parking fines in the usual way, it contracts out the responsibility—with no competitive bidding—to collection agencies, which keep percentages of what they collect. Last year, of some forty-six million dollars in collections they kept seventeen million. "FEDS BUST MANES PAL IN PARKING BRIBE SCAM" was the *Post* headline on January 15th. Geoffrey Lindenauer, the deputy director of the P.V.B. and a good friend of Manes's, had been arrested and led off in handcuffs, accused of having accepted five thousand dollars in bribe money in the men's room of a restaurant called Hisae's Place, near the P.V.B. office—a sum that, according to Giuliani, was one of a series of similar bribes amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Koch told reporters that Manes had been urging the city to name Lindenauer head of the bureau, to succeed Leonard Shafran, who was another Manes friend and a member of his local Democratic hangout, the Adlai Stevenson Club. At one point, Shafran, accompanied by the P.V.B. special counsel, had met with Bernard Sandow, the head of Systematic Recovery Service—a collection company that had two P.V.B. contracts—and asked, "Are you wired?" Sandow, who was wired, denied it, but Shafran insisted

on conducting his side of the conversation on pieces of paper, which he shredded before he left—hardly prescribed deportment for a high-level (eighty-two thousand dollars a year) city official. The Koch administration put the special counsel on paid leave (he later took the fifth before a federal grand jury), and Shafran hastily resigned. Koch also announced, on January 16th, that all contracts negotiated by Lindenauer would be reexamined. "PARKING SCANDAL LINK TO MANES' SLASHES?" was the *Daily News* headline that morning. The following day, an editorial in the paper began, "That may be just the alligator's nose that's poking out of the sewer. Big nose, though." After a rundown on the case so far and a reference to Manes's "wall of silence," the *News* said, "It's a fair guess, but still only a guess, that the feds are going to drive the rest of the alligator out of the Queens sewer, and maybe far beyond Queens."

Almost immediately, the investigation into the Lindenauer contracts reached another borough: the Bronx. One of the contracts was with Citisource, a company in which Stanley Friedman, the Bronx Democratic boss, is the largest single stockholder. In 1983, it had received a contract worth \$22.7 million to provide handheld computers that would issue parking tickets and allow parking-enforcement agents to check up on scofflaws without calling headquarters. At the time it won the contract, Citisource had no assets, no engineering staff, and no prototype of the proposed hand computer, although Lindenauer had testified that he had seen it and that "it works." In September, 1983, Friedman had been given Citisource stock that was worth over a million dollars as of mid-January—on what had turned out to be the well-founded conviction that his City Hall connections would be helpful in getting the city contract, which was the basis of the company's ability to sell stock in the public markets. So far, however, no acceptable computer has been delivered. At a press conference last month, Friedman pointed out that "NASA, after all, had a lot of trouble getting Columbia off the ground." The Mayor reminds City Hall reporters every day or so that his administration, in contrast to those of his predecessors, is free of clubhouse influence. On January 17th, he said that New York's City Hall "probably has the least political patronage of any government in America," and he

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urged a television reporter to investigate all the corruption in the television business. However, he also called the Parking Violations Bureau revelations "a terrible thing" and an embarrassment to him. On January 20th, the Citisource contract was cancelled, "in the public interest." Koch's corporation counsel, Frederick Schwarz, described the Citisource negotiations as having taken a "curious" route, bypassing many of the usual safeguards. "If it was a 'curious' route, it was his route," said Friedman. By that time, Koch had named John S. Martin, Jr., a former United States attorney, to investigate the awarding of all outside contracts, on which the city spends over a billion dollars a year.

When Patrick McGinley, Koch's commissioner of investigation, was asked if he had had any inkling that there might be some funny business going on in the P.V.B. before Giuliani called it to his attention, he said he had not. The Mayor told reporters that McGinley would now pursue any malefactors in the bureau "relentlessly—as relentlessly as Inspector Javert." The reporters looked blank and asked him to spell that. On occasion, Koch has been given a hard time by the press in the matter of literary references. When he credited the Earl of Chesterfield with "Neither a borrower, nor a lender be," the reporters restored it to Shakespeare. Last winter, after he was accused of taking conflicting positions on two local crime stories, he asked, "Wasn't it Churchill who said that 'consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds'?" Actually, as Joyce Purnick noted in the *Times*, Emerson wrote, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen, philosophers and divines." Asked to identify Inspector Javert, the Mayor said, "None of you smart reporters recognize it? 'Les Misérables'!" The comparison may not be entirely welcome to McGinley: Javert, the pursuer of Jean Valjean, torn between his duty to the law and his conscience, eventually drowned himself in the Seine. Nevertheless, Koch's final question was a fair one. "Doesn't anybody read anymore?" he demanded of the chastened reporters, who had the impression that it was his happiest moment in many days.

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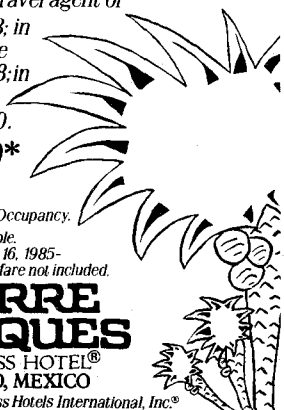
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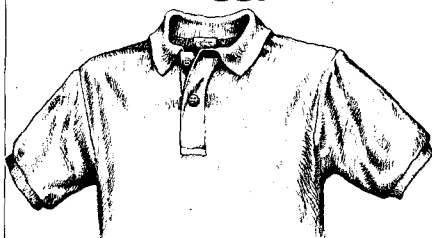


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tinuing United States Justice Department investigation into the financing of her 1978 congressional race would be a constant distraction from the important issues, may like to think back to the summer morning in 1984 when she returned to her Queens home base in triumph during that happy interval before stories about her family finances and attacks on her position on abortion—the latter led by New York Archbishop John O'Connor—intruded on her historic Vice-Presidential campaign. In time to come, Donald Manes may find himself thinking of the jubilant faces of his City Hall friends on the day of his smashing victory in the City Council race, which had seemed to guarantee that his political power could only expand—at some point possibly including a race for mayor or for governor, in which he had expressed interest. Responding to the early stories about corruption in his Parking Violations Bureau, Mayor Koch said, in a television interview, “You aren’t saying I got anything out of it, are you? Then what is all this talk of a scandal in my administration?” As one bruising headline followed another in recent weeks, it would be understandable if Koch found himself dwelling on the events of January 1st, the day he was sworn in as mayor for the third time—a cloudless morning when, he told visitors, he saw the whole City Hall scene as being suffused with “sweetness and light.” Koch’s third inaugural address hailed New York as “this glorious city . . . God’s miracle,” and referred confidently to possible fourth, fifth, and sixth Koch terms as mayor. His landslide victory in November, he indicated, was a mandate for him to continue all the things he had been doing, which had been working so well. “It is time to put aside uncertainty and give ourselves the credit we deserve . . . to pat ourselves on the back,” he said.

The role that the Mayor seemed most eager to appropriate in his inaugural address was that of an Old Testament prophet. He declared that his domain, the city, was “the entire book of Genesis, all the faith and furor, all the trials and triumph, all fifty chapters rolled into five boroughs.” The Bible on which Koch took the oath was opened to the passage in Exodus that tells how Moses, at God’s urging, stopped praying and took action, holding his hand over the Red Sea, which then parted, allowing the Israelites to escape the pursuing Egyptians. A few minutes before the ceremony, Koch

explained to reporters that in his new term he hoped to make similar “bold initiatives,” but he did not say what they would be. Last Easter, in an episode that he is doubtless tired of being reminded of, Koch said from the pulpit of a Harlem church, “It was God that selected me” as mayor. O’Connor got the biggest laugh of the inaugural ceremony when he told the crowd that there were rumors that the popular Mayor might run for archbishop, and that he had a good chance of winning. Koch, he said, “is the only man I know who speaks to God as an associate.”

Governor Cuomo, striking a more serious note, said that the Mayor “has now in his grasp . . . a mandate unlike any other,” and predicted that he would become New York’s greatest mayor, because “he will accomplish the miracle of bringing us all together the way we have never been together before . . . the blacks, the whites, the people who are strong and people who have not yet had the opportunity to be strong.” Speaking in his office after the ceremony, Koch said that these remarks weren’t directed at him, because his landslide victory proved that he had already brought people together. A few days later, the Governor was asked by reporters whether his statements could have been intended as a criticism of the Mayor for not having done more to bring people together. Cuomo said they were nothing of the sort. He did not make things any better, however, when he explained that because Koch had been accused in the past of “not being as sensitive” as he should be he was in an ideal position now to bring about reconciliation—in the manner of Nixon going to Communist China, and so on. Then, in an effort to fend off questions about his own Presidential intentions, Cuomo asked, “Has Koch denied that he is going to run for the Presidency, incidentally? . . . If God endorses him for the Presidency, he’s going to be tough to beat.”

IN the great political stirring around that followed the Manes knifing, there was inevitably discussion of Vallone’s election as the City Council majority leader, and particularly of whether if it had been scheduled for thirty hours after Manes drove off from Queens Borough Hall rather than thirty hours before (or if the revelations about the fortunate investments of Vallone’s other major sponsor, Stanley Friedman, had come out earlier), the election result might have

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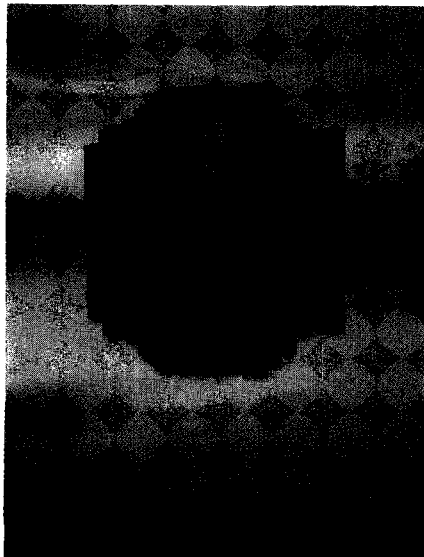
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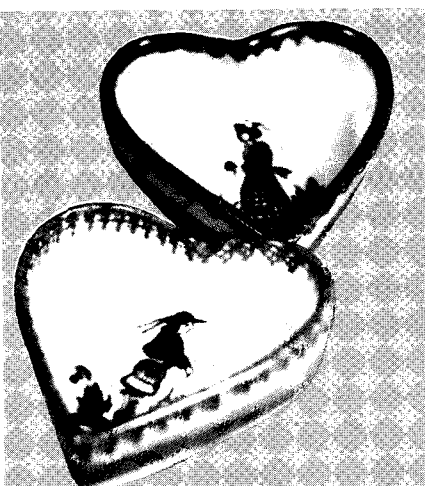
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been different, and might have changed, to a degree, the city governing process—for better or for worse, according to the home borough of the politician who is talking. Meanwhile, as City Hall waited to learn the worst about the P.V.B., any bold initiatives on Koch's part would necessarily be limited to damage control. One situation he has had to adjust to is that the criminal investigations are out of the hands of his Police Department and those of friendly district attorneys, and in the hands of Giuliani, a Republican who has long been assumed to be interested in running, in the not so distant future, against some Democrat for one high office or another.

The celebration of Manes's birthday was held as scheduled, at Antun's catering hall, in Queens. (Manes, of course, remained in the hospital.) Hundreds of Queens political stalwarts turned out. Though the Mayor had been expected, he did not appear. Geraldine Ferraro was on hand, dancing with the clubhouse regulars and saying many complimentary things about her borough president. In lowered voices, some guests asked each other whether anyone could believe that a person would try to commit suicide over the possibility that he might be called down to the United States attorney's office. (Justice Department sources have been quoted as saying that Manes and other members of the Queens organization had known about the federal probe for at least a week before the knifing.) Though no one mentioned it, serious legal problems are not unfamiliar to local politicians; some years back, Russell Baker gave as his definition of a New York Democrat "a person in danger of indictment." Among the guests at the party was former Queens District Attorney Thomas Mackell, whose 1974 conviction on misconduct and conspiracy charges was eventually thrown out by an appellate court. At the party, a handful of reporters circulated purposefully, like outsiders at a wake, trying to seem respectful toward the deceased—no one, of course, was deceased in this case, although when speaking of Manes the guests kept slipping into the past tense—and at the same time seeking clues about who would inherit the estate. There was whispering about whether Manes would resign as county leader and, if so, whether some Queens Democrat more friendly to Cuomo might take over—a development that would bring a whole new political configuration to

the borough. When people at the party were speaking loud enough for everyone to hear, they tried to be more upbeat, talking about what a lot of fun Donny Manes was. Although the band concentrated on lively tunes, at one point it blundered into "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie"—somewhat unfortunate, in view of the Police Department's judgment of the Queens county leader's kidnapping story. "Well, stranger things have happened," one guest was heard saying to another, who responded, "Like what?" Val-lone, who had expected to be the center of attention, was there. "I really did win an election recently, didn't I?" he asked. A bit later, he confided to a reporter, "Nothing has gone smoothly for me or Queens since." Many of the guests at the party crowded around to sign a combination happy-birthday and get-well card to the missing borough president. Presumably, this was one of the array of cards that stood on the window ledge of his hospital room on January 21st as Manes delivered a prepared statement in front of a television camera, saying that he had inflicted the knife wounds on himself, although he would not discuss why he had done so.

That night, the Mayor visited Manes in his hospital room—giving him a hug and kissing him on the forehead, as he told reporters. Two days later, however, Koch said he never would have gone if he had seen a forthcoming Jimmy Breslin column whose beginning paragraphs were printed on the front page of the *News* on January 23rd. Breslin reported that Michael Dowd—a prominent Queens lawyer who was also a partner in a collection agency that had the P.V.B. as a client—would that day tell Giuliani that in 1984 Manes, standing in front of the Schwartz Brothers funeral home, on Queens Boulevard, had told him that he would be expected to hand over to Manes's friend Lindenauer a specified percentage of what Dowd's company made on the P.V.B. deal. Dowd, Breslin wrote, would tell Giuliani that over an eighteen-month period he had paid Lindenauer thirty-six thousand dollars, and that after he told Manes, in the borough president's office, that he would not pay anymore, he was informed that the contract would not be renewed. Breslin declared that Dowd was but a small player in the P.V.B. scam, and estimated that the arrangements made with collection agencies were benefitting Queens politicians to



VALENTINE

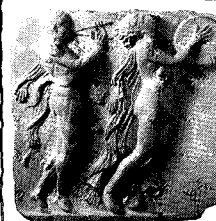
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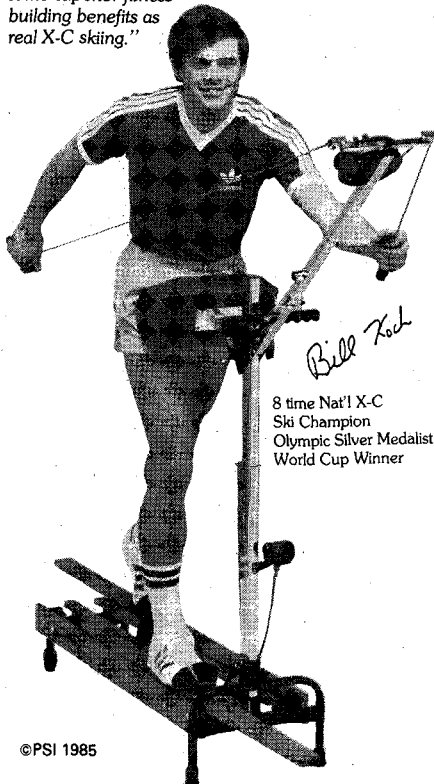
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the tune of close to a million dollars. Breslin said, "It now appears that New York, under Mayor Koch, has the largest political scandal since Jimmy Walker was on a night-club floor and his people were out stealing even the street lights."

At a press conference the day the column appeared, the Mayor said that the Dowd story had "credibility" and, for the first time, applied the word "scandal" to the P.V.B. disclosures, but he insisted that they had not tainted his administration and that they were "not a major problem for me." Though he has been celebrated for being a hands-on mayor, he explained that he delegated many things to his commissioners. On January 25th, he said that Manes must resign, and the next day he added that the borough president—who had not yet been formally charged even with a misdemeanor—should go to jail, since he had "engaged in being a crook." On January 24th, Corporation Counsel Schwarz had cancelled the agreements with the Sandow and Dowd companies, saying that the contracts had "a certain smell to them." The same day, Giuliani let it be known that he was looking into possible malodors in contracts awarded by other Koch administration agencies—and that he couldn't say where it would all lead. A cartoon in the *News* that morning showed Koch desperately trying to contain hordes of rats, snakes (though no alligators), and other evil-looking creatures that, along with human skeletons, were escaping from the floorboards beneath him. Meanwhile, Cuomo sat by, looking detached and wearing a button that said "PREZ '88."

A major point of discussion here in recent days was whether or not, during the last eight years, Koch had been too busy with his role of mayor-as-entertainer to attend properly to the responsibilities of mayor-as-mayor—the man in charge of overseeing his own administration and the governing of the city. On January 26th, Koch flew to California on a trip that was scheduled to include a series of public appearances—one of them on the Johnny Carson show—to promote his latest book, "Politics," which he has described as a humorous how-to guide on getting ahead in politics and government. It may be that right now the laugh lines in this instructive volume will play better in beautiful downtown Burbank than in the City Hall Rotunda.

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BOOKS

Henry the Bookman

IN a preface to his "Henry VIII" (Viking; \$24.95), Jasper Ridley offers several reasons for writing a new biography. One is scarcity: the British Library's catalogue, he tells us, tallies only nineteen lives of Henry VIII. "in all languages in the 438 years since his death," as against seventy-nine of Mary Queen of Scots, a hundred and two of Oliver Cromwell, a hundred and seventeen of Abraham Lincoln, and a hundred and eighty-eight of Napoleon. Another reason is his dissatisfaction with the most recent (1968) standard biography, by J. J. Scarisbrick: Mr. Ridley believes that Mr. Scarisbrick underestimated Henry's cunning involvement in every detail of policy. Mr. Ridley's Henry is a tyrant who was skilled at the tyrant's art of foisting blame for unpopular deeds onto subordinates, and Mr. Ridley thinks Henry has fooled Mr. Scarisbrick. This emphasis on Henry's despotism is sometimes unpersuasive. For example, Mr. Ridley tries to blame the King for the large number of hangings for theft during his reign, but this statistic represents not so much the royal will as the harsh mores of Henry's times and the determination of judges and juries to protect their property; by the early nineteenth century, before the British penal code was revised, juries had become more humane, and often acquitted petty thieves rather than condemn them to be hanged. It seems to me that the paucity of documentation about Henry, and particularly about his formative years, leaves immense latitude for interpretations of his personality, and that Mr. Scarisbrick's and Mr. Ridley's readings can both be said to be legitimate.

The two biographers agree that Henry did not plan to become a religious reformer or a byword for frequent marriage, and that he aspired to win military glory, preferably by reconquering territories in France that English kings had once held. These ventures, which continued throughout his reign (born in 1491, Henry acceded in 1509 and died in 1547), came to nothing. Henry did, however, succeed at social climbing. He promoted himself to the company of, and sometimes to rivalry with, more important rulers—the Valois and the Hapsburgs—whose lands were bigger, richer, more populous, and better developed economically than England. Henry's

ambitions and his personality—his mixture of bumptiousness and magnetism—insinuated his small country into the ranks of great powers: nothing in his time hinted that England was to become the headquarters of a world empire or that English history would become the prehistory of a family of nations, including our own.

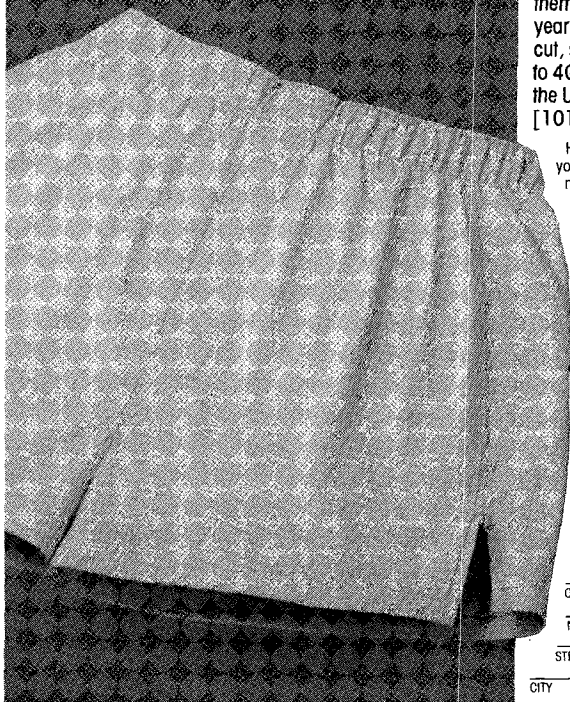
In insisting on Henry's ruthlessness, Mr. Ridley brings clarity to what, in spite of Henry's intentions, became the most memorable event of the reign—the separation from Rome—because he also illuminates the ruthlessness of everybody else in the international cast and stresses the way that European rulers aggravated Henry's difficulties. The era of the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation resembles our own in that it confronts historians with the mystery of sincerity: the indecipherable relation between what people believe or say they believe and what they do—the relation between ideology and hypocrisy. The struggle that Henry began and that ended in his establishment of a national church can be seen as a fight for power, and the piety alleged on all sides can be

seen as fraudulent. Such simplification would be inaccurate. (To be sure, the complexity of any individual's psychology when he is engaged simultaneously in self-assertion and in subservience to a cause is baffling. Many twentieth-century figures exemplify this puzzle; among democratic leaders, for example, Lloyd George remains an insoluble mixture of dedication and cynicism.) Mr. Ridley mentions that "modern Catholic writers" have blamed Pope Clement VII for "losing" England. He, however, considers Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor, more at fault, because he made it impossible for the Pope to yield to Henry's request to dissolve his marriage to Catherine of Aragon, and, in Mr. Ridley's words, "egged him on against Henry at every turn" of the case. Yet when the Pope appealed to Charles for help in enforcing his sanctions against Henry, Charles not only refused to lead an invasion of England but would not even embargo trade between England and his Netherlands territories; when Clement's successor, Pope Paul III, also appealed to Charles for help in enforcing



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his interdict, Charles again refused. Charles's primary motive seems to have been to embarrass Henry and weaken England, yet he was also genuinely religious. Both he and the French king, Francis I, were Roman Catholics but maintained diplomatic relations with the schismatic Henry (much as Hitler and Stalin maintained relations despite their ostensibly incompatible ideologies).

This muddle—this stew without a recipe—that combines reasons of state and allegiance to a transcendental cause continues in our own time, but there are breaks in continuity as well. One is our expectations of family relations. Henry, for example, was profoundly concerned about the royal succession, yet he was capable of unkindness, even cruelty, to two of his three heirs, his daughters Mary and Elizabeth. Though there is even less documentation about women of this era than about men, Catherine of Aragon is usually given high marks by historians for dignified deportment in difficult circumstances, and has won sympathy as an older wife forsaken for a younger woman. Mr. Ridley, however, is less sentimental than other writers, and shows us a Renaissance queen as egocentric as her husband. He remarks that Catherine "was perfectly capable of lying and perjuring herself in the interests of her dynasty"—her ego was bound up in her rank and lineage, not her husband's. By our standards, she was a stubborn and vainglorious young woman who did not mellow with age. The ambition of her successor, Anne Boleyn, does not seem qualitatively different from Catherine's self-centeredness. There is very little love in this book, as we understand the word, and no tenderness at all. These lacks were not unique to the royal family. Lawrence Stone, in his well-known study "The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500-1800" (1977), described the families of this time as authoritarian and remote, and tending "to create special psychological characteristics in adults: suspicion towards others, proneness to violence, and an incapacity to develop strong emotional ties to any one individual." We find these characteristics in Henry and in everyone around him. In "The English: A History of Politics and Society to 1760" (1967), Norman Cantor said that the educated elite of Henry's generation "could not give themselves fully to any ideology or institution: ideas and governments were no longer as important as the

lives of great men who used the theater of state and society for the fulfillment of their personal destinies . . . It is really themselves they care most about." Mr. Cantor ascribes this pervasive egomania to the influence of Renaissance humanism, which no longer saw Providence as ruling the world. When Mr. Ridley remarks that "it is impossible to imagine Henry VIII as anything except an absolute hereditary sixteenth-century monarch," we must bear in mind the dark side of the Renaissance, and remember not only its creation and patronage of the arts but its unleashed egos. Successive chapters in Jacob Burckhardt's "The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy" are headed "The Tyrannies of the Fourteenth Century," "The Tyrannies of the Fifteenth Century," and "The Petty Tyrannies." In the last, which deals with dynasties contemporary with Henry, Burckhardt writes, "What ferocity and bloodthirstiness are found . . . among the Varani of Camerino, the Malatesta of Rimini, the Manfredi of Faenza, and above all among the Baglioni of Perugia!" That indignant exclamation point strikes me as very nineteenth-century. With twentieth-century smugness, I

feel as a kind of superior wisdom our deepened sense of the possibilities of cruel government. At all events, standard historians' observations suggest that Henry's inhumanities were not exceptional, or were exceptional only in his power to have his way.

Though no portrait of Henry can be definitive, Mr. Ridley's is valuable, because it suggests so much—for one example, the difficulties that historians face in dealing with changes in their own nations' characters. In modern times, the British have seen themselves as peaceful and law-abiding, given to constitutional evolution by means of persuasion and the ballot. Mr. Ridley reminds us that among Henry's predecessors on the throne Edward II, Richard II, and Henry VI were all deposed, imprisoned, and assassinated; and, of course, Henry's father, Henry VII, had acquired the crown at the Battle of Bosworth, in 1485, where his immediate predecessor, Richard III, was killed. We know that in the centuries after Henry the English executed one king, Charles I, and deposed another, James II, and English colonists successfully rebelled against George III. It looks very much as if the English became law-abiding and

devoted to their constitution only after they had battered their sovereign into docility, and it occurs to me that Mr. Ridley's emphasis on Henry's brutality might reflect the unease of a twentieth-century Englishman in the company of sixteenth-century Englishmen, for Henry was a ruffian presiding roughly over a society of ruffians. Truth in genealogy is often painful. Lacey Baldwin Smith's "Henry VIII: The Mask of Royalty" (1971) is not a biography but an exploration of the mentality of Henry, his royal colleagues, his courtiers, and his countrymen. Mr. Smith is detached, descriptive rather than judgmental, possibly because he is an American.

Mr. Ridley tracks Henry as closely as the documents allow. His aim is to prove that Henry was in absolute command of his administration—was never, as Mr. Scarisbrick suggests, bamboozled by court cabals—and every major decision in his reign was his. Following Mr. Ridley following Henry, I was struck by how much time the King spent reading, writing, editing, commissioning writing and revising what he had commissioned, seeing to it that some books or tracts were published, and censoring, banning, or

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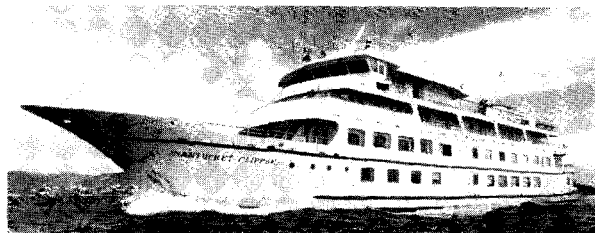
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burning others. Though the printing press was still new, Henry seems to have recognized it as a vehicle for official propaganda at the same time that he realized that the press made it harder for him to govern. The press undoubtedly made the Reformation possible: Europe had known heresy, schism, anticlericalism, and quarrels between clerical and secular rulers in earlier centuries, but the printing press internationalized issues that intellectuals had raised, and brought questions of theology and power out of libraries, universities, and courts and into general awareness and common conversation. The intellectuals of Henry's time, like those of our own, were sometimes appalled at the ways their ideas were translated into reality. Sir Thomas More, whom Henry executed for his refusal to acknowledge his king as head of his church, had never intended his criticism of the unreformed Catholic Church to encourage division. I think that Henry's prescience in insisting on being an intellectual and his almost obsessional concern with the printed word bear out Mr. Ridley's argument that, despite all the King's hobbies—hunting, jousting, music—he was intuitively a master of power. In our own time, when inventions teem faster than we can understand them, it has been suggested that television and the computer will doom literacy as we know it, and condemn the printed word to insignificance. After being immersed in Henry's world, where a smuggled Bible risked a life, I suspect that, no matter what new technologies create, the old technology of print—cheap, portable, its products physically unimposing—is likely to retain an irreducible utility as the medium of dissent. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ACCORDING TO MARK, by Penelope Lively (Beaufort; \$14.95). A wise comic novel about memory and expectations. Mark is a middle-aged, married biographer who is not completely comfortable with the way one man's words about another man's life become, as it were, gospel; one of his files is labelled "Lies and Silences." As Chapter 1 begins, Mark is on his way to the Dorset cottage-turned-museum-and-garden-center where the private papers of the quasi Bloomsburian Gilbert Strong are housed. Mark immediately falls in love with Strong's grand-

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daughter, Carrie, who runs the garden center, and whose childhood ambition, while her eccentric mother hauled her around Europe, was to turn into a tree. "This universal tendency to metamorphosis," as she puts it—an observation she gleaned from Greek myths before she gave up reading, long ago—becomes the novel's theme. Penelope Lively works three copies of "Emma" (one in French) into the plot, but even if Carrie did not marvel at the "marriage of feeling and seeing and being" that begins with her rediscovery of books, the similarities between Austen's and Lively's sensibilities would be clear.

THE BONE PEOPLE, by Keri Hulme (Louisiana State; \$17.95). This arresting first novel, which won the Booker Prize last year, is set on the South Island beaches of New Zealand. Kerewin, a Maori woman, finds Simon, a mute boy of six, hiding in her house, and grudgingly allows him to stay overnight, until his foster father, Joe, claims him. Kerewin, who is an artist, is in self-imposed exile from her family and much of the world. Joe, a laborer, has replaced his dead wife with frustration and a violent temper. It is Simon who, sensing an underlying warmth in Kerewin, brings the three together; and through dreams and interior monologues (which are sometimes confusing and overblown) Keri Hulme conveys the character and the fears of this unlikely trio. Eventually, Simon's delinquency, Joe's temper, and Kerewin's reclusiveness lead to a crisis. In watching the three break apart, the reader tends to lose sight of them as whole beings, but a collective, Jungian spirit of the Maori people is invoked in a moving, lyrical conclusion.

GENERAL

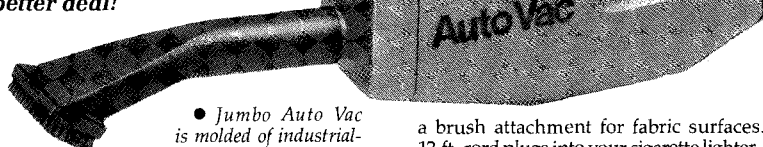
DATELINE: TORONTO, by Ernest Hemingway, edited by William White (Scribners; \$19.95). The complete file of the dispatches and feature stories that the young Hemingway wrote for the *Toronto Daily Star* and the *Toronto Star Weekly* in the years 1920 to 1924. This was his first newspaper job after an apprenticeship as a cub reporter on the *Kansas City Star*, and the trenchant simplicity of his journalistic style is astonishing in a writer in his very early twenties. The subjects range from the proper way to fry trout on

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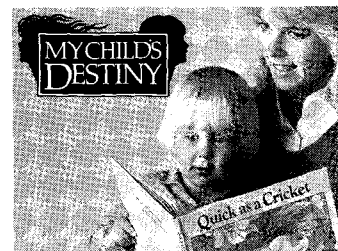
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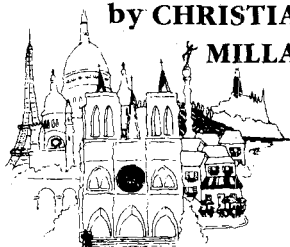
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camping trips to rum-running and Chicago gunmen, what you're apt to find in a newspaperman's pockets, and—after Hemingway had been made a foreign correspondent, based in Paris—the personalities and politics of Europe after the First World War: inflation and xenophobia in the occupied Rhineland; the imbroglio in Turkey; the nascent Fascist movement in Italy (“If Mussolini would have me taken out and shot tomorrow morning I would still regard him as a bluff”). Although these writings are sixty years old, they are as fresh as morning, and a pleasure to read.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A CRIMINAL COMEDY, by Julian Symons (Viking; \$14.95). Mr. Symons has never been less than good at his job as a high-class entertainer, but here—with his twenty-sixth book—he offers us the best of his best. He starts with a series of anonymous letters (suggesting adultery) in a small town near London, goes on to a live bullet in a prop revolver in an amateur theatrical, and a doped Bloody Mary, then shifts to Venice and another doped Bloody Mary and a death by water and another revolver and another dead man. Everything falls perfectly into place—every character has character, every scene has natural suspense and credible drama, the method is exactly right, the solution entirely acceptable and entirely ingenious.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[From the London Daily Telegraph]

Firemen revived three baby field mice with oxygen equipment when their nest was spotted smouldering beside the M11.

A fire and rescue team who had doused a roadside fire at Madingley discovered the smoke-filled nest as they tidied up. Six babies were inside, three already dead and three “in a pretty poor state,” said Fireman Andrew Dunlop.

PERKED UP

“It seemed a pity to leave them, so we got them out of the nest and decided to use the oxygen apparatus. We put them in the small hollow where the nest had been, put a face mask over the top and gave them three or four minutes of oxygen.

“They perked up more or less straight away, and tried to scamper off. But we put them together and left them safe in the hope that the mother would return and rear them successfully.

“There were plenty of mouseholes in the banking at the side of the road, and we think she just went in one of them to escape the fire.”



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—JUDITH CRIST

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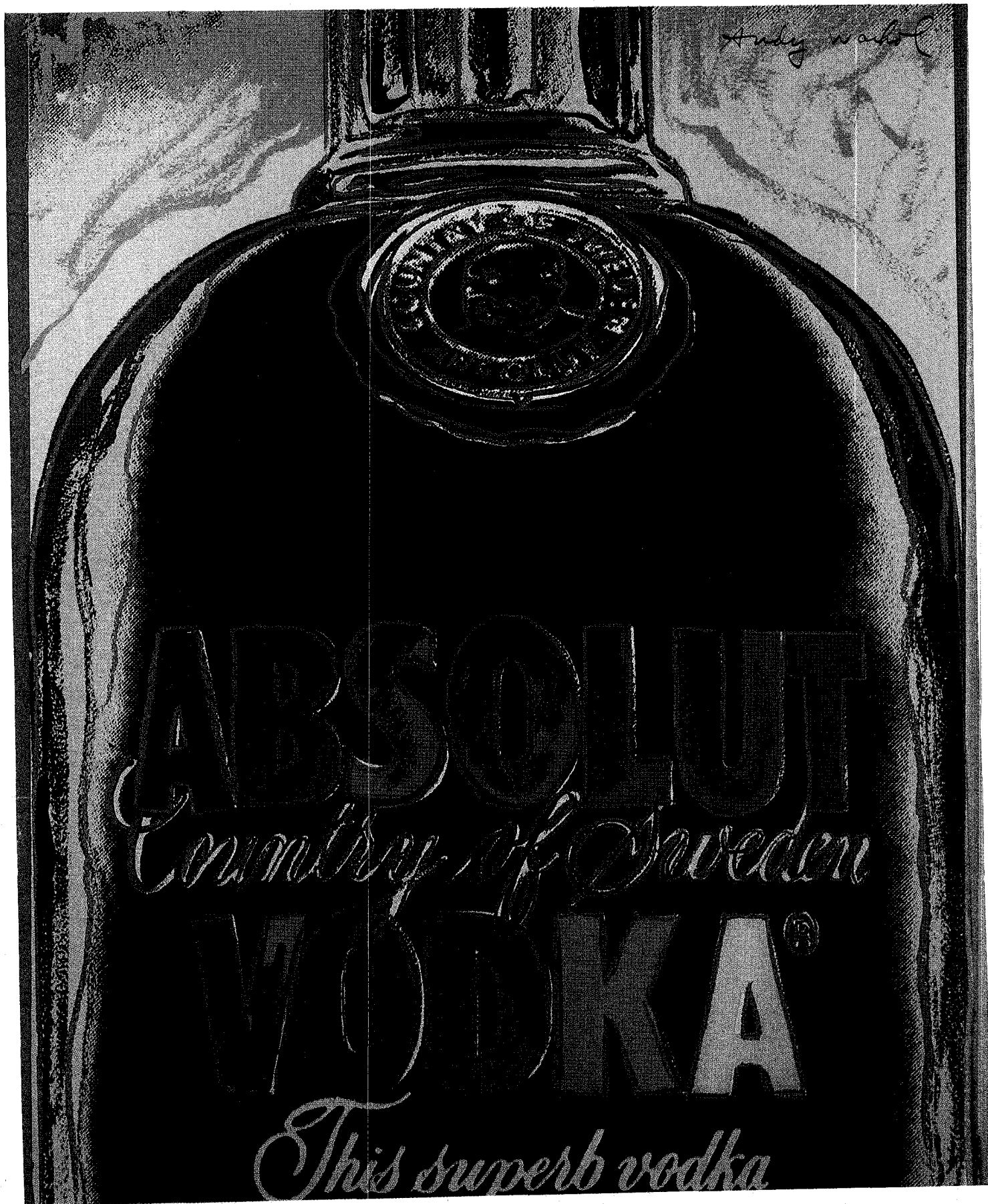
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